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MERRY ENGLAND

P275.14

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FROM THE
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FUND
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JESSIE TAYLOR PHILIPS
IN MEMORY OF HER BROTHER
KENNETH MATHESON TAYLOR
(Class of 1890)
FOR ENGLISH LITERATURE

MERRY ENGLAND

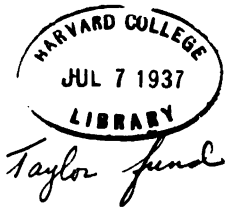
An Illustrated Magazine.

VOL. VII.

MAY—OCTOBER, 1886.

JOHN SINKINS,
43 ESSEX STREET, STRAND, LONDON

△
P275.14
✓



" They called thee 'merry England,' in old time ;
A happy people won for thee that name,
With envy heard in many a distant clime ;
And, spite of change, for me thou keep'st the same
Endearing title, a responsive chime
To the heart's fond belief, though some there are
Whose sterner judgments deem that word a snare
For inattentive Fancy, like the lime
Which foolish birds are caught with. Can, I ask,
This face of rural beauty be a mask
For discontent, and poverty, and crime?—
These spreading towns a cloak for lawless will?
Forbid it, Heaven!—that merry England still
May be thy rightful name, in prose or rhyme!"

Wordsworth.

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THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER

WITH NOTES

BY

JOHN OLDCASTLE

"But, to those men that loved him, sweet as summer."

JOHN SINKINS
43 ESSEX STREET, STRAND, LONDON
1886

Dedication.

TO

FATHER ANTONINUS WILLIAMS

PROVINCIAL OF THE ENGLISH DOMINICANS:

IN TOKEN

OF LOVE ETERNAL.

MAY DAY, 1886.

HENRY EDWARD, CARDINAL MANNING.

The Event of Passion Sunday, 1851.

THE greatest events of men's lives are told in the fewest words. It is rather with the minor things—into which just enough feeling enters to make them vital, but not enough to make them absolutely intimate—that the best and most abundant autobiographies are concerned. That this reticence is due less to the common human instinct of hiding treasure than to the limitations of language and to the restrictions imposed by the rules of art, is probable. For instance, we want to show, and not to hide, Religion; and it is therefore owing solely to the difficulty of subordinating great things to "treatment" by literary methods, that the mass of the Religious Poetry of the world—in which we might hope to find our largest literary riches—is in the main poor in literary quality, and is only in the exceptions, which all know, intimate, magical and penetrating.

Even in human love, the poet tells us that "the wise say least;" and this, not by any self-imposed restraint, but by the inexorable limitations of speech. It is only in novels that men and women are voluble at any

real crisis of life. They are silent at the graveside; silent in the moment of supreme danger. The tenderest passages of love remain unspoken; for what man, when he proposed, "pleaded with an eloquence excelling that of all his Parliamentary speeches"—except only a hero of Lord Beaconsfield's? Even great authors are unequal to the literary "treatment" of Love in its completion. A lost love, or a discarded love—they will tell of these; of love so long as it is doubtful; but love crowned by happy marriage brings the volume to a close.

Musicians tell us that their sounds possess a power of expression beyond that of speech. In music, they say, the history, not of the heart merely, but even of a soul, can be expressed. Yet that expression is itself a veil. If words cannot go quite so far, they are at least distinct and interpretable to their last limit; while music, if it goes further, is the earlier lost. Thus it comes to pass that we are ever dumb where alone we would be eloquent. Between spirit and spirit there can be no adequately intelligible medium of communication until the soul has burst from her prison. We must suffer "the silence of Christian transfigurations," and other silences as perplexing, a little yet. The mysteries of religion, after eighteen hundred years, remain mysteries still; and the reticence of Holy Scripture is the standing and Divine rebuke of those human pens which aspire to fantastically supply dear and dreamed-of incidents in the Life of Our Lord for which even Inspiration could not find the fitting phrase: which the Mother of the Eternal Word spoke not of, but only pondered in her heart.

It is with thoughts like these that we approach the event of Passion Sunday in the year of grace, 1851. Of what dies and of what is born within the convert when he makes, amid matter-of-fact surroundings, the great renunciation and the great acquisition of his life, no record can be made. Every man is conscious that there are places of decay and of fructification within him which he cannot define even to his own soul: they are lost upon his spiritual map, as the grave of Moses and Eden's garden are lost in the world. It is with no light or confident hand, therefore, that we place at the head of our chapter a title which implies so much of which we can tell so little. That little is perhaps best introduced by the words of a chronicler who wrote a few days after Archdeacon Manning's reception into the Church:

Mr. Manning has really attempted to work the Establishment upon Catholic principles in a high and important official position. But even he, with all his great position and his important connections, his prudence, his eloquence, his remarkable aptitude for and acquaintance with affairs, his forbearance, his patience and his holiness, has at last felt he could do nothing; that the Church of England is Protestant, and Protestant it will remain; that it is not the Church of Augustine and Anselm, but of Cranmer and Burnet; that if men wish to be Catholics they must have recourse to the Chair of Peter, to the Roman Unity. But while we thus congratulate our readers on this important accession of one of the leading minds of the Anglican Establishment, we shall hardly have done our duty as journalists or as Catholics if we do not say something on the great, the heroic sacrifice this man has made for the sake of Catholic truth. He has given up all that is most dear to that lofty ambition which forms the peculiar temptation of minds of the noblest mould. A position exactly suited to his talents, of widely extended influence, and a splendid future; the favour of men, and the almost certainty (had he preferred it to his conscience) of ultimately carrying out his views as Bishop; the devoted adherence of troops

of friends; an abode as fair as any of those we see scattered over England and occupied by her ministers, fortunate in this world's goods; an abode amid calm streams and green woody hills, with that ancient village church, in its present state almost the creation of his genius and cultivated taste; all this, and far more, Mr. Manning has given up with a great heart, generous and liberal to Almighty God, Who has been so liberal of graces to him, counting all as nothing so he may fight in the Holy Catholic Church now that he has seen her star in the distance. He has not, like others, pointed the way to Bethlehem, and then refused to go thither himself.

So wrote Mr. Lucas in the *Tablet*, in April 1851. With the facts fresh in all minds, he did not make formal record of the episode which more than any other had led up to the conversion of Archdeacon Manning. This was the decision by which Mr. Gorham, though he denied baptismal regeneration, was permitted to remain a minister of the Anglican Communion. In March 1850 Archdeacon Manning and his brother-in-law, the late Henry Wilberforce, conferring with Mr. Gladstone and other friends, drew up resolutions condemnatory of that decision. The document stated that "to admit the lawfulness of holding an exposition of an Article of the Creed contradictory of the essential meaning of that Article, is in truth and in fact to abandon that Article;" and "inasmuch as the faith is one, and rests upon one principle of authority, the conscious, deliberate, and wilful abandonment of an Article destroys the divine foundation upon which alone the entire faith is propounded;" and that "any portion of the Church which does so abandon an Article forfeits not only the Catholic doctrine in that Article, but also the office and authority to witness and teach as a member of the Universal Church."

There are thirteen names attached to that manifesto, and they are these: H. E. Manning, R. I. Wilberforce, Thomas Thorp, W. H. Mill, E. B. Pusey, John Keble, W. Dodsworth, W. J. E. Bennett, Henry Wilberforce, J. C. Talbot, Richard Cavendish, Edward Badeley and James R. Hope (afterwards Hope-Scott). But vainly was the protest made. The civil power was supreme, and who should gainsay it? Six of the signatories attested their sincerity by submitting to the Catholic Church. But, like the bulk of the Anglican clergy who shared the convictions the manifesto expressed, the majority of the signatories themselves refused to carry their principles into effect. One of these is still alive, vehement as ever—witness his recent fiery onslaught upon Mr. Gladstone, with whom he then acted sympathetically. And, speaking of Archdeacon Denison, I allow myself to quote—since it is cognate to my theme—one of the finest passages in the library of Tractarianism—which was a literary movement only less than it was a religious one. In his story of "A Life's Decision" Mr. Allies writes:

> I was present at a large meeting in a public resort at Westminster, on February 7, 1850, just before the issue of the Gorham judgment. The air was charged with the coming report, and one gallant speaker especially distinguished himself. If, he said, they ventured to touch the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, they would see what would happen. He dared them to the trial. The speaker was applauded to the echo. A movement swept over the assembly of which he was the mouthpiece.
>
> In a few days the judgment came out, which was simply that ministers of the Anglican religion might preach or deny baptismal regeneration, as they listed. Nobody should touch them for teaching or for contradicting it. What did the speaker do? He issued a protest, which was moonshine; for nothing followed on his part. Yes, I forgot, something

did follow; he accepted an archdeaconry from a partially sympathetic bishop. And once upon a time he stood forward as a champion for the doctrine of the Real Presence, maintaining that it was a doctrine of the Anglican Church. His challenge was taken up. But when the trial was coming on, his courage failed. It appeared that his act of challenge was more than two years old, and the law provided him with a retreat. This was the cloud which received the warrior. Forthwith this dainty Paris

ἀψ ἑτάρων εἰς ἦθος ἐχάζετο, κῆρ ἀλεείνων.

Since then he has been toying with the fair destroyer, "the hell of ships, of men, of cities," the Helen, whose charms grow not old. From his well-provisioned fortress, as Bishop's Eye, he surveys the adverse towers of his cathedral city, where an unsympathetic bishop has succeeded; marks how the flood of unbelief advances, and mourns that he has seen during every year of a long life the principles which he holds to be true decline and be frustrated.

I do not mention him as in any point of view less consistent than any other member of that large company addressed by Father Newman in 1850, who held the leading principles of the "Tracts of the Times;" but I take him as a lively symbol of what all have done. And I ask, is this, indeed, a Life Worth Living? Yet it is the life of many thousands who have lived and died between 1850 and 1880, and of many thousands more who are still detained in Helen's bower.

O Church of the living God, Pillar and Ground of the Truth, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army in battle array, O Mother of Saints and Doctors, Martyrs and Virgins, clothe thyself in the robe and aspect, as thou hast the strength, of Him Whose Body thou art, the Love for our sake incarnate: shine forth upon thy lost children, and draw them to the double fountain of thy bosom, the well-spring of Truth and Grace!

That final passage is one to be incorporated in the living Literature of the Church—a passage to place beside the words of Basil and of Augustine and of Chrysostom—the golden-mouthed.

The ex-Archdeacon of Chichester has never given to the world a full history of the growth of his religious opinions. He has left them to be implied by his toils rather than be stated by tongue or pen. We are

nevertheless able to give in his own words some outline of the experiences which ended at Farm Street just thirty-five years ago—so happily for England and for him :

The sacredness and sovereignty of divine faith makes it a duty to use words as the sincere medium of thoughts, and to use the fewest and the simplest that will convey our meaning. In such words I endeavoured for many years to say all that I knew of Truth to those who then would listen to me. I have had no other motive than a perpetual and ardent desire to give to others the truth as God has given it to me. I am fully conscious of the great imperfection of the books which I wrote while as yet I knew the revelation of the day of Pentecost only in a broken and fragmentary way. As I saw the truth, so I spoke it; not without cost to myself. But I had no choice. I could not but declare that which was evidently to me "the truth as it is in Jesus." The works I then published, even without the private records I have by me, are enough to mark the progressive, but slow, and never receding advance of my convictions, from the first conception of a visible Church, its succession and witness for Christ, to the full perception and manifestation of its divine organization of Head and members, of its supernatural prerogatives of indefectible life, indissoluble unity, infallible discernment, and enunciation of the Faith. Of those books I will say nothing, but that even in their great imperfections they have an unity, that is of progress, and a directness of movement, always affirming positively and definitely such truths of the perfect revelation of God as successively arose upon me. I was as one *manu tentans, meridie cæcutiens*, but a divine Guide, as yet unknown to me, always led me on. I can well remember how at the outset of my life as a pastor, as I then already believed, the necessity of a divine commission forced itself upon me: next, how the necessity of a divine certainty for the message I had to deliver became, if possible, more evident. A divine, that is, an infallible message, by a human messenger is still the truth of God; but a human, or fallible message, by a messenger having a divine commission, would be the source of error, illusion, and all evil. I then perceived the principle of Christian tradition as an evidence of the Truth, and of the visible unity of the Church as the guarantee of that tradition. But it was many years before I perceived that such a Christian tradition was no more than human, and therefore fallible. I had reached the last point to which human history could guide me towards the Church of God. There

remained one point more, to know that the Church is not only a human witness in the order of history, but a divine witness in the order of supernatural facts. It was not my intention, when I began, to enter into these details. I have never done so in public till now, and I hardly know whether to cancel what I have written, or to proceed in what I have to say. I have never thought it necessary to publish the reasons of my submission to the Church of God. I felt that those who knew me knew my reasons, for they had followed my words and acts: and that they who did not know me would not care to know. I felt, too, that the best expositor of a man's conduct is his life; and that in a few years, and in the way of duty, I should naturally and unconsciously make clear and intelligible to all who care to know, the motives of faith which governed me in that time of public and private trial.

And yet when all is written, how little is written. When we have heard all that is said, how much remains that can never be said. And so it is in other things as well as in the history of great spiritual changes. A kindred sense of dumbness comes over the chronicler who would make, on behalf of English-speaking Catholics, a record of the loyalty and the love and the long gratitude they owe their spiritual Father, and daily pay in many a thought and many a prayer. Then, when words come from a pen that has no magic to vivify them, at least let those words be few. And there is this consolation—that they are Pharisees among scribes, as well as among suppliants, who think they shall be heard for their much speaking.

Portraits: From 1812 to 1886.

1812.

THE charming portrait which bears the date of 1812 shows the future Cardinal Archbishop as a little boy listening to a shell: and the "message from the sea" it told him could not be a more astonishing revelation than that of his own destiny. The original miniature, from which our reproduction is made, was one of a group of similar portraits of his Eminence's brothers and sisters. They hung together on the wall of the library of his father's house at Totteridge, until one night when they were stolen. Lost sight of for some years, they were at last discovered by chance in a second-hand shop in London, and happily reclaimed. The original of this particular portrait is now in the possession of his Eminence's sister-in-law, Mrs. Charles Manning.

1844.

The portrait of the Archdeacon of Chichester was painted by Mr. Richmond, and issued by Mr. Hogarth as an engraving, of which impressions can still be obtained from Messrs. Burns & Oates. It shows the future Cardinal at a time when he was regarded as the great champion of the liberties of the English Establishment. Bishop Philpotts, of Exeter, was wont to say then that there were three men to whom the country had mainly to look in the coming years—Manning in the Church, Gladstone in the State, and Hope in the Law. When the Archdeacon and Hope-Scott left the Church of England, Gladstone, who stayed behind, said he felt as if he had lost his two eyes. Another Anglican Bishop, Hamilton of Salisbury,

1812.

writing many years later to Mr. Hope-Scott, said: "Few trials of my life have I felt with such keenness as my separation from two such friends, from whom I have learnt so much, and whom I have loved and love so dearly, as Manning and yourself." Nor was it only High Churchmen who were drawn to the Archdeacon. Julius Hare, a "Broad" neighbouring dignitary, equally hailed him as counsellor and friend. "Manning," he said, "is a truly wise and holy man—zealous, devoted, self-sacrificing, and gentle." Those personal characteristics, at any rate, have not changed. In outward aspect, time and circumstance have made their mark; but among all the portraits of seventy-five years the likeness is easily traceable—even between the child of three or four and the venerable Churchman of to-day, with the connecting link of the portrait of the Archdeacon. In that portrait will be perceived the look of perplexity which, as a great writer noted, passed away when the Archdeacon came out from the City of Confusion.

1875.

The portrait dated 1875 was taken immediately after the Archbishop had been created a Cardinal, and it shows him in the dress in which he appears, on ordinary occasions, "In the pulpit."

1885 and 1886.

Of the later portraits, that which is dated 1885 (from a photograph by Mayall) shows his Eminence as he appears "At home," when he wears in the cold weather a coat over his cassock; while the frontispiece (from a photograph by Bassano) portrays his Eminence as he appears "At the Royal Commission," and on similar occasions.

1844.

1875.

PEN AND INK PORTRAIT BY LORD BEACONSFIELD.

Speaking, as we did just now, of the altered mien of the Manning of old days, and that of the Roman Prelate of later times, we recall a passage in Mr. Mozley's fascinating *Reminiscences*, in which he says:—"I had known him, as a friend of the Wilberforces, from his first coming to Oxford, and had frequently heard him at the Union. It is not easy for me to identify the Manning of my early recollections with the Father of the Vatican Council whom I heard preach at the Church of Isidore on St. Patrick's Day. He must have grown taller and his head larger since he was a very nice-looking, rather boyish freshman." Is it a curious coincidence merely, or another evidence of the real pains which Lord Beaconsfield sometimes took over the details of his delineations, that such an impression as that of Mr. Mozley—"he must have grown taller"—finds a place also in the sketch of the Archbishop of Tyre in *Endymion?* With that pen-portrait—which is a better one throughout than its forerunner in *Lothair*, drawn when the Statesman was less intimate with the Churchman than he became in his last years—we supplement and complete the counterfeit presentments of his Eminence here made:—

They were speaking of Nigel Penruddock, whose movements had been a matter of much mystery during the last two years. Rumours of his having been received into the Roman Church had been rife; sometimes flatly, and in time faintly contradicted. Now the fact seemed admitted, and it would appear that he was about to return to England, not only as a Roman Catholic, but as a distinguished priest of the Church; and, it was said, even the representative of the Papacy. Nigel was changed. Instead of that anxious and moody look which formerly marred the refined beauty of his countenance, his glance was calm and yet radiant. He was thinner, it might almost be said emaciated, which seemed to add height to his tall figure. . . . . All he spoke of was the magnitude of his task, the immense but inspiring labours which awaited him, and his deep sense of his responsibility. Nothing but the Divine principle of the Church could sustain him. Instead of avoiding society, as was his wont in old days, the Archbishop sought it. And there was nothing exclusive in his social habits; all classes and all creeds and all conditions of men were alike interesting to him; they were part of the community, with all whose pursuits, and passions, and interests, and occupations he seemed to sympathise; but respecting which he had

only one object—to bring them back once more to that imperial fold from which, in an hour of darkness and distraction, they had miserably wandered. The conversion of England was deeply engraven on the heart of Penruddock; it was his constant purpose and his daily and nightly prayer. So the Archbishop was seen everywhere, even at fashionable assemblies. He was a frequent guest at banquets, which he never tasted, for he was a smiling ascetic; and though he seemed to be preaching or celebrating Mass in every part of the metropolis, organising schools, establishing convents, and building cathedrals, he could find time to move resolutions at middle-class meetings, attend learned associations, and even send a paper to the Royal Society.

The Letters of Thirty-five Years.

"I TRUST TO BE LED TO THE TRUTH."

To T. W. ALLIES, M.A.

Lavington, *June* 19, 1850.

MY DEAR ALLIES,

Your letter* came at a time when I was obliged to delay writing, and since then until to-day I have been absent, travelling, and so overdone with writing that I could not answer it before.

The question you put appears to be, whether on the points you mention I know any considerations which might alter your conclusion.

This would require, as we said in London, a verifying of the matter of your premises, and a further statement of them than I have. But certainly your book upon the question of Schism is, to my mind, ample ground for doubting any contrary conclusion without more evidence than I have yet seen.

But I feel myself so much to need the same re-examination myself, that I hope to enter upon it with a single intention to

* Mr. Allies had written from Launton Rectory to Archdeacon Manning a letter in which he said: "I find at least five different points, more or less involving each other and widely branching, but each *capital*, on which I am unable to acquit the Church of England. These are the questions: (1) Of Unity; and, involved in it, (2) Of Infallibility; (3) Of Heresy; (4) Of Schism; (5) Of Jurisdiction (that is, the substitution of Royal for Papal supremacy—in the case of Parker, &c.). I consider that to be wrong in *any one* of these points cuts off a province of the Church from all the privileges of the one mystical body. What, then, and how great is the cumulative force of all five?" (See "A Life's Decision" for the whole narrative of Mr. Allies' conversion.)

obey the truth and will of God with all my heart. If I could offer to you anything you have not weighed, I would, gladly; but you have, I know, far outgone me in real study. My life, as you know, has been active to excess, and you would hardly believe how little has been my time for reading. This makes me thoroughly mistrust myself; and the heavier the crisis and its consequences, the more I turn to others to review and test my conclusions or opinions. All that I can say is that my time has been given to "serving my neighbour"—how poorly I well know.

This is a worthless letter to send you; but I have no better. I trust to be led to the truth in these points, on which I feel to need rather than to be able to give such help as you require.

May God be with you, my dear Allies, that all you do may be according to His will, and bring you to peace at the last.

Give me your prayers always, as I am sure you will, for old and kind memory's sake.

Believe me ever yours affectionately,

H. E. MANNING.

"LET ME HAVE YOUR PRAYERS."

To T. W. ALLIES, M.A.

Kippington, Sevenoaks, *September* 20, 1850.

MY DEAR ALLIES,

Though I have not written, I have not forgotten you day by day. We have been too closely united, and I have known too much of your past trials, for me to be unmoved by anything so deeply affecting you.* May God bless and keep you to the end!

* Mr. Allies had been received into the Catholic Church twelve days before by Father Newman at St. Wilfrid's, Maryvale, near Birmingham.

Many thanks for the enclosed letters, which are very thoughtful and interesting, and also for your book ("The See of St. Peter.") I have read it once, and shall read it again closely, and with the examination you would desire. It is very able, and demands a full treatment by any one who will answer it. Let me have your prayers, that I may know and do the will of God in all things.

Believe me always affectionately yours,

H. E. MANNING.

"IT SHALL NOT BE DONE IN LIGHTNESS."

To J. R. HOPE-SCOTT, Q.C.

Lavington, *Nov.* 23, 1850.

MY DEAR HOPE,

Your last letter was a help to me, for I began to feel as if every man had gone to his own house, and left the matter. . . . .

Since then, events have driven me to a decision. This Anti-Popery cry has seized my brethren, and they asked me to be convened.* I must either resign at once, or convene them

* The Re-establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy had thrown the country into an anti-Popery fever, of which the futile Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was the Parliamentary expression. Cardinal Newman thus described what was passing at the time:—"Heresy, and scepticism, and infidelity, and fanaticism, may challenge the Establishment; but fling upon the gale the faintest whisper of Catholicism, and it recognizes by instinct the presence of its connatural foe. Forthwith, as during the last year, the atmosphere is tremulous with agitation, and discharges its vibrations far and wide. A movement is in birth which has no natural crisis or resolution. Spontaneously the bells of the steeples begin to sound. Not by an act of volition, but by a sort of mechanical impulse, bishop and dean, archdeacon and canon, rector and curate, one after another, each on his high tower, off they set, swinging and booming, tolling and chiming, with nervous intenseness, and thickening emotion, and deepening volume, the old ding-dong which has scared town and country this weary time; tolling and chiming away, jingling and

ministerially and express my dissent, the reasons of which would involve my resignation. I went to the Bishop, and said this, and tendered my resignation. He was very kind, and wished me to take time; but I have written and made it final.

I should be glad if we might keep together; and whatever must be done, do it with a calm and deliberateness which shall give testimony that it shall not be done in lightness.

Ever affectionately yours,

H. E. M.

"EITHER ROME, OR LICENSE OF THOUGHT AND WILL."

To J. R. HOPE-SCOTT, Q.C.

[*Private.*]

44 Cadogan Place, *December* 11, 1850.

MY DEAR HOPE,

I feel, with you, that the argument is complete. For a long time I nevertheless felt a fear lest I should be doing an act morally wrong.

This fear has passed away, because the Church of England has revealed itself in a way to make me fear more on the other side. It remains, therefore, as an act of the will. But this, I suppose, it must be. And in making it I am helped by the

clamouring and ringing the changes on their poor half-dozen notes, all about 'the Popish aggression,' 'insolent and insidious,' 'insidious and insolent,' 'insolent and atrocious,' 'atrocious and insolent,' 'atrocious, insolent, and ungrateful,' 'ungrateful, insolent, and atrocious,' 'foul and offensive,' 'pestilent and horrid,' 'subtle and unholy,' 'audacious and revolting,' 'contemptible and shameless,' 'malignant,' 'frightful,' 'mad,' 'meretricious'—bobs (I think the ringers call them), bobs, and bobs-royal, and triple-bob-majors, and grandsires—to the extent of their compass and the full ring of their metal, in honour of Queen Bess, and to the confusion of the Holy Father and the Princes of the Church." In such a fussy fight, the innate dignity of the Archdeacon of Chichester, apart from doctrinal questionings, must by itself have incapacitated him for the post of fugleman.

fact, that to remain under our changed or revealed circumstances would also be an act of the will, and that not in conformity with, but in opposition to, intellectual real conviction; and the intellect is God's gift, and our instrument in attaining knowledge of His will. . . . . It would be to me a very great happiness if we could act together, and our names go together in the first publication of the fact. . . . . The subject which has brought me to my present convictions is the perpetual office of the Church, under Divine guidance, in expounding the truth and deciding controversies. And the book which forced this on me, Melchior Canus' "Loci Theologici." It is a long book, but so orderly that you may get the whole outline with ease. Möhler's "Symbolik," you know.

But, after all, Holy Scripture comes to me in a new light, as Ephes. iv. 4–17, which seems to preclude the notion of a divisible unity; which is, in fact, Arianism in the matter of the Church.

I entirely feel what you say of the alternative. It is either Rome, or license of thought and will. . . .

Believe me always affectionately yours,

H. E. MANNING.

"THIS MORNING, BY GOD'S MERCY."

To T. W. ALLIES, M.A.

14 Queen Street, Mayfair,
Passion Sunday, 1851.

MY DEAR ALLIES,

Others, I fear, will have been before me in telling you of my intention, but I may be the first to tell you that this morning, by God's mercy, I entered the One True Fold.

I have felt your consideration towards my sister in not coming

to see me; but now, and here, I shall be delighted to see you again.

Pray for me that I may be kept in the grace of God.

Ever yours affectionately,

H. E. MANNING.

"NO DESIRE UNFULFILLED."

To J. R. HOPE-SCOTT, Q.C.

14 Queen Street, *April* 7, 1851.

MY DEAR HOPE,

Will you accept this copy of the book you saw in my room yesterday [the "Paradisus Animæ"], in memory of Passion Sunday and its gift of grace to us? It is the most perfect book of devotion I know. Let me ask one thing. I read it through, one page at least a day, between January 26 and August 22, 1846, marking where I left off with the dates. It seemed to give me a new science, with order and harmony and details, as of devotion issuing from and returning into dogma. Could you burden yourself with the same resolution? If so, do it for my sake, and remember me when you do it.

I feel as if I had no desire unfulfilled, but to persevere in what God has given me for His Son's sake.

Believe me, my dear Hope,

Always aff'ly yours,

H. E. M.

"THE ONLY HUMAN HELP."

To J. R. HOPE-SCOTT, Q.C.

14 Queen Street, *October* 21, 1851.

. . . I am once more in my old quarters. They bring back strange remembrances. What revolutions have passed since we

started from this room that Saturday morning! And how blessed an end! as the soul said to Dante. *E da martirio venni a questa pace.* . . . You do not need that I should say how sensibly I remember all your sympathy, which was the only human help in the time when we two went together through the trial, which to be known must be endured.

H. E. MANNING.

"NO MISTAKE."

To J. R. HOPE-SCOTT, Q.C.

Rome, *March* 17, 1852.

. . . How this time reminds me of last year! On Passion Sunday I shall be in Retreat. *Stantes erant pedes nostri;* * and we made no mistake in our long reckoning, though we feared it up to the last opening of Fr. B.'s † door.

H. E. M.

PLANNING THE BAYSWATER COMMUNITY.

To J. R. HOPE-SCOTT, Q.C.

78 South Audley Street, *January* 28, 1856.

. . . Do you remember a conversation, the summer of 1854, one Sunday evening, at 22 Charles Street, on the good which might be done by four or five men living together and preaching statedly at different places on courses of solid subjects?

* These words were written in a copy of the "Speculum Vitæ Sacerdotalis" given by J. R. Hope to H. E. Manning, in April 1851. [Note by his Eminence].

† Father Brownbill, S.J., who had received Archdeacon Manning and Mr. Hope-Scott at the Church of the Jesuit Fathers in Farm Street on Passion Sunday, 1851.

The thought has long been in my mind, both before and since our conversation, and it has been coming to a point under an increased sense of the need.

H. E. M.

A DEDICATION.

To the late ROBERT MONTEITH, *of Carstairs.**

St. Mary of the Angels, Bayswater,

Christmas 1859.

DEAR MR. MONTEITH,

No one can feel more than I do how little worthy the following sermon is as a statement of the great truths contained in it; and but for the wish of others, I should rather have let it pass with the day which called for it.

But if it shall help to keep in your mind the happiness of a day in which you made your beautiful and noble offering to the Church of God in Scotland, or to show to so much as one of the many who, though "not of us," were with us that day, that the true Headship and Sovereignty of Jesus Christ over His Kingdom is to be found alone in the One Church which is

* The late Mr. Monteith belonged to one of the great banking families of Glasgow. In early life he had meditated entering Parliament, but he was deterred from doing so by the fact that the serious errors of a Cabinet Minister in relation to Foreign policy passed unreproved under our system of party government. To the end of his life he was deeply interested in Foreign affairs, and his last act was to draw up his *Discourse on the Shedding of Blood*, the humane principles of which he had warmly advocated in Rome, in conjunction with his friend the late Mr. David Urquhart, at the time of the Vatican Council. After his conversion to the Catholic Church, Mr. Monteith was distinguished by his charities, one of which is commemorated by this dedication of the sermon preached by the Cardinal at the opening of the Church of the Immaculate Conception at Lanark. It was in the grounds at Carstairs that the Rev. and Hon. George Spencer—dear to Catholics as Father Ignatius—met with the sudden and unattended death which completed the programme of austerity he had planned and prayed for as applicable to his holy life.

Catholic and Roman, I shall not regret letting it, with all its insufficiency, go abroad.

Believe me always

Very sincerely yours,

H. E. MANNING.

"LOVE FOR THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS."

To the VERY REV. NORBERT SWEENY, O.S.B.

St. Mary of the Angels, Bayswater,
Feast of the Guardian Angels, 1860.

DEAR FATHER PRIOR,

When you desired me to take a part in your great festival, I answered that I would with much willingness do your bidding, as a token of my love and veneration for the Religious Orders of the Church, and especially in England; and in printing this sermon* at your request, I do so as offering to you and to them a *tessera charitatis*, and that we may obtain in return a share in your charity and your prayers.

Believe me always

Your affectionate servant in Jesus Christ,

HENRY EDWARD MANNING.

THE OBLATES OF ST. CHARLES IN LONDON.

To NICHOLAS, FIRST CARDINAL-ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

St. Mary of the Angels, Bayswater,
November 14, 1860.

MY LORD CARDINAL,

In dedicating this sermon † to your Eminence, I do not

* "Unity in Diversity the Perfection of the Church," preached at the consecration of the Priory and Pro-Cathedral of St. Michael's, Hereford, 1860.

† "The Good Shepherd," preached in the Church of St. Mary of the Angels, Bayswater, on the Feast of St. Charles, 1860.

seek to give it either worth or importance, which even your name could not do. But to whom can I better inscribe it than to you, the father and founder of the Oblates of St. Charles in the Diocese of Westminster? It was your command alone that constrained me to attempt a work which I know to have been for more than twenty years in your intention. Your name obtained for it, in the outset, a rescript of the Holy See, imparting the apostolical benediction; your counsel has directed it; and your authority guided all its course.

The Feast of St. Charles has never passed without your presence, except last year, when from your bed of sickness you wrote to us your words of encouragement and support. And this year, after twelve months, as I too well know, of perilous and protracted suffering, you came again among us to share and to complete the joy of our festival.

As a record of our gratitude for all these tokens of your affection, I pray you to accept from me, in the name of all, this imperfect expression of our filial attachment.

I have the honour to be, my Lord Cardinal,

Your Eminence's obedient servant,

H. E. MANNING.

"VERY DEAR, AS LIFE IS DRAWING TO ITS CLOSE."

(*To the Editor of* THE PALL MALL GAZETTE.)

York Place, Portman Square,

Nov. 3, 1866.

SIR,

I have read "Bocardo's" letter about the debate on Shelley's merits at Oxford, and can confirm your correspondent's recollection in most points by my own. Nevertheless, I do not believe that I was guilty of the rashness of throwing the javelin

over the Cam. It was, I think, a passage of arms got up by the Eton men of the two Unions. My share—if any—was only as a member of the august committee of the green baize table. I can, however, well remember the irruption of the three Cambridge orators.

We Oxford men were precise, orderly, and morbidly afraid of excess in word or manner. The Cambridge oratory came in like a flood into a mill-pond. Both Monckton Milnes and Henry Hallam took us aback by the boldness and freedom of their manner. But I remember the effect of Sunderland's declamation and action to this day. It had never been seen or heard before among us; we cowered like birds and ran like sheep. I was reminding, the other day, the Secretary of the India Board of the damage he did me. He was my private tutor, and was terrifically sitting right opposite to me. I had just rounded a period when I saw him make, as I believed in my agony, a sign of contempt, which all but brought me down. I acknowledge that we were utterly routed. Lord Houghton's beautiful reviving of those old days has in it something fragrant and sweet, and brings back old faces and old friendships, very dear as life is drawing to its close.

Your faithful servant,

HENRY E. MANNING.

"PRAYERS FOR ORIENTALS."

To the Rev. F. TONDINI, of the Congregation of the Fathers Barnabites.

8 York Place, Portman Square,
London, W., *November* 7, 1866.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,

I have the greatest pleasure in giving my approbation to the Association of Prayers for the Conversion of Oriental

Schismatics, and especially of the Russians and Greeks, to the Catholic Faith and Unity, and in granting forty days' indulgence to all who shall co-operate with you in spreading the Association in the diocese of Westminster by reciting the prayer to our Immaculate Mother with that intention.

Be so good as to enrol my name in the Association. At this time, when the thought and desire of union is so active in the minds of men, I rejoice to see so truly and purely Catholic an Association extending in the midst of us. I am glad also to see it introduced among us by a spiritual son of the B. Alexander Sauli, the friend of S. Charles; this gives us the true re-union of Christendom on the basis of Trent, in submission to the Sovereign Pontiff, and under the intercession of the most Blessed and Immaculate Mother of God.

I heartily pray that God may bless you and your work,

And remain, Rev. and dear Father,

Your affectionate servant in Christ,

HENRY EDWARD,

Archbishop of Westminster.

"A TEST OF LOVE."

To Father HERBERT VAUGHAN.*

November 23, 1871.

MY DEAR FATHER VAUGHAN,

While I am sending this book to press, you are on the Atlantic, conducting the first band of Missionary Fathers from St. Joseph's College to their work among the Negroes.

* Now Bishop of Salford. The sermons thus inscribed to his Lordship are—"Our Duty to the Heathen," "Missions to the Heathen: a Test of Love," and "The Negro Mission;" two of which were preached at the great Missionary College of St. Joseph at Mill Hill. The whole are to be found in *Sermons on Ecclesiastical Subjects* (Burns and Oates).

I therefore cannot refrain from putting into this volume the three following sermons, not for any worth in them, but because they were preached at your request, and because they enable me to express what we owe to you for the founding of our first seminary for missions to the heathen. They will be, I hope, a permanent appeal to the charity and alms of the faithful in behalf of your great work; and perhaps some one who reads them may help to finish your church, or may found a burse for the education of a missionary.

May God prosper you, and bring you home in safety.

Believe me always

Yours very affectionately in Christ,

HENRY EDWARD,

Archbishop of Westminster.

CERTAIN VISIONS.

To the Editor of THE TIMES.

Archbishop's House, S.W., *Sept.* 8, 1873.

SIR,

When the letter of a correspondent of the *Times* * is embodied in the same type and in the same column with one of its leading communications, it may be assumed to be hardly less than editorial.

"Senex Anglicanus" asks of me a question. He has a full right to ask it, as I have a full right to decline to answer. But I have not the least inducement to withhold my reply: first because I can answer it at once; and next, because I thank him for giving me the opportunity of calling your attention to an error in the leading article of the *Times* of Wednesday last.

* A letter signed "Senex Anglicanus" had appeared in the *Times*, in which the writer charged the Archbishop with "shrinking from the avowal of his belief in the miraculous apparition of Paray."

"Senex Anglicanus" asks of me, why, in relating the vision upon which the devotion of the Sacred Heart is founded, I passed "in total silence" over the vision which in your leading article of Wednesday last you described as the foundation of the devotion, and as a "physical operation, grotesque and extravagant."

My reason was this: That the vision you quoted is not the vision upon which the devotion was founded.

Of this "Senex Anglicanus" may satisfy himself by referring to the Life of the Blessed Margaret Mary, by the Rev. George Tickell (Burns and Oates, 1869, p. 151). In the Life of the Blessed Margaret Mary about seventy visions are recorded. I had no reason to quote any but the one in which this devotion had its origin.

Allow me now, in turn, to put a question to "Senex Anglicanus." Why did you, knowing so little on this subject, venture to write the following words?—

"What is to be thought of a reticence which bears so strong a likeness to studied evasion? No doubt the Archbishop found himself in a very difficult and perplexing position. He had strong reasons for shrinking from the avowal of his belief in such a story. He had still stronger motives for avoiding the slightest intimation of a doubt which would have ruined his character at Rome, and have exposed him to the danger of being torn to pieces by Veuillot. If he has succeeded in extricating himself from the difficulty, it is by a kind of dexterity which might be admirable in a Cagliostro, but which is not exactly that which people expect in an Archbishop."

In your article, sir, of Wednesday last, you published a *spicilegium* of what you thought hard words, uttered by me, deserved, as I think, by those who may be guilty of the faults I then censured. The passages above quoted are a fair example of the conduct of those whom I was describing, as critics who are in too great haste to condemn, and, like men who are

precipitate, stammer not only with their lips, but also with their pens and their intellect. The hypothetical form of the quotations I have given does not clear them from the worst-known kind of false witness—I mean insinuation of motives.

It is somewhat refreshing to me to be charged with reticence in any matter relating to what some people are pleased to call Popery; and though I have sufficiently answered the question of "Senex Anglicanus," I will also answer his question as to what you have thought fit to describe as a "physical operation."

The vision you refer to is one, as I have said, in a multitude vouchsafed to the Blessed Margaret Mary. Those visions, as you are well aware, are not and cannot be matter of Divine faith; for this reason, because they do not rest upon the revelation of God. Nevertheless, I fully believe them to be true.

First, because they rest upon evidence sufficient to command our belief as to the facts in the history of a person.

Secondly, because that evidence has passed under repeated and rigorous examination by competent authorities on the spot and in Rome.

Thirdly, because in the matter of those visions there is nothing that is not consistent with visions and Divine actions recorded in the Old and in the New Testament.

Your correspondent I assume to be a member of the Church of England, and he states himself to be of mature age. I may therefore further assume that he has not taken advantage of the principles of Biblical criticism sanctioned by the highest judicial authority in the realm some years ago. He does not, therefore, separate the subject-matter of Holy Scripture into inspired and uninspired, into Divine and human, into credible and incredible. He will not deny that visions, if true, are at all times acts of omnipotence, and that no human intelligence can prescribe limits to their effect. It will be well for him to read over again the twenty-first and twenty-second verses of the

second chapter of Genesis, also the twenty-fifth verse of the thirty-second chapter of the same book, and the twenty-seventh verse of the twentieth chapter of St. John's Gospel.

It is neither wise nor safe in those who profess to believe in a Creator and a Redeemer, and that He is the Lord and Disposer of all things which He has made and redeemed, to use arguments which overturn both the old creation and the new.

I am not going to enter, in the columns of the *Times,* upon a discussion of things so sacred. You, sir, though on some occasions somewhat peremptory and despotic, are never irreverent. Your columns are never stained with the trivial mockery which I sometimes read with shame in our papers. When we have the ill fate to be in opposition I recognize in you a fair and honourable opponent; and I feel assured that you do not desire me now to enter in your paper upon a discussion of miracles or of visions. I will therefore add only one more word, which may serve as a rule in estimating the nature of such supernatural facts. We read in the Apocalypse: "I took the book from the hand of the angel, and ate it up, and it was in my mouth sweet as honey, and when I had eaten it my belly was bitter" (Apoc. x. 10). Would it be a sign, I will not say of faith, but common sense, to call this a "physical operation," or to discuss the form, size, and material of this book, or how the physical qualities of sweetness and of bitterness inhered in an object seen in vision, and how it could be eaten? The region of visions is not earthly. They are to be read and understood in the light and by the laws of God's omnipotence.

I would request you to add to your former courtesies by inserting this letter in the *Times* of to-morrow.

I remain, sir, your faithful servant,

HENRY EDWARD,
Archbishop of Westminster.

"EVEN AN ARCHBISHOP."

S. Michael's, Hereford, *Sept.* 28, 1873.

MY DEAR F. GUIRON,

On Wednesday last, as I was coming in the train from Manchester to Worcester, I read for the first time your correspondence with Dr. Nicholson in the *Guardian*.* Until then my knowledge of the whole affair was confined to his first letter, which I read when I gave it to you to answer, and his last, which, as the correspondence was closed, I put, without reading it, into the basket. Of all his intermediate letters I knew nothing, and with your answers my only contact was that I suggested to you certain books and references for your first letter. I remember that I heard you read a paragraph or two of your second; and when I afterwards found that, unknown to me, it was still going on, I told you to waste no more time upon it, and also in what terms to close the correspondence.

Having now read your letters, I think it due to you to say that they are perfectly sound, Catholic, and unanswerable. If you had made any slip in doctrine, I should have taken upon myself the full responsibility—on the just rule, *quod facit per alium facit per se.* I take now the full responsibility of saying that you have not only made no such slip, but have done your work thoroughly well.

It is a just retribution that Dr. Nicholson, who began by accusing me and one of my clergy as either ignorant or unable to defend my words, should after all fall into your hands, and learn to his cost that he had better leave Catholic priests alone.

* Dr. Nicholson had accused the Cardinal Archbishop of holding the Sacred Humanity to be Deified or made God, and also of separating the Sacred Humanity from the Divinity and making it a separate and "quasi-God"—two heresies which exclude each other.

His solemn appeals to me all through, and my excommunication as a heretic at last, are very amusing.

I cannot end this letter without saying that I admire in your letters nothing more than the calm, grave, respectful tone with which you bore with an assailant very unlike yourself. It is a sign of the love of truth and of souls. I hope Dr. Nicholson is a young man, for if he be an old one, you, at the outset of your priesthood, have read him a sharp lesson on the manner which befits the treatment of sacred things. He will have learned also that Catholic priests know their theology better than he can teach them, and that it is not safe to accuse even an archbishop. May every blessing be with you and your work.

Believe me always
Yours affectionately in Jesus Christ,
HENRY EDWARD,
Archbishop of Westminster.

"VATICANISM."

To the Editor of MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

October 22, 1874.

SIR,

The author of the article headed *Prussia and the Vatican*, in your October number,* believes that he has detected in me two faults—the one a want of "literary good faith"; the other a deviation from the definitions of the Vatican Council.

The gravity of these charges may be ascertained by the following samples of the author's accuracy:—

I. He quotes, without reference and with evident misunderstanding, a Latin sentence of transparent meaning to all

* A series of ignorant articles were appearing in this magazine under the title of "Prussia and the Vatican."

Catholics—*Dominus Petro non solum universam Ecclesiam, sed etiam sæculum reliquit gubernandum.*

He then says: "The Pope is the Vicar of Christ; the temporal sovereign is the Vicar of the Pope."

To this I answer that Catholic theologians hold the three following principles:

1. That the Pope is not the Lord of the whole world.

2. That the Pope is not the Lord even of the whole Christian world.

3. That the Pope has not any purely temporal jurisdiction over temporal princes by Divine right.

Therefore it is untrue to say that "the temporal sovereign is Vicar of the Pope."

II. Again, the author says that "the temporal prince derives his authority from the Pope."

But, as St. Augustine would answer, "*Nemo potest dare quod non habet.*"

Therefore it is again untrue to say that the authority of the temporal prince is derived from the Pope. It is derived from God immediately to civil society, and, *mediante societate,* from God to the temporal prince.

III. The author says further that by the Constitution *Unam Sanctam* all power is in the Pope as all light is in the sun; that the temporal prince has only a borrowed light; and a sword to be used "at the bidding" of the Pope.

I have affirmed, in the essay on *Cæsarism and Ultramontanism,* that the doctrine of the *Unam Sanctam* is as follows:—

1. That there are in the world two powers, both ordained of God, the natural and the supernatural.

2. That of these two the supernatural is the higher.

3. That in its exercise the natural is limited and directed by the law of God.

Such is the doctrine stripped of all imagery of "swords and lights." But it is easier to cavil about words, images, meta-

phors, and figures, than to face facts and principles. Therefore, if the author means by "bidding" of the Pope that the temporal prince is bound to wield the temporal sword in obedience to the law of God, he is right enough; but if by "bidding" he means the caprice or human passion of the Pope, he shows that my words about common sense were not out of place.

IV. We now come to *The Vatican Council.* I hope the author has not read it; for it does not contain a syllable upon the subject. If he had made this assertion after reading it, I hardly know what to say about literary good faith. But he may mean that the Vatican Council, by defining the Infallibility of the Pope, has raised the *Unam Sanctam* to an *ex-cathedrâ* utterance. It was always so before. The Pope did not begin to be infallible in 1870; nor were Catholics free to deny his infallibility before that date. The denial of his infallibility had indeed never been condemned by a definition, because since the rise of Gallicanism in 1682 no Œcumenical Council had ever been convened. But let us suppose the *Unam Sanctam* to be now binding upon Catholics: it is binding not in the interpretation of the author of *Prussia and the Vatican*, but of the theologians of the Catholic Church; and that interpretation I have given above.

V. "Vaticanism" has indeed shown that between the Christian Church and States without Christianity the *modus vivendi* can only be found by an inflexible refusal to encourage and promote the dechristianizing of education, of literature, of legislation, and of the public and private life of men. If by "cursing modern society" the author means anything more, I must again invoke common sense, and perhaps literary good faith.

VI. But I now come to a matter more difficult of explanation. The author says that in certain articles in the *Contemporary Review* I have kept facts out of sight, and claimed "for Ultramontanism no other rights than those asserted by the Anglican Church and by English Nonconformist sects."

I am afraid the author has read those articles with no more care than he bestowed on reading *The Vatican Council.*

My argument, which was repeated to weariness, was this: "The limitation which has changed Cæsarism into Christian monarchy is law, and that law the law of God, represented, expounded, aud applied on earth by an authority of His own creation, and by judicial powers of His own delegation, indedendent of all human legislatures, and superior to all prerogatives of kings." "Now what I have here asserted is Ultramontanism, but it is not Ultramontanism alone—it is Christianity as it has been held by all men, in all ages, by Catholics and by Protestants alike, by Ultramontanes and by Gallicans, by Anglicans and by Presbyterians." (*Cæsarism and Ultramontanism.*)

I see no "keeping back of facts" here. My assertion is this: "Every Christian community claims to be independent of human authority in matter of conscience; and in deciding what is matter of conscience to be superior to all civil powers." In this I say, and say again, Anglicans and all Protestants who retain Christianity—for Erastians can hardly be called Protestants—are agreed. In *this point* Ultramontanes claim no more than Protestants and Anglicans. Where have I ever said that Ultramontanes in other things claim no more?

"All Ultramontanes make these claims." Will the author, therefore, convert the proposition, and say—"All who make these claims are Ultramontanes"?

If he be an Oxford man he is not strong in his Aldrich.

VII. Finally, in a note the author quotes a passage from the *Civiltà Cattolica* of the 18th of March 1871. Now, I can find 20th of March 1871, but no 18th; and in the *Fascicolo*, 20 Marzo, I can find no such passage. I cannot deal with scraps torn from their context without reference, or with an inaccurate reference. But I can clearly see that the meaning here is as transparent to those who wish to see as in the author's anony-

mous Latin quotation. Of one thing, however, I am certain, that its sense is identical with the propositions I have here given from Catholic theologians; and that the author has neither proved a want of literary good faith nor any shade of variation between "Vaticanism" and what is written at Westminster.

I remain, sir, your faithful servant,

HENRY EDWARD,
Archbishop of Westminster.

"OVERCASTING A FRIENDSHIP OF FORTY-FIVE YEARS."

To the Editor of THE NEW YORK HERALD.

Westminster, *November* 10, 1874.

DEAR SIR,

In answer to your question as to my statement about the Vatican Council in the *Times* of yesterday, I reply as follows :—

I asserted that the Vatican Decrees have not changed by a jot or a tittle the obligations or conditions of the civil obedience of Catholics towards the civil powers. The whole of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet hangs on the contrary assertion, and falls with it.

In proof of my assertion I add :

1. That the infallibility of the Pope was a doctrine of Divine faith before the Vatican Council was held. In the second and third part of a book called *Petri Privilegium* I have given more than sufficient evidence of this assertion.

2. That the Vatican Council simply declared an old truth, and made no new dogma.

3. That the position of Catholics, therefore, in respect to civil allegiance, since the Vatican Council, is precisely what it was before it.

4. That the civil powers of the Christian world have hitherto stood in peaceful relations with an Infallible Church, and that relation has been often recognized by the Church in its Councils. The Vatican Council had therefore no new matter to treat in this point.

5. That the Vatican Council has made no decree whatever on the subject of the civil powers, nor on civil allegiance. This subject was not so much as proposed.

The civil obedience of Catholics rests upon the natural law and the revealed law of God. Society is founded in nature, and subjects are bound in all things lawful to obey their rulers. Society, when Christian, has higher sanctions, and subjects are bound to obey rulers for conscience sake, and because the powers that be are ordained of God. Of all this the Vatican Decrees can have changed nothing, because they have touched nothing.

Mr. Gladstone's whole argument hangs upon an erroneous assertion, into which I can only suppose he has been misled by his misplaced trust in Dr. Döllinger and some of his friends.

On public and private grounds I deeply lament this act of imprudence, and, but for my belief in Mr. Gladstone's sincerity, I should say, this act of injustice. I lament it, as an act out of all harmony and proportion to a great statesman's life, and as the first event that has overcast a friendship of forty-five years. His whole public life has hitherto consolidated the Christian and civil peace of these kingdoms. This act, unless the good providence of God and the good sense of Englishmen avert it, may wreck more than the work of Mr. Gladstone's public career, and at the end of a long life may tarnish a great name.

I remain, dear sir, your faithful servant,

HENRY EDWARD,
Archbishop of Westminster.

"PLAIN ANSWERS IN PLAIN ENGLISH."

To the Editor of MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

La Spezia, *December* 10, 1874.

SIR,

The postscript to an article on *Prussia and the Vatican*, in your December number, needs an answer, and it shall be given. For a writer who affirms that the Head of the Catholic Church claims to be "the Incarnate and Visible Word of God" I have really compassion. Either he sincerely knows no better, and for such exceptional want of knowledge is worthy of all pity, or, knowing better, he is an object of compassion for graver reasons.

I will counsel this gentleman to draw his knowledge from purer and more authentic sources than "Janus," "Quirinus," and the "Old Catholics" of Munich. They will only mislead him. It is profusely evident that he has not yet learnt the first principles of the matter he treats with such confidence in himself, and such contempt of "Vatican Clerics." A writer who believes that the Vicar of Our Lord claims to be "the Incarnate Word" has given to the world the measure of his knowledge, or of his fairness, or of both.

It will be time to discuss the Constitution *Unam Sanctam* with him when he has not only read, but mastered, Hergenröther's *Katholische Kirche und Christlicher Staat*, in which the accusations of the Munich Old Catholics are fully refuted.

The writer disclaims in his article all intention of impugning my "personal good faith." I am glad to hear it, because he did so in his last article; and he has repeated it in the postscript before me. He there clearly implies a charge of duplicity in the use of "the Queen's English." Let me for the last time advise this gentleman to use only the Queen's English, in which he will find none of the nicknames and none of the discour-

tesies which stain his writings. And also for the last time I will say that an adversary who cannot believe in the honour of those who are opposed to him, not only always strikes wide, but deserves to have his spurs hacked off, and to be led out of the lists of honourable controversy.

What I have publicly affirmed I shall publicly justify, not before your nameless correspondent, but before a tribunal in which I gladly recognize a right to know what I believe and what I teach.

I will now turn to the postscript. In it I find an interrogatory of five questions, followed by these peremptory words—in imitation, it would seem, of a late Prime Minister—not a little comic :—

"I require plain answers in plain English."

I will give them, but not to the interrogator, whose competence I reject. They shall be given plainly and promptly to all into whose hands his interrogative false witness may fall, lest they should be misled by it.

The writer asks:

1. "Did Dr. Manning himself, and the bulk of his clergy, consider themselves before the Vatican Decrees as absolved from their allegiance to the British Crown?"

Answer.—No.

2. "If Dr. Manning and his clergy did not" so consider themselves absolved, "is it, or is it not, a fact that since the Vatican Decrees they are dogmatically bound, at the peril of their salvation, to consider themselves absolved from that allegiance?"

Answer.—It is not a fact. Neither I nor they consider ourselves to be absolved from our allegiance; and the Vatican Decrees have not so much as touched our allegiance.

3. "Is it not certain that the Irish Bishops and the English Vicars Apostolic" "did not consider themselves as absolved from their British allegiance?"

Answer.—Most certain ; and equally certain that we hold ourselves to be bound equally by that allegiance.

4. "Is there not a risk that a body of officials, not so bound by the ties of allegiance to the Crown of the country in which they are actively employed, and having to obey a code of laws radically different from those of that country, may come into collision with the latter?"

Answer.—Every sentence in this question is either absurd or false. I and my clergy are bound by the ties of allegiance. *Cadit quæstio.* If by "code of laws" be meant civil laws, we have no such code. If by "code of laws" be meant spiritual and religious discipline, there can be no collision, unless Falk laws be introduced into England.

5. "Is Dr. Manning perfectly certain that cases have not already arisen within his own jurisdiction in which clerical persons have been brought into a conflict of jurisdiction," or "have decided (*sic*) since 1870 in favour of the Curial jurisdiction?"

Answer.—I have no knowledge whatsoever of any such cases.

If any such have arisen, they who dealt with them since 1870 otherwise than they would have dealt with them before 1870, have gone astray. The Vatican Council has not so much as touched any such possible question of civil jurisdiction.

Here we return to the sole point in contest.

Before the Council met, a party at Munich prophesied to the world that its Decrees would clash with Civil Allegiances. During the Council they strove in every way to bring down the pressure of the Civil Governments of Europe to hinder the freedom of the Council. The Council steadfastly did its duty, and defined the purely spiritual doctrine of the Authority and the Infallibility of the Head of the Church. It was this they really feared. It is a doctrine they had denied ; and its defi-

nition was fatal to their literary authority, and to their personal importance.

From that hour their efforts have been redoubled to bring down the Civil Powers upon the Catholic Church. They have succeeded in setting the German Empire on fire. They are now endeavouring to set fire to the civil and religious peace of our three kingdoms. The whole network of this mischief, the methods and the men, are well known. But it will not succeed. The momentary stir and suspicion, unhappily raised by a great name, will in a little while pass away; and the English people will know not only that the Vatican Decrees have not changed so much as a jot or tittle of our Civil Allegiance, but that Catholics are better evidence as to their own religion than those who are now teaching us the meaning of our Councils, and catechizing us about our loyalty.

I remain, sir, your faithful servant,

HENRY EDWARD,
Archbishop of Westminster.

PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.

To the Editor of the ECHO.

January 12, 1875.

SIR,

I am afraid that I must complain, as you say, once more of your statement in the *Echo* of yesterday evening, purporting to convey what I have written on the subject of the Infallibility of the Pope. What you state is the reverse of what I have written.

Nowhere have I written "that prior to the definition of 1870 *the* voice of the Roman Catholic Church was that of the Episcopate speaking with their Head the Pope."

Convert the proposition and it is true enough. "The Episcopate, speaking with their Head the Pope, is the voice of the

Roman Church." But this was not the only way by which the infallible voice of the Roman Church was heard before 1870. My whole book, *Petri Privilegium*, gives evidence to show "that the Head of the Church, when speaking *ex cathedrâ*, was infallible before 1870." You have, therefore, inverted my whole statement.

In proof of the Infallibility of the Head of the Church speaking *ex cathedrâ*, I have given in the second part of *Petri Privilegium* a whole tradition of witnesses extending over a thousand years.

I have also shown that in the last three hundred years, between the Council of Trent and the Council of the Vatican, the Head of the Church has spoken *ex cathedrâ*, as in the Bull *Unigenitus*, the Bull *Auctorem Fidei*, and the Bull of the Immaculate Conception, all of which have been received as infallible by the whole Church before 1870, on the faith of the Infallibility of the Roman Pontiff, speaking *ex cathedrâ*. I am afraid, therefore, that I must call on you once more to state more correctly what I have written, which is as follows:—

1. That the Episcopate, speaking with its Head, is infallible.
2. That the Head, speaking *ex cathedrâ*, is infallible.

Either way, the voice of the Roman Church is heard.

Your statement, therefore, which excludes the latter proposition, inverts the whole statement and argument of my book, which proves, as I believe, that before 1870, and up to the time of the Apostles, S. Peter and his successors in the Roman See have been, by Divine assistance, preserved from error in faith and morals.

I am sure that you did me this wrong without malice and without guile.

I remain, sir, your faithful servant,

HENRY EDWARD,

Archbishop of Westminster.

"THE GOLDEN TARGET."

To the Editor of THE TIMES.

8 York Place, W., *January* 26 [1873].

SIR,

Until my return to London yesterday evening I had no opportunity of reading the comments which appeared in your paper of Thursday last on what you supposed me to have said on the preceding Tuesday night at Sheffield. Misled by an account which I do not doubt was given in good faith, but which conveys no report of my words, you have gravely and injuriously misrepresented me. I ask you, therefore, not on personal motives only, but for public reasons, to do me the act of justice of inserting what I did say, with a prominence equal to that of your remarks.

The *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, which is responsible for the imprudence, if any there be, of reviving on Tuesday last the memory of Lord Denbigh's words, and of making the comments which I considered it then my duty to answer, published on the following day a *verbatim*, and, with few exceptions, a singularly accurate report of what I said.

I will confine myself at present to the two following points:—

You quote as my words that Catholics "cannot identify themselves very closely with a State which admits all creeds and all forms of worship on the same level." Nor can they be "in sympathy with a State which encourages secular education." My words were:—

"How can Catholics, who believe that the faith is one, mingle themselves up in a system which declares that all forms of doctrine are equal? It is impossible. How can Catholics, who believe that one faith carries with it by necessity unity of worship, regard with sympathy a state of things in which all forms of worship are put upon the same level? . . . .

How can Catholics, who believe that there should be no education which is not based on the revelation of God, be in sympathy with a state of things in which secular instruction is to be separated from religion?"

You will perceive, Sir, that I spoke of the condition of our present party politics, and in no sense of the British Monarchy.

Your next misrepresentation, as I must call it, is far more serious. You say:—

"If Catholicism is Popery, and Popery, as Dr. Manning avows, is Ultramontanism, and Ultramontanism is allegiance to a foreign Sovereign, there could hardly be a worse recommendation of a Catholic League in English eyes. Unfortunately, these damaging admissions were repeated throughout the Archbishop's speech."

Sir, these admissions are not repeated in my speech. They are not to be found in my speech; they are not to be found even in the garbled account from which you quote. The hypothetical premiss—"if Ultramontanism is allegiance to a foreign Sovereign"—is entirely your own. It is false in law and in fact, as Sir George Bowyer, in his able letter, has already shown. Sir George Bowyer's instincts at once detected that such words as you impute to me could not be mine.

What I did say I here give in the words of the report, which has never been revised by me:—

"I will sum up what I have said in this:—That within the limit and circle of our faith we can compromise nothing—that within that which I will call the gold of the target, we can admit of nothing but the most pure and unalloyed fidelity to the faith of the Church. Outside of that circle, outside of what I may call the gold of the target, in all things which relate either to the social welfare or to the political well-being, to the peace and stability of the country and of the empire,

there are no men on the face of England who are more loyal, there are no men who are more patriotic than Catholics. In our allegiance to the faith we admit of no compromise, but there are no men in England who are more patriotic in all things which are outside the question of faith than the Catholics of the British Empire. Nay, I will go further, and will say there are no men who are more ready to labour for the well-being of the country, for its political peace, for its political progress, for its social order, for its industry, its commerce, and for its education, than are the Catholics of this country. Now, I can conceive no subject in which Catholics are unpatriotic. I can conceive no subject in which Catholics can be in collision with the laws of the British Empire, so long as the laws of the British Empire are not in collision with the laws of God."

The error into which you have been led is this :—You represent me as saying that there is in the civil allegiance of Catholics a circle which is reserved for some other, and, you say, foreign authority. I affirmed that this circle surrounds our faith, outside of which our loyalty is as pure and true as that of other men ; and I will add, what Sir George Bowyer has well said, that it is our faith that dictates our loyalty.

I forbear, at present, from all further comments on your article, save only this,—I am at a loss to see how our public peace can be promoted by holding me up as an example of disloyalty. As an Englishman, I am as sensitive on this point as you can be ; but you will, I think, see that as your words cannot affect me only as a private person, they may have an effect which neither you nor I should desire.

I have no doubt, Sir, that you will make the act of reparation which is due to me by inserting this letter in your paper of to-morrow.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

HENRY EDWARD,

Archbishop of Westminster.

"THE LIVING CONSCIOUSNESS OF THE CHURCH."

To THE CONGREGATION OF THE OBLATES OF S. CHARLES.*

Ash Wednesday 1875.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHERS,

Nearly ten years ago I dedicated to you a very slender book on "The Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost." And now once more I have another, which traces at least the outline of the same subject.

The former book was on the special office of the Holy Ghost in the One Visible Church, which is the organ of His divine voice. The present volume deals with the universal office of the Holy Ghost in the souls of men. The former or special office dates from the Incarnation and the Day of Pentecost; the latter or universal office dates from the Creation, and at this hour still pervades by its operations the whole race of mankind. It is true to say with S. Irenaeus, *Ubi Ecclesia ibi Spiritus*—"Where the Church is there is the Spirit;" but it would not be true to say, Where the Church is not, neither is the Spirit there. The operations of the Holy Ghost have always pervaded the whole race of men from the beginning, and they are now in full activity even among those who are without the Church; for God will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth.

I have therefore, in this present volume, spoken of the universal office of which every living man has shared, and does share at this hour; and I have tried to draw the outline of our individual sanctification. Nobody can be more fully aware how slender and insufficient are both these books. They are only put out as provocations, in the hope of rousing you to fill up the outline.

* The dedication of "The Internal Working of the Holy Ghost." (Burns & Oates.) 1875.

It is my hope that some of you may be stirred up to edit, in one volume, the treatises of S. Didymus, S. Basil, and S. Ambrose, on the Holy Ghost; and also certain portions of S. Bonaventure, S. Thomas the Carthusian, and S. Bernardine of Sienna, on the Graces and Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost, and on the Beatitudes which spring from them. These united would make a precious store for students and for preachers.

My belief is that these topics have a special fitness in the nineteenth century. They are the direct antidote both of the heretical spirit which is abroad, and of the unspiritual and worldly mind of so many Christians. The presence of the Holy Ghost in the Church is the source of its infallibility; the presence of the Holy Ghost in the soul is the source of its sanctification. These two operations of the same spirit are in perfect harmony. The test of the spiritual man is his conformity to the mind of the Church. *Sentire cum Ecclesia*, in dogma, discipline, traditions, devotions, customs, opinions, sympathies, is the countersign that the work in our hearts is not from the diabolical spirit, nor from the human, but from the Divine.

S. Ambrose, S. Francis, S. Philip, S. Teresa, had an ardent devotion to the Holy Ghost. S. Teresa, in her Life, tells us that one day, after Mass, on the vigil of Pentecost, in a very retired place where she often used to pray, she was reading a work on the Feast of Pentecost by a Carthusian. I have always thought and hoped that it may have been the work of Dionysius, from whom I have quoted in these pages. His spiritual treatises are of singular beauty and depth, uniting the subtilty and accuracy of a scholastic with the spiritual light and sweetness of a mystical theologian.

It would seem that the development of error has constrained the Church in these times to treat especially of the third and last clause of the Apostles' Creed: "I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints."

The definitions of the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God, of the Infallibility of the Vicar of Christ, bring out into distinct relief the twofold office of the Holy Ghost, of which one part is His perpetual assistance in the Church, the other His sanctification of the soul, of which the Immaculate Conception is the first-fruits and perfect exemplar.

The living consciousness which the Catholic Church has, that it is the dwelling-place of the Spirit of Truth and the organ of His Voice, seems to be growing more and more vividly upon its pastors and people, as the nations are falling away: *Hi sunt, qui segregant semetipsos animales, Spiritum non habentes.* This prophecy of the Apostle is visibly fulfilling before our eyes; while the unity, outward and inward, the unanimity and supernatural expansion of the Catholic Church by its own imperishable life and intrinsic forçe, bear witness of a Presence, a Mind, a Will, and a Power which is not of man, but of God. We seem to see and to touch the evidence of the promise, "I will ask the Father, and He shall give you another Paraclete, that He may abide with you for ever. It is expedient for you that I go; for if I go not, the Paraclete will not come to you; but if I go, I will send Him to you, the Spirit of Truth, Whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, nor knoweth Him; but you shall know Him, because He shall abide with you, and shall be in you."

My purpose, however, is not to enter upon this large field in a preface, but only to commend to you, as the matter of your special study and the burden of your constant preaching, "the ministration of the Spirit," under which we are. S. Ambrose says: "*Si appellare dominum Jesum sine Spiritu non possumus, utique sine Spiritu prædicare non possumus.*" I can desire for you, therefore, no better gift than that you may all be *pleni Spiritu Sancto et Sapientia. Et vos, unctionem quam accepistis ab Eo, maneat in vobis. Et non necesse habetis ut aliquis doceat*

vos; sed sicut unctio ejus docet voce de omnibus, et verum est, et non est mendacium. Et sicut docuit manete in Eo.

Believe me, reverend and dear Fathers,

Yours very affectionately in Jesus Christ,

HENRY EDWARD,
Archbishop of Westminster.

"AS MY TIME GROWS SHORT."

To the ENGLISH STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LOUVAIN.

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.,
June 18, 1875.

You will, I hope, believe that my long delay in thanking you for your address of congratulations * has arisen from no want of appreciation on my part.

I have been steadily replying, as my heavy duties allow me the time, to the many similar expressions of confidence and goodwill. But I have not as yet been able to reply to all.

I now thank you from my heart for your filial words, and I pray God that you may bring home into England the high intellectual culture of a Catholic University to aid in raising the intellectual maturity of our Catholic people.

It is a happiness to me to know that as my time grows short there are young men fresh and green in the vigour of youth and faith to take up the work we must soon lay down. There is a future in England for all who are the disciples of the See of Peter. *Doctores fidelium Ecclesiae discipuli.*

May God perfect this spirit in you, and keep you always in His holy fear.

HENRY EDWARD,
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

* On the occasion of the Archbishop's elevation to the Cardinalate.

"THE ONLY HONOUR."

To CANON O'SULLIVAN, V.G.*

Archbishop's House, Westminster,
July 10, 1875.

I thank you, and through you, as President, the Association of the Venerable College of St. Thomas de Urbe, for the words of congratulation and confidence addressed to me at your last meeting.

You will, I believe, all of you accept my assurance that, though not an alumnus, I am a true, and loyal, and old friend of the English College at Rome. I have from time to time lived within its walls so long as to amount to years. Every part of it is as familiar to me as if it had been my home. Its memories and its traditions are sacred to all Catholics; and for the last years I have had the official duty of watching over its safety.

Be sure therefore that though I have not my predecessor's right to be a patron of your association, I have the will to be in every way united with you.

I thank you all for what you say to and of myself. You will give me your prayers that I may never be wanting in the duties which the Holy Father has been pleased to lay upon me. The times are not times of peace, and the only honour is to be in the front in time of need.

May God multiply, and prosper, and consolidate the Association of St. Thomas de Urbe!

Believe me, &c.,

HENRY E.,
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

* Canon O'Sullivan had presented on behalf of the Association of the Venerable College of St. Thomas de Urbe an address of congratulation.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

To the LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN.*

London, *July* 28, 1875.

MY DEAR LORD MAYOR,

I return you my very sincere thanks for your lordship's kindness in inviting me to take part in the centenary of Daniel O'Connell's birth, and I beg you to convey to all who are acting with you my regret that it will be impossible for me to be present. Had it been in my power to be with you, I should have expressed in no uncertain words the gratitude of Catholics in England to the man whose prudence, firmness, eloquence, and devotion won for the Catholic Church in these realms its liberation from penal laws.

To him is due, under God, more than to any other, that Ireland is an united people, growing year by year in power and prosperity. I am old enough to remember O'Connell's first entrance into the Legislature, and how in him and by him the Catholics of these kingdoms became an integral part of the public opinion and of the Legislature of the Empire. But I believe it will be for posterity to appreciate fully the work which he accomplished from that day. The Catholic Church in our country has become a part of our national life, and our fellow-countrymen have seen its worship and heard its voice, and are beginning to regard it with respect and goodwill as one of the most powerful and beneficent influences of our social order. Daily and intimate contact with Catholics has swept away old controversies. And in bringing about this pacific change Daniel O'Connell stands as the foremost man.

I rejoice to hear the noble and pathetic answer of the Bishops of Germany to your timely invitation. I hope the good Pro-

* Peter Paul M'Swiney was Lord Mayor at the time of the O'Connell Centenary Celebration.

vidence of God will raise up in Germany from among its Catholic laity a man who shall lead them to the restoration of liberty of conscience to the Church.

Believe me, my dear Lord Mayor, your faithful servant,

HENRY EDWARD, CARDINAL MANNING.
Archbishop of Westminster.

"IN THE DAYS OF ANXIETY."

To the BISHOP OF PORT LOUIS.*

Archbishop's House, *July* 30, 1875.

MY DEAR LORD,

I hope that neither your Lordship nor your good clergy will believe for a moment that I have been insensible to your great kindness in conveying to me your sympathy and goodwill in what the Holy Father has been pleased to lay upon me.

In truth, since I came from Rome, the press of correspondence coming upon my ordinary work, already beyond my time, has caused me to fall into a great arrear. Let me now heartily thank you and your excellent priests. They will, I hope, pray for me that in the days of anxiety, which are upon us, and may hereafter be still darker, I may have light to see, and strength to do, what the Holy See requires of its servants.

In return I will not fail to ask that the spirit of unity and charity, and zeal for souls, may be abundantly poured out upon the Church and Diocese of Port Louis.

Believe me, my dear Lord, yours affectionately in Jesus Christ,

HENRY E.,
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

* Who had sent on behalf of himself and his clergy a letter of congratulation.

"THE APPEAL TO HISTORY."

To the Editor of THE DAILY TELEGRAPH.

Archbishop's House, *October* 15, 1875.

SIR,

Lord Redesdale's courteous letter * in your paper of to-day is one more example in proof of the statement that my critics suppress my argument instead of answering it.

"If the voice of the Church be, by Divine assistance, infallible," then to appeal from it, to whatsoever tribunal, is to reject a Divine authority. This is clearly both treason and heresy.

What Lord Redesdale has to show is "that the voice of the Church is not, by Divine assistance, infallible." This he has

* Lord Redesdale had written as follows :—"Cardinal Manning gives the following as the correct extract from 'The Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost': 'The appeal to antiquity is both a treason and a heresy. It is a treason because it rejects the Divine voice of the Church at this hour, and a heresy because it denies that voice to be Divine.' And defends it by stating his argument to be as follows: 'The appeal from the living voice of the Church to any tribunal whatsoever, human history included, is an act of private judgment and a treason, because that living voice is supreme; and to appeal from that supreme voice is also a heresy, because that voice, by Divine assistance, is infallible.' He adds: 'I have seen much misrepresentation of my argument, but I have never seen an answer. Unless the premisses can be refuted no answer can be made.' I accept the challenge. The Church of Rome refuses the cup to the laity who come to her to receive the Sacrament of Christ's Body and Blood. I desire the Cardinal to give, if he can, prompt, separate, and explicit answers to the three following questions :—First. Is it treason and heresy to say that history informs us that when Christ instituted that Holy Sacrament He ordained that His blood was to be given and received through the wine as well as His body through the bread, and that all ought now to receive the Sacrament in the manner He ordained? Second. Is it treason and heresy to say that antiquity informs us that in the time of the Apostles and long afterwards all who received that Sacrament partook of the wine as well as the bread, and that we ought all now to do as they did? Third. When and how was the Church of Rome Divinely instructed to order what is directly contrary to what Christ Himself ordered when on earth by express words?" The other topics and twistings put forth by Lord Redesdale in subsequent letters will be sufficiently explained by the terms of his Eminence's replies.

not done, nor attempted to do. I, therefore, answer his questions as follows:—

1. Our Lord ordained that the Holy Sacrament should be consecrated and received by His Apostles in both kinds, but He did not ordain that it should be received by all Christians in both kinds.

2. Communion in both kinds was in use for centuries, and is in use in some places at this day, but not as a necessary obligation by Divine commandment. We therefore are not all bound to Communion in both kinds.

3. The Church was Divinely instructed in all things relating to doctrine and discipline by the advent of the Spirit of Truth on the day of Pentecost, who, according to the promise of Our Lord, abides for ever in the Church.

Lord Redesdale will find my proof of this truth in the book he has quoted. Until he has refuted this premiss, which my critics have always suppressed, he is only begging the question once more. I therefore affirm that, to say, as he implies, that Communion in both kinds is necessary to all is both treason and heresy; not because it is an assertion intrinsically erroneous in itself, but because it is an assertion made in contradiction to an authority which is Divine. This point Lord Redesdale has avoided; but it is the point of my argument which he was bound to refute.

I remain, Sir, your faithful servant,

HENRY EDWARD,
Cardinal Archbishop.

"A DIVINE AUTHORITY."

To the Editor of THE DAILY TELEGRAPH.

Archbishop's House, Westminster,
October 22 [1875].

SIR,

Your readers must, I fear, be weary of the subject, but I must not be so far wanting in courtesy to Lord Redesdale as

not to reply to his letter. I must once more call his attention to the fact that he has both begged the question and changed it. The question between us is simply this : "Is it heresy to appeal *from* a Divine authority?" You, Sir, were clear-sighted enough to see that to appeal *from* a Divine judge to any human tribunal whatsoever must be unlawful. What Lord Redesdale has to show is, "that the authority of the Church is not Divine." Instead of proving this he has assumed it; and he then affirms that it has erred. Let him say whether the authority of the Church be Divine or not. If it be Divine no appeal can lie from it.

If he say that it is only human I must ask him to read the book he has referred to, "The Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost." If, after reading it, Lord Redesdale shall still say either that the Spirit of Truth does not guide the Church, or that the Church, guided by the Spirit of Truth, can err in faith, I shall then have an answer to the question which he has hitherto begged.

On the question of the lawfulness and sufficiency of Communion "in one kind" I shall then be ready to give a full statement. But at this time it is irrelevant.

It is not relevant to say the authority of the Church is not Divine because it has ordained Communion in one kind. It can only be proved not to be Divine by the evidence proper to the question, "What is the authority with which the Divine Founder of the Church invested it?"

As I cannot ask you, Sir, to reprint a book in your columns I must refer your readers to the work already named, in which I have given, as I believe, full and sufficient proof of the Faith.

I remain, Sir, your faithful servant,

HENRY EDWARD,
Cardinal Archbishop.

"HOLY SCRIPTURE IS SCRIPTURE ONLY IN ITS RIGHT SENSE."

To the Editor of THE DAILY TELEGRAPH.

Archbishop's House, *October* 27 [1875].

SIR,

Lord Redesdale is a little too confident of victory. He has not yet put off his harness. His letter of to-day contains some matters which, I believe, on reflection he will think, as I do, to be irrelevant. I will therefore still confine myself to our argument. Neither Lord Redesdale, nor any man, can show that the authority of the Roman Church is not Divine because it "refuses the Cup to the laity"—I am using his words—until he shall have first shown that the obligation to receive Communion in both kinds is, by Divine commandment, imposed upon all Christians.

This he has not done.

It is not enough to quote the words of Holy Scripture until he has proved that he uses them in their true sense. Holy Scripture is Scripture only in its right sense; as a man's will is his will only so long as it is rightly interpreted. I deny Lord Redesdale's interpretation, and he has not proved it to be the true one. But he has once again begged the question. "Is this interpretation the true sense of Holy Scripture?" Till he has proved this he has done nothing.

In my first letter I pointed out that the words of institution of the Holy Sacrament were addressed, not to all Christians, but to the Apostles. They, like the command to baptize and to absolve, are a commandment to the Apostles. They commanded the Apostles to consecrate and to receive the most Holy Sacrament in both kinds. They do not command all Christians to communicate in both kinds, any more than they command all Christians to consecrate the Lord's Supper. Will Lord Redesdale affirm this latter proposition? If Lord Redesdale

says that the commandment to consecrate the Holy Sacrament is given to all Christians I need make no farther reply. I may leave the controversy in the hands of most of the Bishops and most of the clergy of the Anglican Church. They will answer him. He must choose one of two things: the commandment is either universal or not universal. If he say it is universal as to Communion, he must show how it is not also universal as to Consecration. If he say it is not universal as to Consecration, he must show that of which he has not shown the shadow of a proof—namely, how is it an universal command as to Communion.

I reject Lord Redesdale's interpretation of Scripture: and in quoting this text he is simply begging the question: "Is this the true sense of Scripture?"

Finally, Lord Redesdale says: "I hold the authority of Christ to be Divine, and that it is heresy to appeal from it. So far I agree with the Cardinal."

I have nowhere said anything so useless. I said, "the authority of the Church is Divine." And that proposition Lord Redesdale cannot disprove except by refuting its proper evidence. He does not advance his argument a single point by reiterating the quotations from Scripture about Communion. The Sacramentarians would quote against Lord Redesdale the same words that he quotes against me, and would tell him that they are "the authority of Christ" to prove that the Bread and Wine are merely figures.

As I said in my last letter, Lord Redesdale has to show one of two things—"either that the Church is not guided by the Spirit of Truth, or that the Church guided by the Spirit of Truth can err in faith."

I have affirmed its authority to be Divine because it is guided by the Spirit of Truth; and that, for that same reason, to appeal from its authority is heresy. I have also referred Lord Redesdale to the proper evidence of this assertion. Let

him refute it. All else is, I do not think it becoming to say "shirking," but beating the air.

I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

HENRY EDWARD,
Cardinal Archbishop.

"COMMUNION IN ONE KIND."

To the Editor of THE DAILY TELEGRAPH.

Archishop's House, *October* 30 [1875].

SIR,

Lord Redesdale asks me to give the reason why the Catholic Church has ordered Communion in one kind only to be received by all, whether priests or lay people, excepting only the celebrating priest. This I am most willing to do. But I must forewarn him that, if he shall say that the Catholic Church is wrong in its interpretation of Holy Scripture—which would be assuming, without saying it, that he is right—he must bear with me if I still repeat, first, that he is begging the question, "Which of the two interpreters cannot err?" and secondly, that, instead of showing that the evidence given, in the book so often named, to prove "that the Catholic Church is guided always by the Spirit of Truth," is insufficient, he has proposed to me to discuss "Communion in one kind." I must therefore say again that he has changed the question. But I am very willing for the present to follow him.

The main reason why the Catholic Church ordered Communion in one kind is given in the Catechism of the Council of Trent. It was to eradicate the heresy of those who denied that the presence of Christ is whole and perfect under either kind. They affirmed that the body alone, without the blood (*corpus exsangue*), is present under the form of bread, and the

blood alone under the form of wine. This was a gross, earthly and carnal conception, like that of the people of Capharnaum. The Church, in the Councils of Constance and of Trent, therefore condemned it, and declared that in either kind was contained the whole and undivided presence of Christ. The practice of Communion in one kind was enjoined to test the faith of those who received it.

For the same reason, in the time of the Manichean heresy, Pope Gelasius and Pope Leo I. ordered that none should be admitted to Communion who would not communicate in both kinds. The Manicheans refused the chalice because they taught that wine came from an evil principle. Communion in both kinds detected them.

The doctrine of the Church on this subject is as follows:—"There is no Divine commandment nor any intrinsic necessity that all men should receive Communion in both kinds."

1. First, there is no Divine commandment. The argument in my last letter is still unanswered. The words of our Lord are a command to the Apostles and to their successors only. The consecration in both kinds, and the consuming of both, are necessary to the sacrifice of Christ, continued and represented in the Sacrament of His body and blood. The priest who consecrates receives both—not as if both were necessary to Communion, but because the consuming of both is necessary to the sacrifice.

2. Secondly, there is no intrinsic necessity to receive both. Communion in either is full and perfect. The words of our Lord in St. John prove this, and disprove the interpretation of Lord Redesdale. Our Lord says, in three places: "I am the living bread. . . . . If any man shall eat of this bread he shall live for ever" (chap. vi. 51, 52). Again: "The bread which I will give is my flesh for the life of the world" (v. 52); and again, "He that eateth this bread shall live for ever" (v. 59). Lastly: "As the living Father hath sent Me, and I live by the

Father, so he that eateth Me, the same shall also live by Me" (v. 58); that is, "as I am consubstantial with the Father as God, they that eat Me shall be consubstantial with Me as man." "He that eateth Me, in that one act partakes both of the body and of the blood; and he that eateth this bread eateth Me." It is a gross, earthly, and carnal error to suppose that Communion is divided, or that each of the two kinds contains severally that which is not present in the other.

Lord Redesdale strangely imagines that I make a concession in saying that Communion in both kinds was long in practice, and is still in practice in some places at this day. Throughout the whole of those ages Communion was given also in one kind to the sick, to those who were in prison, to households in time of persecution, and in other circumstances of necessity. Even the Greek Church at this day gives Communion to the sick in one kind only.

Now I have made this answer simply out of courtesy. Lord Redesdale says that in denying his interpretation of Holy Scripture I beg the question as much as he does. Let us try the comparison. I deny that our Lord's words bind all Christians to receive in both kinds. The whole Catholic Church at least denies it with me, and, I might add, the Greek Church also.

Lord Redesdale denies that our Lord's words are a command to consecrate the Lord's Supper. I shall be curious to see who share with him in this denial. Not the Lutherans, who hold consubstantiation. Not the genuine Calvinists, for they hold a real presence. Not the Anglicans, from Bishop Andrews to Bishop Wilson, for they profusely believed in the act of consecration. Not, I think—though I have my fears—the pious and reverent Evangelical clergy, for they somehow believe the Communion Service. Lord Redesdale will find himself, I think, in a scant and ill-sorted company.

Be so good as to observe that I say nothing of the promise

that the Spirit of Truth shall abide with the Church for ever. This was our thesis at first, but for Lord Redesdale's sake we have left it.

Lastly, I must not omit to add that we are not on equal terms; Lord Redesdale has the advantage of me. He knows precisely what I hold, for the Council of Trent tells him. I do not at all know what he holds, for the Church of England does not tell me. Negatively I can gather that he does not hold transubstantiation, for the Thirty-nine Articles expressly reject it. But positively I can have no knowledge. I know what Bishop Andrews held, for he said, "Take away your transubstantiation, and we have no quarrel with your Sacrifice;" and I think I know what the Sacramentarian Churchmen hold, but between these two distant regions I do not know where Lord Redesdale may be. His former letters give little sign, his last gives less. The most definite passage seems to be that in which he denies that in the Lord's Supper there is any Consecration, but only a universal command to receive. To receive what?

But, as I said, I leave this to the bishops and clergy of his own Church.

I remain, sir, your faithful servant,

HENRY EDWARD,
Cardinal Archbishop.

THE TEACHING CHURCH.

To the Editor of THE DAILY TELEGRAPH.

Archbishop's House, S.W., *November* 3 [1875].

SIR,

I see with sincere regret that I have unconsciously given Lord Redesdale pain. Some of his words I indeed thought a little too free, and it seemed to me not amiss that

he should be sensible of it. But I have too much respect for him to forget what is due to him and to myself; and I hope I may add that his letters may be misunderstood without wilful misunderstanding. Henceforth I will treat of the subject he has proposed without reference to myself.

It is self-evident that if the Catholic Church can be convicted of violating a Divine commandment it cannot, in that at least, be guided by the Spirit of Truth; and if it can be shown that Communion in both kinds is enjoined upon all the faithful by a Divine commandment, the Catholic Church, in decreeing Communion in one kind, would have violated a Divine commandment.

It rests upon those who make this charge to prove that such a Divine commandment exists. Not a shadow of such a proof has as yet been made.

I. The words of institution by Our Divine Saviour contain no such Divine commandment. He consecrated bread and wine. He commanded the Apostles to do the same in commemoration of Him. He commanded them both to eat and to drink that which He consecrated. When Our Lord commanded His Apostles to baptize all nations, He gave a Divine commission to be executed and regulated in its exercise by the Apostles and their successors. The obligation to receive baptism is distinct from the commission to baptize. In like manner, when Our Lord breathed upon His Apostles He gave them power, and a commandment to remit or to retain the sins of men. The obligation to receive such absolution is wholly distinct from the commission to absolve, and is not here expressed.

In these three commandments or commissions these is not a word as to the mode of receiving Communion, or baptism, or absolution. The Council of Trent defines that, in the command to consecrate, Our Divine Lord communicated to the Apostles a share in His own priesthood. There is not, in the quotations

which have hitherto been introduced into this correspondence from the New Testament, a word to prove a universal obligation laid upon all the faithful to communicate in both kinds. They abundantly, indeed, prove that the practice of Communion in both kinds existed. But this nobody denies. What is denied, and what must be proved, is that this practice was by Divine commandment. It was at that day the practice to baptize by immersion. There are those who still say that baptism by immersion is a Divine commandment. By what authority then was baptism by affusion introduced throughout the Church? By the same authority which introduced Communion in one kind.

II. We will now go to see whether the practice of Communion in both kinds imposes any obligation whatsoever upon all the faithful. Again, it is for those who affirm it to make good their assertion. Nevertheless, I will give evidence to show that, from the earliest traceable records, it is proved that the practice of Communion in both kinds, and the practice of Communion in one kind, existed simultaneously and ran on side by side.

Dr. Döllinger, whose weight will probably be greater with some for the same reasons which with us make it to be less, in his "History of the Church" says: "The Blessed Eucharist was ordinarily administered to the faithful in the ancient Church under both forms of bread and wine; but there never was a doubt that the substance of the Sacrament was contained entire under either form; or that he who received under either form received a perfect Sacrament." . . . . "Communion under one form was . . . . frequent in the ancient Church; perhaps more frequent than Communion under both forms. For domestic Communion, in which the faithful partook only of the consecrated bread, which they had taken with them to their houses, was, particularly in times of persecution, of more ordinary occurrence than Communion in the Church." Of this there is

evidence in Tertullian as early as about the year A.D. 200. Dr. Döllinger adds that the anchorets in the wilderness communicated only in one kind. So also the sick. He gives the example of Serapion and of St. Ambrose, who when dying received in one kind only at the hands of the Bishop Honoratus. This was in A.D. 397. He adds the practice of the Greek Church, in which, during Lent, Communion was given five days in the week in one kind only. ("History of the Church," vol. ii. 323–325; translation by Dr. Cox.)

I may refer to another book equally accessible, the "Hierurgia" of Dr. Rock. He says: "So far . . . . is the Greek Church from considering Communion under the two species as essential to the integrity of the Sacrament that during the whole of Lent, except on Saturdays and Sundays and the Feast of the Annunciation, the Mass, as it is called, of the Presanctified—*i.e.*, in which there is no Consecration—is alone permitted. . . . . Consequently the Greek priest who offers up the Mass, as well as those amongst the laity . . . . take the Holy Communion under one kind only—that of bread." "Moreover, in the Greek Church the Viaticum, or Eucharist, given to the dying, is administered on all occasions, and at every season of the year, under the sole form of bread alone. The same is the practice of the Maronites and other Oriental Christians." He further asserts that this practice came from the time of the Apostles, and quotes evidence from the second and third centuries. ("Hierurgia," vol. i. pp. 273–282.)

To this I may add two cases of Communion in one kind only which are mentioned by Venerable Bede in his "History of the Anglo-Saxon Church" in the 14th and 24th chapters of the Fourth Book—that is, in the century after the restoration of Christianity in England. Is it possible that such facts could be mentioned without reproof if there were a Divine command to receive in both kinds? Objectors have to disprove these facts, public and authoritative, sanctioned by the earliest ages,

by the greatest saints, and by the practice of the whole Church, East and West, before they can venture to affirm, on their private interpretation of the Scripture, that there is a Divine command to receive in both kinds.

Communion in both kinds and Communion in one kind were alike in practice and in the same ages and places throughout the Church, and as we have seen, the ages nearest to the Apostles, which is an historical demonstration that neither any Divine command nor any intrinsic necessity for Communion in both kinds was ever believed to exist. The error is modern, and sprang from two roots—a carnal doctrine about the Real Presence, and private interpretation of Holy Scripture.

III. I will now repeat the answer given in my first letter as to the authority by which Communion in one kind was ordered. It was by the Divine authority of the Church, guided by the Spirit of Truth, the sole witness, teacher, and judge as to what commandments are Divine, and how far they extend.

In the question before us, the Church from the beginning—and, to preclude objection, I will add, before the division of East and West—taught that no Divine commandment existed binding all the faithful to Communion in both kinds; and it sanctioned, as the facts above cited prove, the practice of Communion in one kind only. There was in this no claim to an authority superior to a Divine commandment. No such commandment in this case existed. The Church had, and it exercised, a Divine authority to declare what commandments were Divine, and what was the extent of their obligation. I found this assertion upon the passage to which I am referred, St. Matthew xxviii. 19, 20, by which the following truths are proved:—

1. That Our Lord constituted the Apostles to be the teachers of all nations.

2. That He commanded the Apostles to baptize those who believed in the unity of the faith.

3. That He committed to the Apostles the custody of His commandments, and made them to be the teachers and the interpreters of the same.

4. That He promised His own abiding presence with the Apostles, and with those who bear the apostolic office, until the end of the world.

This, in my judgment, will be sufficient to prove that the Church has a Divine authority to declare what are the commandments committed to it, and that an appeal from its Divine voice in such declarations is resistance to a supreme authority, and therefore treason, and a rejection of a Divine authority, and therefore heresy. But these are no new crimes newly invented; they are the moral obliquities of unbelief, as old as the Divine authority against which they offend.

But we have not yet stated the full proof of this Divine authority of the Church. After Our Divine Lord has given this commission to His Apostles, and constituted them the witnesses and teachers of His commandments—and, I must add, the sole fountain of His supreme jurisdiction in the world—He commanded them not to depart from Jerusalem until they should be endued with power from on high (Acts i. 4, 5). He had said to them before His passion, "It is expedient for you that I go, for if I go not the Paraclete will not come to you; but if I go I will send Him to you" (St. John xvi. 7). And again: "I will ask the Father, and He will give to you another Paraclete, that He may abide with you for ever" (xiv. 16). From these words of Our Divine Lord it may be affirmed:

1. That when he ascended to the Father the Holy Ghost personally came as another Paraclete in His stead,

2. That the mission of the Son into the world ended at His ascension; but that the personal presence of the Holy Ghost in His stead abides for ever.

3. That the Paraclete came, according to his promise, upon

the Apostles and upon the Church which they founded throughout the world.

4. That the Paraclete, or the Spirit of Truth, abides still in that Church of all nations which alone is spread throughout the world.

For these reasons I affirm the authority of that Church to be Divine, and all appeals *from* its authority in matters of faith to be what I will not repeat. Finally, once more to preclude objections, I will add that this one Church of all nations was from the beginning in communion with its centre at Rome; that it is so at this moment; that the Church is therefore both Catholic and Roman; that "the Catholic Church" and "the Roman Church" are coincident titles and realities; and that its authority as a teacher rests upon the promise of its Divine Head, and upon the abiding presence of the Spirit of Truth.

I remain, sir, your faithful servant,

HENRY EDWARD,
Cardinal Archbishop.

"LORD REDESDALE ON S. AMBROSE."

To the Editor of THE DAILY TELEGRAPH.

Archbishop's House, *Nov.* 6 [1875].

SIR,

Lord Redesdale says that he has closed this correspondence on his part. I hold it to be a sound rule to be the last to begin a contention and the last to leave off. I did not begin this correspondence. And neither on the 24th of October, nor in my last letter, did I give any sign of desiring to close it. My object is, not to gain a victory over Lord Redesdale, but to vindicate the Divine authority of the Catholic Church from an imputation of having erred.

Let us, however, now sum up. Lord Redesdale's whole argument consists in this. He says the Church has erred. To prove this he quotes a text, and he interprets that text of Scripture in a sense at variance with the interpretation held by the whole Church, Greek and Latin, East and West; and confirmed, as I have shown, by the traceable practice of the Church running up to the second century, and sanctioned by the judgment and the example of the greatest names of the Christian world.

The immemorial practice of Communion in one kind is not to be disposed of by talking of persecution, or of "exceptional cases." Its antiquity and widespread use prove beyond contention two things: firstly, that the words of Our Lord in instituting the Holy Sacrament conveyed no Divine commandment imposing upon all the faithful to receive in both kinds; and secondly, that, to the full integrity of Communion, it was held to be absolutely indifferent whether Communion was received in both kinds or in one alone. A "mutilated Sacrament"—as Lord Redesdale called it—would be a sacrilege, both in the giver and receiver. Were the early Christians in the East and West habitually sacrilegious? Did St. Ambrose on his deathbed receive a "mutilated" Sacrament? Did he make a sacrilegious Communion before appearing in the presence of his Lord? Would he have listened to Lord Redesdale if he had stood by his dying bed to inculcate the doctrine contained in his letters? We must believe either Lord Redesdale or St. Ambrose; and I am content to leave this issue to the judgment of common sense, to which Lord Redesdale has appealed.

I have said from the beginning that the whole of this correspondence is a begging of the question.

Not one hair's-breadth beyond this has Lord Redesdale advanced his argument.

Lord Redesdale can claim for his interpretation of the words

of Scripture no higher certainty and no higher authority than his own, and the authority of those, be they few or many, who proceed, as he does, on the same principle of private opinion. The certainty and authority upon which I rely for the interpretation that I have given, is the authority of the Catholic Church, which, as I proved in the close of my last letter by the full and plain words of Our Lord Himself, is preserved always from error in faith by the perpetual presence and assistance of the Spirit of Truth. This was my original thesis; and against this not one relevant argument has hitherto been directed.

I remain, sir, your faithful servant,

HENRY EDWARD,
Cardinal Archbishop.

"SIN EVEN IN AN ANGEL."

To the Editor of THE DAILY TELEGRAPH.

December 14 [1875].

SIR,

Lord Redesdale has attempted to show that the authority of the Catholic Church is not divine, because it has erred; and he has endeavoured to show that it has erred, because it has ordained Communion to be received in one kind. To prove this, Lord Redesdale has affirmed that the words of Our Lord in instituting the Holy Sacrament impose a command upon all Christians to receive it in both kinds. In answer I have shown:—

1. That this interpretation of Our Lord's words is contrary to the interpretation of all ages down to the outbreak of modern controversies.

2. That it is contrary to the immemorial practice of the

Church, which has, from the earliest traceable antiquity, maintained the practice of giving Communion in private in one kind only. Communion in both kinds was given in public, and Communion in one kind was given in private, from the second till the twelfth century. Communion in one kind, then, gradually prevailed till the Council of Constance, for wise and evident reasons, ordained that Communion in one kind should thenceforth be the rule both in public and in private. What is sufficient in private is sufficient in public; no Divine command to the contrary existing. If this is "evasion," what is directness?

Lastly, I have given proof from the words of Our Lord in Holy Scripture:

1. That the Spirit of Truth, by His perpetual presence and perpetual assistance, preserves the Church from error in faith.

2. That the Voice of the Church is therefore Divine, because it is the Voice of the Spirit of Truth. "He that heareth you, heareth me."

This has never been met by a shadow of relevant argument.

It would, indeed, be a grave thing to deny the perpetual presence and assistance of the Spirit of Truth in the Church. But this Divine Truth must be denied before it can be shown that the Catholic Church has erred. If the Spirit of Truth be with it for ever, the conclusion is inevitable.

To appeal from the Divine Voice to any other tribunal is both treason and heresy. And these high spiritual crimes are not "newly invented" by the Catholic Church. They are moral obliquities, as I have long ago shown, as old as the Divine Authority against which they offend. To appeal from this Gospel, which the Apostle preached, is that "other Gospel" which St. Paul says would be sin even in an angel.

I remain, sir, your faithful servant,

HENRY EDWARD,
Cardinal Archbishop.

TEMPERANCE.

Addressed to FATHER LOCKHART.

Archbishop's House, *Passion Sunday*, 1877.

To the Members of the League of the Cross and to all my flock who have come together in honour of the Feast of St. Patrick, by promoting in themselves and others one of the virtues that St. Patrick loved best.

Until to-day I had been earnestly hoping to take my place among you to-morrow night, but I now see that it will be out of my power. I am kept to the house by an ailment, which, though in no way serious, has given me fourteen days of constant pain. You know that I would be with you if I could, and I know that you would not wish me to come at the risk of being made worse.

I am the more sorry that I cannot be with you, because for the first time a number of good Catholic laymen, who have never been with us before, have promised to come and give their help to the work of the League of the Cross.

You do not need many words from me. I trust that to-morrow night many will make up their minds to give up the use of all intoxicating drink. I call especially upon those who in time past have fallen under its power, or are in danger *now*, to give it up, as they hope for the salvation of their souls; and I call also on those who have never fallen, and are in no danger at this time, to give up intoxicating drink as an example to others who are in danger; for their encouragement and help, and to make reparation and expiation for the sins that are being committed by drunkenness everywhere and every day. I call especially upon fathers, for the sake of their wives and children, and upon mothers for the sake of their homes; and I earnestly pray you to bring up your children

from their earliest years in complete abstinence from all intoxicating drink: if they had never tasted it they would never have been tempted. If you give it them they will learn to love it, and when once they have learned to love it they may soon be beyond your control and their own.

May the blessing of God rest upon you, and give you strength to stand steadfast and to persevere in total abstinence.

HENRY EDWARD,
Cardinal Archbishop.

"THE REVIVAL OF THE ROMAN QUESTION."

To the Editor of THE DAILY NEWS.

March 27, 1877.

SIR,

Under the above title, your correspondent, writing from Rome, as it appears in your number of to-day, makes the following statement:

"Lord Derby actually promised to the Catholic party in England that he would give diplomatic support to the foreign Powers who would espouse the cause of the Holy See. The announcement of this promise (says my Vatican informant) came through Cardinal Manning."

So far as my knowledge extends, the above paragraph, from first to last and in every particular, is absolutely without foundation.

I make no comment upon the highly mischievous character of this fabrication.

I remain, sir, yours obediently,

HENRY EDWARD,
Cardinal Archbishop.

DR. WARD AND THE *DUBLIN REVIEW*.

To the late W. G. WARD.*

Archbishop's House, Westminster,
November 7, 1879.

MY DEAR DR. WARD,

Our Holy Father, Leo XIII., by a letter from the Cardinal Secretary of State, commands me to inform you that his Holiness has been pleased to confer upon you the *commenda* of the Order of St. Gregory, and at the same time to make

* William George Ward, of Northwood Park, Isle of Wight, was born in London in 1812. His father, Mr. William Ward, was for many years M.P. for the City; and he was a director of the Bank of England at the same time as the father of Cardinal Manning. Dr. Ward was educated at Winchester and at Christ Church, Oxford; and was elected in 1834 Fellow of Balliol on the same day as Archbishop Tait. In 1841 he published his pamphlets in defence of Tract 90, and was in consequence deprived, by Dr. Jenkyns, Master of Balliol, of his tutorship. In 1844 he published "The Ideal of a Christian Church," for which he was deprived of his degrees in full Convocation at Oxford. In March 1845 he married the youngest daughter of the Rev. John Wingfield, Prebendary of Worcester and Canon of York. In September, Father Brownbill, S.J., received Mr. and Mrs. Ward into the Church. In 1853 Dr. Ward was appointed, by Cardinal Wiseman, Professor of Dogmatic Theology at Old Hall College, Ward having a few years previously come into possession, by the death of his uncle, of the Ward property in the Isle of Wight. In reward for his services at Old Hall, Pius IX. made him a Doctor of Philosophy. In 1863, at the request of Cardinal Wiseman and Provost Manning, he undertook the editorship of the *Dublin Review*, and conducted in it his polemics against J. S. Mill, which have since been republished under the title of "The Philosophy of Theism" (C. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.). He was one of the founders of the Metaphysical Society, and was its chairman at a time when Gladstone, Ruskin, Martineau, Huxley, Tyndall, Tennyson, and the Duke of Argyll were among its members. He retired from the editorship of the *Dublin* in 1878, and spent the remaining years of his life in the republication of some of his anonymous works. In 1880 Leo XIII. created him Commendatore of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, in recognition of his work in the *Dublin Review*. He died in July, 1882, at Hampstead. A Memoir of Dr. Ward, containing some account of the later scenes of the Oxford Movement, and a considerable correspondence with Cardinal Newman, Pusey, J. S. Mill, and others, is now being prepared by his son, Mr. Wilfrid Ward.

known the motives which have prompted the Holy Father to bestow on you this distinguished mark of confidence.

His Holiness is fully aware of the fidelity and labour with which in the last seventeen or eighteen years you have devoted yourself and your means to the conduct of the *Dublin Review*, and to your other writings for the vindication of the doctrinal authority of the Holy See and of its civil rights. The Holy Father knows also how forward and able a defender you have been of Christian and Catholic philosophy against the manifold aberrations of modern metaphysics, and against the theories which, in rejecting metaphysics, altogether deny the evidence of reason and of sense, together with the freedom of the will, thereby undermining all morality.

It was with this information before him that the Holy Father desired the Cardinal Secretary to write as follows:—That "this distinction is conferred on you in testimony of the high esteem in which his Holiness holds the services rendered by you to the Church and to science, especially in philosophy, by the publication of your works; and of the great satisfaction with which the Holy Father sees a Catholic layman employing the lights and talents which Divine Providence has bestowed upon him for the defence of the rights of the Roman Pontiff which have been violated, and for the diffusion of doctrines against which the self-called philosophers of our times direct their attacks."

Believe me, my dear Dr. Ward,

Your affectionate servant in Christ,

HENRY EDWARD,

Cardinal Archbishop.

"THE UNITY WHICH BINDS THE CATHOLICS OF IRELAND AND OF ENGLAND TOGETHER."

To the late A. M. SULLIVAN, M.P.

July, 1881.

MY DEAR MR. SULLIVAN,

I have received the address of the Catholic members for Ireland to our Holy Father Leo XIII., on the late abominable outrages in Rome, together with the private letter signed by yourself and Mr. Bellingham.*

It gives me a very sensible pleasure to be the channel of communication between the members for Ireland and our Holy Father, and I am sure that his Holiness will see in it an evidence of the unity which binds the Catholics of Ireland and of England together. This will be all the more manifest by the fact that your address, which is now being translated into Italian, will be presented to the Holy Father by the Cardinal-Secretary, together with a letter written by me, in the name of the whole Episcopate of England.

So far I have spoken of our public relations; but I cannot fail to thank you for the concluding paragraph of your letter. It gives me consolation to know that the little I have been able to say or to do for Ireland is not unknown to you and to the Irish people, and that you think it deserving of such expressions as you have used.

* Reference is here made to the riots attending the re-interment of the body of the late Pontiff, Pius IX. In asking the Cardinal Archbishop to present to Leo XIII. their protest, Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Henry Bellingham, acting as secretaries for the Irish Catholic members, concluded their letter to his Eminence with these words :—"We gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity of renewing for ourselves and for our country the expressions of that profound reverence and affectionate regard which it has so often been to us a pleasure and a duty to testify towards your Eminence, whose words of wise counsel and tender sympathy are always gratefully esteemed by the Irish people."

I request you to convey this reply to those whom you represent.

Believe me, my dear Mr. Sullivan,

Yours very faithfully,

HENRY E.,
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

"IF YOUR READERS ONLY LAUGH AT ME."

To the Editor of MERRY ENGLAND.*

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.
December 16, 1884.

MY DEAR MR. MEYNELL,

I am ashamed of myself; but the enclosed may go; and if your readers only laugh at me, it will make merry England merrier.

Yours affectionately,

HENRY EDWARD,
Cardinal Archbishop.

* The hurried note given in facsimile was written by his Eminence when sending one of the Essays his pen has contributed to MERRY ENGLAND. Its reproduction here gives an opportunity for publicly acknowledging a kindness which never fails—a kindness which does not permit on the lips of the busiest man of the century the plea, "I have not time," when a Catholic interest is in question—a kindness which never pauses to ask what posterity will say or contemporaries think of an article thrown off at odd moments on a topic imposed by editorial tyranny, yet backed by a great name, since he is told that by publishing it a Catholic Magazine will greatly gain. Such self-forgetfulness is read about in edifying books, and is counselled in many pulpits. But the practice of it, in all editorial experience, is strictly limited to one solitary class of the community—the Cardinal Archbishops.

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE,
WESTMINSTER,
S.W.

Dec. 16. 1884

My dear Mr Maynell,

I am ashamed of myself but the inclosed may go & if your readers only laugh with me it will make Merry England merrier.

I am
Yours affly
H. E. C.

FEDERATED EMIGRATION.

To ARNOLD WHITE.

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.
April 10, 1885.

DEAR MR. WHITE,

Most unfortunately the meeting on the subject of emigration at the Westminster Palace Hotel, to which you have invited me, falls on a day in which it is impossible for me to attend; but the great interest that I have taken for so many years in the work of emigration induces me to express what I think on the proposed meeting.

If I understand it rightly, it is to call together all those who are at this time engaged in promoting emigration, without regard to the manifold diversities, religious, political, or otherwise, which may at the present divide us. I should have been glad to come above all for this reason, believing as I do, and as I have endeavoured for many years in practice to show, that, while we must all inflexibly adhere to the dictates of conscience in matters above the things of this world, we are bound, nevertheless, as members of the same commonwealth, heartily to unite together in all works of public utility, and especially of benevolence and beneficence, for the people.

In saying this I do not mean that the existing emigration societies should merge themselves in one. I believe that coalitions are generally weak and paralyze the amount of energy which before was possessed by independent bodies, and I have greater faith in the harvest that springs from many ploughs going at once in the same field, so long as they do not cross each other's furrow. But it is evident that close mutual intelligence and mutual co-operation ought to exist among those who are engaged in such a common duty for the good of the people as their safe and provided emigration to our Colonies. All parts of the Empire ought to be regarded as

only an extension of the Mother Country, where our people may always feel themselves at home.

I will add, lest I should seem to forget it, that in this common co-operation, where we are all working on the same paths and to the same end, I do not in the least forget the separate religious care and provision which we should all alike make for those who belong to our several responsibilities. I believe that this united action in that in which we agree, and distinct private provision for that in which we may differ, can by mutual respect and mutual confidence be most efficiently maintained.

Believe me, always yours faithfully,

HENRY E.,
Cardinal Archbishop.

"OFFICIALLY BOUND TO NEUTRALITY."

To C. J. MUNICH.*

Archbishop's House, *Nov.* 11, 1885.

DEAR SIR,

I am sorry to have been so slow in returning the enclosed, and replying to your question. In truth I have been laid up with a severe cold.

It would seem to me that voters must vote, after all, according to their own convictions. It is not unreasonable or in any way wrong to try to convince a voter of what we believe to be right or better. But beyond this we have no right or duty.

* A Catholic elector of the Strand district, who, during the contest of 1886, appealed to the Archbishop for a pronouncement on the relative claims of Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., and his Liberal opponent, the latter having also declared in favour of placing the schools where definite Religion is taught on an equality with those of the Board.

I always hold myself to be officially bound to neutrality, and leave my clergy and flock perfectly free.

Believe me, dear sir, yours faithfully,

HENRY E.,
Cardinal Archbishop.

"JOY IN BELIEVING."

To the ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.,
February 24, 1886.

MY DEAR LORD ARCHBISHOP,

I thank your Grace, and through you many others, who have sent to me the forged letter * which has been published as mine. On last Saturday, as soon as it reached me, I telegraphed to your good Dean to expose this imposture. What good the forger thought to gain I don't know, but I may turn his handiwork to good account.

It gives me the opportunity to say that from the hour I saw the full light of the Catholic faith, no shade of doubt has ever passed over my reason or my conscience. I could as soon believe that a part is equal to the whole as that Protestantism in any shape, from Lutheranism to Anglicanism, is the revelation of the day of Pentecost. As to my friends, the priests here and in many lands, they have been to me my help and consolation; and as to the conversion of others, my last five-and-thirty years have been spent in receiving them into the Church.

I am glad to take this occasion which the forger has made

* This forged letter was printed in the Canadian newspapers, and purported to be addressed by his Eminence to Lord Robert Montagu.

for me to bear once more my thankful witness to the Catholic Church. The worst I wish him is, that his eyes may be opened to see the truth, and the unworthiness of his own act.

Believe me, my dear Lord Archbishop,

Your affectionate servant in Christ,

HENRY E.,
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE.

To A. TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS.

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.,

March 18, 1886.

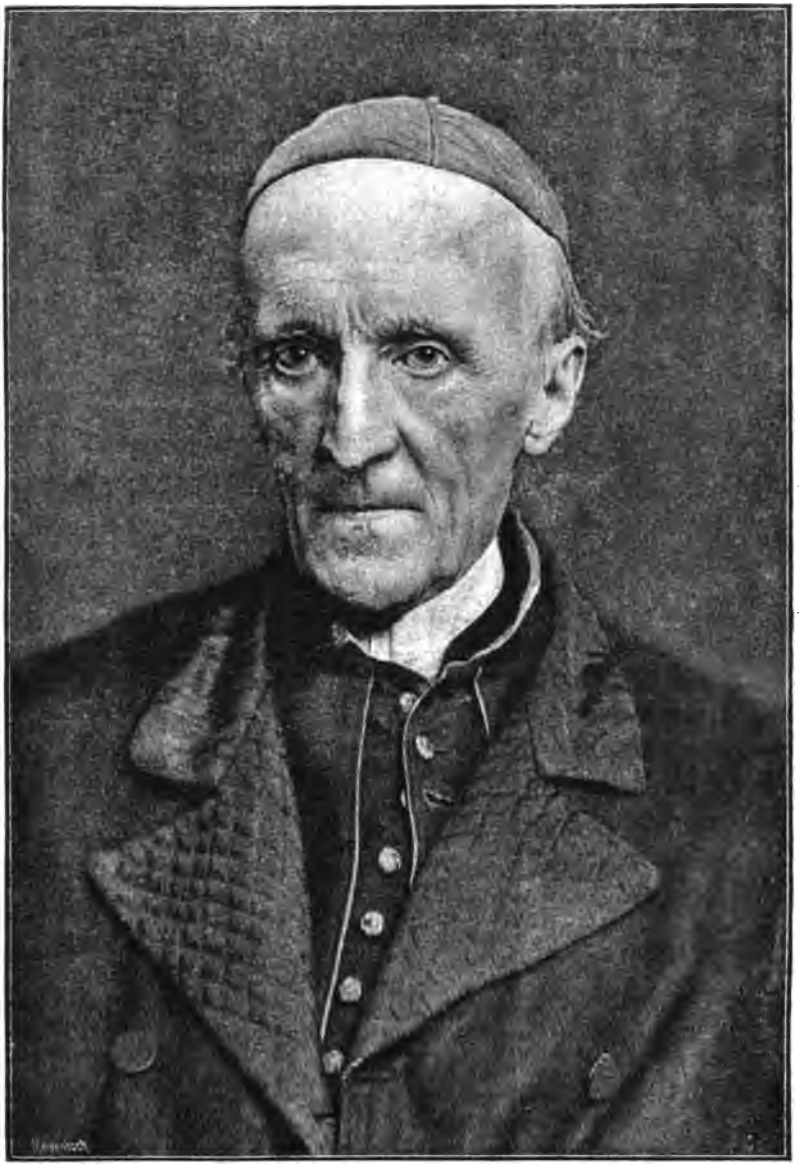
DEAR SIR,

There is no prohibition in this diocese as to the Primrose League.

In the first draft of its rules the members engaged to support Religion as by law established. This no Catholic could do. The draft was revised, and there is now nothing that a Catholic may not promise. The engagement is to maintain religion or Christianity and freedom of conscience against atheism and atheistic or anti-Christian politics.

I remain, dear sir, yours faithfully,

HENRY E.,
Card. Archbishop.



1885.

Landmarks of a Lifetime.

HENRY EDWARD MANNING,

CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

Born July 15, 1808, at Totteridge, Herts; the son of Mr. William Manning, sometime M.P. for Evesham, for Lymington, and for Penryhn, and Governor of the Bank of England.

Educated at a private school in Totteridge, and afterwards at Harrow and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he took his B.A. degree in 1830, and a First Class in Classics.

Entered the Colonial Office in 1831, in preparation for a political career, which had always had a fascination for him, and for which he fitted himself by a close study of Constitutional Law and of Political History.

Under a growing sense of duty towards Religion, he resigned his post at the Colonial Office in 1832, and returned to Oxford, where he was elected Fellow of Merton.

Took Orders in the Anglican Church at Christmas 1832; and in 1833 accepted the Rectories of Lavington and Graffham in Sussex.

In 1838 took a leader's part in the Educational movement by which Diocesan Boards were established all over England; also in opposition to the secularization of Church of England property by the creation of Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

Appointed Archdeacon of Chichester in 1840, and Select Preacher to the University of Oxford in 1842.

On Passion Sunday 1851 was received into the Catholic Church.

Ordained Priest in the summer of 1851, and passed some four years in study at the Academia Ecclesiastica, a Pontifical College situated in the Whitehall of Rome, and established to finish the training of men who had elsewhere taken their degrees, and who were destined for high diplomatic and ecclesiastical duties as Nuncios and otherwise—a very nursery of Cardinals, whose portraits covered the corridor walls. Thither the future English Prince of the Church went by the advice of Pius IX., and it was

at this time that the acquaintance with his Holiness, which the young priest had begun while he was still an Anglican Archdeacon, ripened into an intimacy which years made only more tender and more profound.*

Took degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1854.

Visited the Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo at Milan in 1856, and then proceeded to Rome, where a Rule, founded on theirs, was drawn up, and received the benediction of Pius IX.

Founded the Congregation of the Oblates of St. Charles at Bayswater 1857, taking possession of the house on the night of Whit-Sunday.

Appointed Provost of Westminster in 1857, and Protonotary Apostolic in 1860.

Consecrated Archbishop of Westminster in succession to Cardinal Wiseman in June 1865.

Attended the Vatican Council in 1869 and 1870.

Removed in 1873 from 8 York Place, W., the lease of which he had inherited from Cardinal Wiseman, to Archbishop's House, Westminster, the freehold of which he has secured to the Archdiocese.

Summoned to Rome by Pope Pius IX. in March 1875, to be raised to the rank of Cardinal, taking his title from the Church of St. Gregory on the Cœlian Hill.

Served on Royal Commission on the Housing of the Poor in 1885, and on the Royal Commission on the Education Acts in 1886.

* His Eminence has paid twenty-one visits to Rome, two of which were previous to his conversion. The first of these was in May 1848, when the young Pontiff received him at the Quirinal, and spoke much of England, mentioning with admiration Mrs. Fry and the Quakers, and saying, "When men do good works, God gives grace. My prayers are offered every day for England." It may be added that the Pontiff when on his deathbed recurred to that first meeting, and reminded his friend that it was just forty years since they had met, and in what different relations!

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R. V. POPE, Esq., B.A. London.
C. M. DIX, Esq., M.A. Oxon.
J. J. PARFITT, Esq., B.A. London.
E. VAN ROY, Esq., of Louvain and Ghent.
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AUGUSTUS WELBY PUGIN.

MERRY ENGLAND

JUNE, 1886

"Why this Waste?"

SUCH was the exclamation of traitor Judas when he beheld the precious offering the devout Mary poured out at our Lord's feet, and the same Holy Writ which records his envious sentence informs us of the motive which actuated him in its utterance, "because he was a thief and not that he cared for the poor." Eighteen centuries have elapsed since this wretched man perished by his own hands, but his spirit has descended to our time, and even now the small return to ecclesiastical solemnity which has been recently accomplished has drawn forth the bitter cry of Judas, and the welfare of the poor is made the pretext for stripping the altar of God and rendering His temple as bare as a Quaker's conventicle.

Now I will ask what poor man has been deprived of a loaf on account of the chancels that have been raised?* What family have had one garment or blanket the less for the embroidered needlework that has been wrought for the priestly vestments or for the frontal of God's altar? What child has remained uninstructed on account of the sanctuaries that have been decorated?

* This article, which has long remained in manuscript, was written by the late Mr. A. Welby Pugin at a time when he still encountered opposition to his great work as the reviver of Gothic Architecture in England.—ED.

I may safely say, not one, but on the contrary, hundreds and thousands have been fed, clothed, and instructed through the means of the very churches and buildings which are so severely censured, and but for which they would have been utterly neglected. No class of persons have been more benefited by this revival of ecclesiastical solemnity than the poor, and it is only those like Judas who grasp the bag and give nothing that raise the cry of the poor against those who are devoting their lives and means to restoration of the external glories of religion.

What have these men done who clamour so loudly? Literally nothing. It seems a rule that those who exclaim the loudest against the expense of church architecture and decoration contribute nothing, and then they stifle their consciences by endeavouring to persuade themselves that this is not an age for church building or religious solemnity—and so they go on either hoarding or squandering their wealth in fooling as the case may be, and gladly echo the cry of Judas whenever it is heard. Now this cry is the more shameful, as by far the greater part of the pointed churches that have been raised are the work of individuals, no funds have been diverted from other channels, no collections have been misapplied—and had the same sums which they have expended in church building and decoration been laid out in the most worthless manner, not a word or complaint would have been heard; but as they have restored the altar of God in stone and marble, replaced the images of the saints, and decorated the sanctuary, they are made the butt for the scorn and insult of a party who endeavour to paralyze the restoration of religious solemnity under the most dangerous and monstrous pretext of squaring it with the ideas and manners of the age! I am, however, thankful that they have now thrown off the mask, they now come forward as the acknowledged enemies and opponents of all that is glorious in religious art; it is only a short time since I denounced their attack on screens as a *mere feeler*, a straw thrown up to try the current and see how far they dared

to proceed in their attacks on Catholic art and architecture, and truly what I then predicted has come to pass, and they now appear as the shameless advocates of principles which would reduce our churches below the level of the methodist conventicle —they actually propose deal and plaster, the cheap and nasty, as the proper materials for constructing the temples of the living God. Every line of their writings on this subject fills one with grief and indignation. No fanatic bred in the school of the arch-heretic Knox, no Cromwellian puritan, no socialist, or infidel, could exhibit a more hostile spirit to the glory of God's house, than do these men whom I do not hesitate to denounce as practically some of the greatest and most dangerous enemies that Catholic art has to contend with in this land, and by the side of whom the *genuine Protestant* who consistently stands up for four walls and a roof becomes quite respectable. We have here the astounding spectacle of men, members of the household of Faith, brilliant and talented men prostituting these very talents (with which God has imbued them) to the worst purposes, endeavouring to write down the restoration of Christian architecture, and ridiculing those hallowed symbols and traditions bequeathed by our forefathers in the faith. But I shall be greatly surprised if a more deadly poison than that which they direct against pillars and chancels does not lurk beneath, and that ere long they will advocate a *new service* suited to the conventicles, a sort of *Catholicised Methodism* put forward under the pretext of adapting our ancient faith to the manners and ideas of the age. Certain it is that they wish to throw over everything that savours of the symbolical, the mysterious and the reverent in the externals of religion ; and when these are gone the interior reverence will soon follow, and then, indeed, we may be quite on a level with the age. But this monstrous scheme will never succeed. The Catholic religion is not of the nineteenth century, it is the religion of antiquity, the religion of our ancestors, the religion which generated all that is consoling and ennobling to the soul,

and truly grand and beautiful in art, and may he perish miserably who would lop and trim this mighty tree to the fashion of this pleasure-seeking, money-getting generation. The greater contrast we present to all that surrounds us, the more likely we are to draw souls to God. The ministers of the church, habited in the garb of ages long passed away, celebrating in temples whose form and arrangement identify them with the noble piles of Christian antiquity, using a liturgy so ancient that its very language has ceased to be spoken in the world, are eminently calculated to produce immense effect on any reflecting mind, and contrast most forcibly with the mushroom sects which have sprung up around in conventicles of materials so spare and slender as to be scarcely less ephemeral than the systems for which they have been run together. The Catholic Church is the great witness of the ancient faith against modern degeneracy, and it is the only antidote to the evils of the age. The modern city is redolent with all that is dangerous to the soul. Vast courts are built for the anxious speculator; splendid saloons are open for the gratification of the senses and the passions of play and avarice; brilliant halls are open for the votaries of pleasure, immense magazines of luxury and apparel; the hum of business, the rattle of fashion, the shouts of revelling are heard on every side: such is a modern city. But see, there is one green spot in the desert. Behold the old temple of God whose venerable walls proclaim it a work of ancient piety, its foundations are on the rock, its towers rise towards heaven, its vast portals are open, the image of the Majesty surrounded by cherubim is seen about, the saints of God in venerable robes with nimbed heads, and corbel, and canopy, line the dark recesses of the arched porch, and bear the instruments of their martyrdom and their glory. Within what solemnity, what tranquillity! we have left the world ere we have crossed the sacred threshold, and once beyond it we stand before the presence of God. The mighty pillars tell of enduring faith, the stained windows depict in varied lines the

mysteries of religion. The lights of the sanctuary show forth the watchfulness of the church, and the purple veils enshrine the earthly tabernacle of the Lord of hosts. Here, surely, a place addresses itself to the soul; we feel we are no longer in the world, and are fain to cry out, "Quam terribilis est locus iste, non est hic aliud nisi Templum Domini et Domus Dei."

And I now, *I* will have a few words for the poor man, for the labourer, for the mechanic who toils in the heated factory, and lives in the confined atmosphere of a miserable apartment. For them I propose a palace to which they can have access at will, a palace in which they can dwell with the King of kings; here they may ever enter and behold the choicest efforts of human skill, and the most ravishing beauty; here they may inhale the fragrant odours offered up before the throne, and listen to the most solemn chants; here alone on earth can they stand equal in rank to the most dignified in the land; and here can they share in the oblations of the altar, and ever find relief for the afflictions of soul and body.

Such is the earthly palace the Catholic Church, in all ages, has provided for the poor. But what says Judas? He proposes a *Room* whose dead walls and iron-girded roof would only remind the mechanic of the factory in which he labours, and the poor man of the Union from which he is just emerged; and here, with a skylight dropping with steam, and walls running down with perspiration, and dusty boards for a floor, he may stew his hour amidst gas-pipes, and glare, without one symbol or external feature to distinguish the place where he enters to worship from the most ordinary workshop.

The original Judas appears to have raised no other objection to the pious and costly offering, but the welfare of the poor; but the modern Judas and his associates have many other fallacious arguments which one must examine in detail; for although it is scarcely possible that a system so derogatory to the dignity of religion can ever find many advocates, still, as it is far easier to

persuade men to evil than to good, and some weak souls might be seduced by the confident tone in which these errors are propounded, it is necessary to refute them.

We are actually told that religious architecture, in every age, was nothing more than the adaptation of ordinary buildings to the purposes of worship! Now this is utterly false and contrary to existing facts among all nations. The religious architecture of every age and people was totally dissimilar to that employed in the domestic buildings; for while these latter were regulated in the design, arrangement, and construction, by the climate, habits, and wants of the people and countries in which they were erected, the temples were raised in accordance with the religious rites and mysteries which were to be celebrated in them, and which they *symbolised by their plan, arrangement, structure, and decoration;* and so vastly superior were they to any secular buildings in solidity and construction, that in many countries the only architectural remains are those of religious and sepulchral monuments, whilst all ordinary habitations, and even cities and palaces, have entirely disappeared. This principle is so common to all ages of religious feeling, that the vast mediæval temples, with their lofty towers and pinnacles rising in majesty above the gabled roofs of the cities, were only a realisation in more durable materials of the costly tabernacle in the desert, surrounded by the tents of Israel.

What can be more dissimilar in design and form than a Pagan temple at Pompeii and a Pagan house in the same city, in which the habitations, being perfectly preserved, offer a contrast not to be found even in Rome, where fragments of the temples alone have escaped destruction? In the remains of these temples we can trace the symbolism of heathen mythology, both in their form and proportion, and in the foliage and sculpture with which they were enriched. To descend still later, what a contrast does a Turkish house with its flat roof present to a Turkish mosque, with its many-gilded domes and minarets rising above all surrounding

buildings, and imparting the distinguishing character to an Oriental city; even among the barbarous nations, their religious monuments, like Stonehenge and Carnac, are eternal, while their habitations were probably but mud and wicker huts. During the middle ages the contrast between civil and religious buildings was most striking, as may be seen in existing remains, and by an examination of ancient illustrations and pictures representing cities in their original state, the houses for the most part constructed of timber, and low, even the public buildings simple in design, while the churches were invariably of stone, put together with all the skill of masonic science, and enriched with the most patient skill of the sculptor. Even the Italian churches of the last two centuries, corrupt as they are in design and detail, are still splendid and gorgeous edifices, and filled with costly work and material. They were evidently intended by their founders to be magnificent erections in honour of Almighty God, and they were built on *the old principle*, though the debased state of the arts which prevailed during the age of their erection marred the result. In short, a people actuated by religious feeling, whether true or false, will expend infinitely greater skill and cost on all monuments connected with religious worship than for any secular purposes; and it is only a nation sunk in luxury and infidelity, who would neglect the former for the latter.

The principles of these men are, therefore, worse in this respect than those of any heathen savage or barbarian, or even modern Pagan, for they would serve God at the cheapest rate, and reduce His temple to the external of a factory, and the interior of a socialist lecture hall.

Again, we are told that the pointed churches are not adapted to the present rites and devotions, as if the Catholic religion, of the present day, was something quite new and different from that of past centuries. If the churches, which have been recently erected after the ancient models, are unsuited to the present rites, it follows, as a matter of course, that the ancient cathedrals and

churches are equally so, and that the whole of Christendom does not contain an old fabric which is suitable for the performance of Divine service; and in support of this fallacious position, the Stations of the Cross and Benediction are urged, as if the former could not be most solemnly and perfectly carried out in the naves of the pointed churches where vast aisles and lateral chapels are peculiarly adapted to this devotion; and for the latter, it is well known that Benediction of the most holy Sacrament is of great antiquity; it is given according to the Greek rite at every Mass, and perhaps some of the most splendid and solemn expositions have been made in the roodlofts of the old cathedrals. I am quite at a loss to understand what is meant by an increase of love and openness exhibited in latter times by the Church towards the faithful. I am unwilling to enter into any theological arguments, but I must remark, that after the institution of the Holy Eucharist, in which the Body of our Lord is actually received by the faithful, as their spiritual food and support, it would seem that divine love cannot be further extended in this Sacrament, and that the exposition is quite secondary as an act to the Communion which has existed in all ages. Certain devotions may be more or less prominent in particular periods, but they do not change the great principles and essentials of religion which remain the same in every age. Moreover, it must be remembered that the great increase of external honour offered to our Lord in the Holy Sacrament is coeval with the introduction of the first period of pointed architecture. As for the *openness* alluded to, in plain English it means the naked state of the altars and chapels since they have been stript of their beautiful enclosures by the Calvinists and revolution infidels. Indeed, many of them are open not only in front *but at top*, and are exposed to the inclemency of the weather.

Now, it is precisely the openness of these chapels and altars that has led to the gross profanations which are constantly occurring. Dogs, not unfrequently, defile the holy place, and the altars of sac-

rifice are made into hat-stands for the congregation. I have in my possession an edict of the Archbishop of Paris, in which the people are forbidden to lay *their hats* and canes on the altars of the side chapels during the time of High Mass—and I have seen, on more than one occasion, certain devout ladies deposit their parasols and shawls on the same! Such is the result of the boasted openness of the altars; when the visible barrier is removed, the mind soon loses all idea of respect, and all external marks of reverence being broken down, internal reverence speedily decays.

Another objection is raised against pointed churches, on the ground of their not being adapted for the orchestral arrangements of the present style of music. Now this is a direct proposal to abolish the choral service (that nearest realisation of heaven upon earth), and to substitute, for the solemn chant of clerks and choristers who worship while they sing, a crew of noisy musicians gathered from the saloon and opera, jew, heretic, and infidel, to perform a mockery of divine service. Well may the votaries of theatrical confusion cry out against choirs and deep chancels, for these ancient and appropriate arrangements are witnesses of the old solemnity against modern innovation. After the master work of the Rev. J. Hormby, it would be presumptuous and superfluous in me to add anything on the subject, and I beg to refer those who object to choirs and large chancels to that excellent treatise which contains the most overwhelming arguments for the restoration of these most ancient and all important portions of the Catholic Churches. It is most absurd to object to a chancel on the score of there not being more than three priests attached to the Church. Very few of the country parish churches, which were invariably constructed with deep chancels, were served with more than three ecclesiastics for whom the sedilia were provided, whilst devout laymen sung in the chancels, as is the case at the present time throughout France and many other parts of the Continent. There are some other minor objections against pointed churches which require notice:—The confined nature of the sites on

which Catholic churches in these times are obliged to be erected. Now, no sites can be more confined or irregular than those of many of the old parochial churches erected in cities surrounded by walls and fortifications, and incapable of extension. Any one acquainted with the Parish Churches of Rouen or of our own Norwich and York, must be aware, not only of the very confined sites on which most of them were erected, but of the very ingenious manner in which the old architects adapted their buildings to the irregularities of the ground; in many of these churches there is scarcely a wall at right angles, and yet, so well are they contrived, that the defects of the site and the sinuosities of the surrounding streets are turned to the advantage of the building, and by side chapels and projecting apses every inch of the ground is made circuitable. Again, as another objection against pointed architecture, the necessity of deriving light from above and at a considerable elevation is advanced.

What can be better adapted for the introduction of a body of light from above, than the Clerestory windows, which by the width of the aisles are far removed from surrounding buildings, and the effect of which may be practically experienced in some of the old London churches which have escaped the great fire and are situated in the most confined parts of the city?

It is quite absurd to talk of pointed churches being dark. Of course, if narrow pierced lancets fit only for a Cistercian Abbey are employed, the building will be very imperfectly lighted; but in no other architecture can half the apertures for light be attained as in a 2nd or 3rd pointed church. The square surface of glass is as six to one over an Italian church; even when filled with rich painted glass there is a great abundance of light, and if the windows be glazed in the ordinary manner, it is far too powerful; the objection of gloom is therefore dispelled.

Again, we are told that every advantage should be taken of metallic construction, especially cast iron. Most certainly we should avail ourselves of all mechanical improvements and employ

them in every possible way; at the same time, taking care that we do not allow *mere mechanism to usurp the place of art.* Cast iron, like Roman cement, is a very excellent material in its place, but we should never use it by way of obtaining cheap magnificence, or stick up a flat cast ornament (that may be sold for the decoration of an altar or the front of a gin palace) in lieu of carved oak or stone.

And here it may be well to say a few words on real economy in building, for there is a wide distinction between cheapness and economy. For my own part, I have never found any work really dear, but that which was at first appearance cheap; and I do not believe that there is one clergyman whose church has been built in a slight Anglo-Italian style, who does not find the expense of repairing and repainting the same far greater than the interest of a sum which, if expended in the first instance, would have produced a solemn and solid building.

The opponents of the restoration are endeavouring to make it appear that the employment of painting is incompatible with pointed architecture; but this is another fallacy. Not to speak of the altar tryptychs, for which many of the finest works in Christendom have been painted, or the spandrils of arches and vaultings, and large panels of wood and stone—where shall we find such a field for exhibiting painting on an immense scale as the vast area of glass which is required to fill the windows of the great churches? It is the most brilliant of all painting, for it shines with positive instead of reflected light; and the same beauty of expression, the same devout sentiment is produced on glass as on any other material; and as for durability, no other painting can compare with it. Many of the oil paintings of the sixteenth century, though frequently retouched, are fading on their perishing canvases. The finest frescos of Pisa are now scarcely discernible; the masterpiece of Leonardo is fast disappearing; while the great windows of Chartres, against which the storms and winters of six centuries have expended their fury,

still shine in all their pristine brilliancy. The sunbeams have fallen through their rich stains on the faithful of ten generations, on Louis the saint, and Louis the great, on the venerable bishop who consecrated the then newly-constructed pile, and on more than fifty of his successors in his sacred office who have successively ministered at its altars, and who sleep beneath the pavement of its crypt. Dynasties have passed away, revolutions have succeeded each other, the fabric itself has been twice involved in conflagration, and these glorious windows still shine, and they will glow with undiminished splendour when generations yet unborn will people the ancient city. In conclusion, as evil is often productive of good, I trust this miserable attempt to arrest the restoration of religious architecture will be attended with increased zeal on the part of those who are working for the good cause. I remember meeting at Paris with five professed atheists, and scarcely had I escaped from the presence of these men, full of blasphemy and ridicule, than I entered the first church and poured out my soul in thankfulness to Almighty God for the unspeakable blessing of faith in His Church. So should the clamour of these enemies of the revival make those who are engaged in restoring the glory of God's house, doubly thankful for the privilege they enjoy in working for religion, and doubly zealous in their exertions.

And oh! what consolation, what delight to see the solemn churches arising, to behold the sacred images surrounded by flowers and tapers, and the relics of the saints again enshrined in jewelled reliquaries! All this is not mere revivalism, but the natural impulse of the Catholic spirit; it proceeds from the same feeling that poured out the precious spikenard on our Lord's feet, the same feeling that laid the foundations of York and Canterbury and every glorious pile in Christendom, and placed the crowning summit on their pinnacles; and it is this same feeling that now in the nineteenth century moves Catholic hearts to pile stone on stone, and arch on arch, and to be neither weary nor

dismayed, though the bitter cry of Judas is raised against them. And now let all men of the true spirit, zealous for the glory of God's sanctuary and the restoration of His holy and ancient worship in this once most Catholic land, labour heart and soul in the cause, and with ten-fold zeal, for the enemy is not at the gates, but *within the walls*; and we must build our churches even as the walls of Jerusalem were raised, with a trowel in one hand, and a sword in the other, and we must learn to use both most stoutly as occasion may require, crying out, In Te Domine speravi; non confundar in æternum.

A. WELBY PUGIN.

At Arundel,

31st MARCH, 1886.

STANDING in the old dismantled and defaced chapel of the suppressed College of the Holy Trinity, at Arundel, as I was on the 31st day of March in this year of grace, I might well have doubted, when I looked around upon the spectacle before me, whether my visit had not fallen in the year A.D. 1386, instead of being some five centuries later.

There, near the end of the building, under the seven-light window, stood the old stone-built altar of fine proportions, which had been deserted and desecrated from the time of the great Desolation, carrying once again the uplifted image of our Crucified Lord in the midst of its full complement of appropriate ornaments, candlesticks, and candles lighted,—vested with a black antependium ready for the solemnity of the day. Oh! happy resuscitation after the coldness and neglect and outrage of some 300 years; and happy those who were called to assist at it!

In the midst of this ancient chapel stood the table monument, finely wrought in alabaster, of Thomas, Earl of Arundel, who died in 1415, and of his Countess, Beatrice, daughter of John the First of Portugal (the horned head-dress of the Countess is remarkable); while the terminal sconces of the iron railing around it, marvellously surviving amidst so great a wreck, were now carrying once again their re-lighted funeral tapers, as if their humble office of symbolism had known of no intermission. More than 30,000 times had the sun risen and set upon this ruin; and who that watched the long, unvarying waste and wilderness, could have refrained from lifting up the cry of the Psalmist, "But Thou, oh Lord—how long?"

By the side of the open vault in the floor, in which were now to be placed the mortal remains of the amiable and gracious lady, Minna, Dowager Duchess of Norfolk, upon the occasion of whose funeral we were assembled, stood the Catholic Bishop of Southwark, mitred and vested in the Pontifical vestments of old, surrounded by Canons and clergy, regular and secular, and attended by Cross-bearer and surpliced choir—the spare, ascetic form of the Bishop affording us the very type and presentment of any one of the old Catholic Prelates who had filled the See from the time of St. Richard, whose saintly remains were deposited at Chichester, but a few miles distant.

In such a spot, with such surroundings, with adjuncts identical in form and shape, and the old words intoned in the grand and simple notes of the Church of the fifteenth century, the bystander might well need to rub the eyes of his mental vision in his effort to adjust the true era of his visit; and this the more, in that not alone did the scene and place carry the mind up to pre-Reformation times, but every part of the ceremony was rendered so naturally, all things seemed to fall into their true places so rightly, and with such accustomed precision, as to imply its daily routine and enactment; while the judgment refused to be convinced that this great day was itself a day of revival, a day of entire re-dedication to pious uses of those ancient and hallowed walls. One seemed to feel conscious, in the most natural way, of that air of ancient consecration, as our first great Cardinal of the "second spring" so happily said in the magnificent Appeal (which he extemporized) to the good sense of the people of England.

And here selecting, as I did, a spot on the verge of the grave of the venerable and accomplished Canon Tierney, F.S.A., I could not repress a tribute of grateful memory to his valued services—services which had gone far to render possible the scene of which not only was I a spectator, but at which I was in some degree an assistant. I pondered how this servant of

God would have rejoiced to see this day, to which he so much contributed.

The memory of this stately re-entry of the Catholic Church into her own, will never be effaced from my memory. The transition from this particular incident and occasion, to dwelling upon the general attributes of the Church in her wonderful permanence and immutableness, was as natural and evident as easy,—the ceremony was characterized by so little of surprise and so much of tranquil ease, and the title of unconscious right was writ so large on the functions of the day, and upon the demeanour of the actors, that I venture to say no sheriff ever executed a writ of "*Habere facias possessionem*" under circumstances of equal placidity in the justest of causes.

It is time, however, that I should begin my chronicle, and dismiss, or at least defer to a later period, the lucubrations by which I have suffered myself to be led astray; and since some may read these lines who have never visited Arundel, I will premise that the railway traveller from London, after joining the tortuous and turbid Arun, celebrated for the trout which gladdened the gentle Izaak Walton, traverses a flat of grass or brook-land famous for Sussex cattle, and soon approaches the interesting ruins of Amberley Castle on his left. This castle belonged to the old See of Selsey, as it now appertains to that of Chichester, and while protected on the north by the marsh, its goodly walls (due to Bishop Rede in 1379) rendered it secure on its other sides. Marshy, in truth, is the low land here, justifying the ancient jest that its inhabitants were web-footed. At some little distance on the right, the old Roman road, passing over in a hard and fast line, as it does, both down and dell, finds and asserts the straightest and directest of lines from London to Portsmouth. Well would it repay the traveller to turn aside here and inspect this famous Roman way, especially where it traverses the neighbouring North Wood belonging to the Catholic family of Leslie, within whose adjacent Manor of Bignor (close

by) are the remains of the most elegant of the Roman villas which have yet been discovered in England ; of which Dr. Wollaston, in his book upon "Roman Baths," gives the following local rhyme :—

"Of all the sights in Sussex,
Of lions great and small,
The Roman works at Bignor
By far exceed them all."

There are three apartments, separately enclosed and now protected by thatched buildings, each containing mosaic pavements of the greatest interest. Amongst the objects so delineated are the head of Medusa, Ganymede and the eagle, the goddess Juno, the Seasons, &c. The pavement in one apartment alone measures some forty feet long by twenty feet wide, and in another the central stone font, some three feet deep, remains within its octagonally devised mosaic pavement, with its central socket hole for the water undisturbed to this day.

But Sussex is a dangerous county for any lover of the past to dally in, and so onward shall the train—a special one provided by the Duke—carry us towards the little station of Arundel ; as we are approaching which, the grand Castle looms in the near distance, and forms the chief and most commanding object, standing as it does on a steep spur of the lower chalk downs now so beautifully timbered. Its size and dignity contribute, with its position, in justifying its most natural self-assertion; and already sharp-sighted visitors may observe that the ancient keep has struck for us the first note of the day's sad occasion in presenting to our notice the flagstaff upon which the colours are half-mast high—significant reminder of the aim and object of our journey! Before the speed of our locomotive has, however, been fully reined, uprises and grandly comes into sight the other magnificent pile of Arundel, which lies to the westward of the castle, need I say the Collegiate Church of St. Philip Neri? True, it possesses as yet no ecclesiastical statutes or the status of a Col-

legiate Church, owing doubtless to the great demand for Priests in our crowded centres of population; but it merits that distinction already by its dignity, by its purity of style, by its grandeur of size, and by the completeness and appropriateness of its offices and fitments.

Speaking of St. Philip, it was but in 1852 that the well-remembered discourse upon the "Second Spring" was preached before the assembled Hierarchy at Oscott College, when the venerable Prince of the Church, the preacher, concluded with these words:

"My Fathers, my brethren, that old man was my own St. Philip. Bear with me for his sake. If I have spoken too seriously, his sweet smile shall temper it. As he was with you three centuries ago in Rome, when our Temple fell, so now surely when it is rising, it is a pleasant token that he has even set out on his travels to you; and that, as if remembering how he interceded for you at home, and recognising the relations he then formed with you, he now wishes to have a name among you, and to be loved by you, and, perchance, to do you a service here in your own land."

May we not thankfully feel that these aspirations have seen fulfilment, when we can now point to these two magnificent temples, St. Philip's and the Oratory, each so grand in its own architectural order, and where the Saint's name is so loved and revered? Nor is it alone in the possession of such material structures as these (with all that they betoken) that we have cause of gratitude to our great ones of the Church triumphant; since, if we descend to the Church Militant, we shall equally discern how it has been a dispensation of no ordinary favour, and a sign of no ordinary protection which has given to the revival of religion in England three English Cardinals of such singular power as Wiseman, Manning, and Newman—each great in his own domain, each gifted with characteristics so diverse.

To resume: we have now reached the station platform, and sallying forth in the midst of an interesting medley of all classes, Priest and Lay, and the weather being sufficiently propitious, a short walk of five minutes brings us to the town, which we enter by the bridge over the Arun. Kindly fortune gave me, for my fellow-pedestrians thither, that learned canonist, the Rector of Manresa, and Father H. Kerr, S.J.

Entry, however, cannot be thus summarily made into the town without attention being challenged by an interesting ruin at the foot of the bridge, a ruin which sums up and represents all that remains to us of the whilom foundation of the Maison Dieu, or almshouse, founded by Thomas, Earl of Arundel (whose beautiful tomb was mentioned above), pursuant to the munificent plan of his father, Earl Richard, who died in 1376; twenty years after which event, these buildings (which were quadrangular in form) were completed and occupied. Its inmates were to consist of twenty poor or reduced men, selected chiefly in the neighbourhood, over whom a Priest, called the Master, was nominated to preside by the Founder, to be at once their Superior and their chaplain; and lest I should hear a voice raised against such a foundation, as being but the provision of an asylum for idleness, let me silence the voice of the scoffer by anticipation, in assuring him that the statutes regulating the almshouse admirably provided for and enforced the occupation of all the inmates, and at the same time created and inculcated occasions for interdependence upon each other, and the rendering of mutual service (though the community was to be aided by some four servants to be chosen for their docility and mildness); so that the institution was calculated to furnish an admirable instance how a great practical charity could be made internally fruitful of occasions of personal holiness, and afford the truest opportunities for the practice of the higher virtues on the part of its members. Alas! that "Waller's" soldiery, at the siege of 1643, should have ruthlessly reduced so useful an institution to a mass of ruins!

Of such terrible civil wars how truly does Lucan say, *Bella—nullos habitura triumphos?*

As he proceeds onward, the massive, impressive fabric of the Castle strikes the beholder, who realises more than ever that he is in the presence of a stronghold of great renown—a renown and importance which led William Rufus, the Red King, Henry I., Stephen, and Edward (our English Justinian), to strive for its possession under its walls. The grand building is to-day in apt harmony with the gravity observable in the streets of the town; every shop is closed, and here and there are those inevitable groups of men upon whom a day of no work has suddenly come, to find them put out from their ordinary pursuits of labour, and arrayed in garments severely associated with Sunday. As we traverse the streets there is an unmistakable concern, and a sense of apparent loss upon the countenances of all.

Following in the upward stream to the higher part of the town, we enter within the walls of St. Philip, to find it full (nave and aisles) with a congregation of men, women, and children, while the north transept and the spacious chancel are occupied in great force by the clergy. Very shortly after, headed by the cross-bearer, the officiating Priests, clerics, and choir enter, and take their own proper places, and commence singing the beautiful and tender offices of the Church for its children "who have gone before." In the middle, under the lantern, or point of intersection of the nave and chancel with the transepts, stood the coffin of the good Duchess, covered with its pall and surmounted by her coronet. True it is, as the poet Gray writes:—

> "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await, alike, the inevitable hour;
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

These beautiful lines, however, tell us but half, and that the least half, the merely mundane half, of the truth. On the contrary, the quotation which would best represent what was passing

in the minds and hearts of those present upon this occasion, would be found in the words of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, where, in writing to the Thessalonians, he says, "We will not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them that are asleep, that you be not sorrowful, even as others who have no hope."

One of the chief features which characterised the day's proceedings was the complete absence of what, I admit, are often very necessary and indispensable accompaniments, namely, the hired services of undertakers and of choir. Hearses, mutes, feathers, scarves, and funereal trappings were conspicuous only by their absence. Of professional undertaking there was no vestige. And here in this beautiful church, where the singing was so appropriate and suitable, you find the choir consisting of town and country people, men and lads, rendering the music in a most satisfactory manner, and exhibiting every external attribute of recollectedness. Possibly more might be accomplished in some of our choirs by the training and utilising of the voices of the flock, in lieu of having to establish and sustain choirs by the aid of those more commercial principles, which are suitable enough for arrangements outside the walls of the church, but appear at variance with that labour of love which more decorously attends the discharge of sacred duties within the sanctuary; at all events, the choir of St. Philip's seemed a notable instance of what can be accomplished out of native material by care and perseverance.

In the hangings of the church, and the mourning apparel of the congregation, there was sustained a general congruity that very materially contributed to the solemnity of the total effect. The attitude of decorous sorrow was everywhere accompanied by the presence of a quiet satisfaction and of an assured hope. It seemed rather the realisation of the feeling that the deceased had left for a better country—a country where sorrow and crying shall be no more known: a realisation summed up in the text, *Mors janua vitæ.* While the descriptive narrative of the

day would be incomplete without these details, yet it is not the object of these lines to attempt a panegyric of the deceased. Naturally enough, in the midst of demonstrations of regard and respect for the memory of the departed so general and imposing, occurred the idea how applicable to the scene would be the well-known inscription in St. Paul's Cathedral, in honour of the great architect of that fane—

> "Si monumentum requiris
> Circumspice!"—

only there the monument was material and artistic, written—grandly written—in stone, while here it was deep graven, "not in tables of stone, but in the fleshy tables of the heart." The memory and recitation of her virtues may well be left to the numerous poor, the many Priests, and the many children whom she befriended, and to the safe keeping of her family, who can best measure the loss which has been inflicted by her departure. It is sufficient for my purpose to refer to the Pastoral Letter of March 23, 1886 (the day after the death of the Duchess), in which our venerated Bishop, addressing his Priests, and referring to his intimate knowledge of the deceased in consequence of his having discharged for so many years the duties of Priest of the Catholic Mission of Arundel, and of the Castle Chaplaincy, and earnestly recommending her soul to the prayers of the Faithful, speaks of her "as one whose life and simple piety and generous charity, while it endeared her to all, had made him and those amongst whom for the most part he had been, beyond all others her debtors."

After the Offices of the Church for the Dead had been intoned, and the solemn and unique strains of the *Dies Iræ* (that wondrous compendium and that affecting cry for mercy) had died away, the most adorable Sacrifice had been offered and the absolutions given, the long procession proceeded from the Church to the old Chapel of the College of the Holy Trinity, distant some quarter of a mile adown the street. The band of servants, followed by

the lines of tenantry, in their turn followed by the Town Clerk Corporation, and Mayor of the town of Arundel (habited in their municipal robes, with their ancient mace craped), advanced on foot in the good old way; then came the fourfold escutcheons showing the heraldic honours of the deceased, borne upon black staves, followed by her coronet carried upon a velvet cushion in front of the coffin, and then the coffin itself held up aloft upon the shoulders of retainers of the house, resting upon an oak bier according to the fashion of ancient days. Immediately afterwards the Duke and his brother, followed by the deceased's daughters and other members of the family, closely guarded the sacred deposit. Following them, swept by in solemn tread the acolytes, the choir, the clergy, regular and secular, the ministering priests and canons, and ultimately the Bishop of the Diocese of Southwark himself (with the Bishop of Emmaus)—a goodly array, and an imposing. The orderly procession was close attended in its train by "troops of friends," who, with the general congregation gathered within the walls, outpoured in decent and solemn order to accompany the remains to their last resting-place.

In the picturesque procession, which slowly wound its way through the portals of the church, and along the public road till it reached the entrance to the old Fitz Alan Chapel, I happily found myself side by side with our two brilliant essayists, the author of "Ancient Religion and Modern Thought," and the author of "The Wish to Believe." At this part of the progress was presented one of the prettiest and most interesting objects on the whole route: it consisted of a row of little girls dressed in white, with black silken bands across their chests.

A few years ago yet another Catholic duchess had died in England, and from the personal friendship with which she had honoured me, it fell to my lot to make the arrangements for her funeral. She was a munificent patroness of orphan children, and these little creatures, who now formed so interesting a line in our

advance to the entrance of the Fitz Alan Chapel, brought to my recollection the good Duchess of Leeds, whose remains we placed in their last home in the family vault in Yorkshire; and though on that day the ceremonial was inherently the same till it was transferred to the place of burial within the walls of a Church of England edifice, and though it was bedecked by the presence of the numerous orphan children who owed all their comforts to the deceased's munificence, still I could not help contrasting the impressive scene which was about to be enacted at the vault inside the Fitz Alan Chapel with the necessary meagreness of the obsequies which were terminated in the interior of the little Yorkshire church.

We are now entering the Old College Chapel, the College of the Holy Trinity, wherein the offering up of the Most Holy Sacrifice has been intermitted for so many a dreary year—a site which may be said to have been twice consecrated, since the present chapel (founded with the College, of which it was part, under authority of a Bull of the Holy Father in 1375) stands where the earlier Priory of St. Nicholas previously stood. And here, in due subordination to the deep interest which must ever accord the first place to the celebration of the Holy Mass, centres to-day the closing act in the interment of the good Duchess in the vault made some fifty years ago in the bowels of this ancient building—a building the restoration of which to the Catholic Religion we owe, under God's good Providence, to three persons. In the first place to Henry Fitz Alan, to whom, on the 26th December, 1544, the old College of the Holy Trinity was, after the Dissolution, conveyed by the Crown at the cost of 1000 marks in cash and a rent-charge of 16*l.* 16*s.* yearly; and though in 1580, Henry Fitz Alan himself died, yet happily the Howards, in the person of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, by his marriage with a daughter of the late Earl, succeeded to the honour and property of the Earldom. Probably the records of few families would yield in any of its

members an object calling for deeper sympathy and interest than this daughter, Mary Fitz Alan, who brought Arundel to the Howards. An accomplished scholar, she was described as being of "so sweet and amiable a disposition, so prudent, pious, virtuous, and religious, that all who knew her could not but love and esteem her much." A mother at the tender age of seventeen years, she survived the birth of her son Philip (the first Philip of the Howards) for only a few weeks. Cut off thus prematurely, the young Duchess Mary was spared the knowledge of the death of her husband, the fourth Duke, upon the blood-stained scaffold of Tower Hill, where he suffered on the 18th January, 1572. And while her early death spared her the pain of the youthful faults and trials of her son, and of the vicissitudes of his eventful life, it equally denied her the consolation afforded by his heroic and Christian end. It was the hand of this Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, that traced the silent yet speaking record of his faith and patience on the walls of the Beauchamp Tower, which remains extant to this hour :—"*Quanto plus afflictionis pro Christo in hoc sæculo, tanto plus gloriæ cum Christo in futuro. Arundell, June* 22, 1587." His eleven years of close captivity were terminated by his death on Sunday, the 19th October, 1595, when he was laid in the same grave in the Tower Chapel, where the mutilated body of his father had been deposited some twenty-three years before.

We have been expressing the first of our triple obligations as being due to Henry Fitz Alan the father of the Duchess Mary, and now in the second place, we must recognize our deep obligations to the determined efforts of the venerable Canon Tierney, who, after fighting with his powerful pen and unwearied research in the cause of the restoration of the building to Catholic control and ownership, caused himself to be buried in its midst—a forcible voice from the grave speaking with an eloquence as powerful as mute. And in the third place, and lastly, we are

indebted to the determined struggle which the present Duke made to revindicate the ownership which his ancestor had acquired.

It was here, then, that in the presence of the Bishop and clergy, of her family, and of friends (many and indeed most of the humblest), the body was committed to the vault underneath the old tomb of Earl Thomas and the Countess Beatrice; and after the funeral the chapel, and the vault itself, lighted for the occasion, remained open and accessible to all for the rest of the day, to afford the townspeople and country-side the opportunity of paying their last respects. Later in the afternoon (it was now long past mid-day), minding to return to London, I repaired to the tomb to make a last farewell, and to renew a brief act of mental prayer that the soul of the departed might meet with speedy rest and refreshment. The coffin of the Duchess, I then observed, had been placed at the side of her admirable husband, Henry Granville, the fourteenth Duke; so that lying there in his coffin, he has now on his right hand his deceased daughter, and on the left his faithful spouse. Wearing the Ducal coronet for a space of less than five years' duration, this truly good man is better remembered by us as the Earl of Arundel and Surrey. Of him it may be said that he was utterly incapable of an ignoble act, and of his daily life that it was an exemplar of the morality enshrined in his family motto—"*Sola Virtus invicta.*"

Entering the train, I found myself with the erudite author of "*Per Crucem ad Lucem*," and Fr. Christie, S.J., with Mr. Ellison and his daughter, and a French priest whose genial temperament had led him into the composition of a play for college children; and so, passing swiftly onward through Dorking and Horsham, where the Catholic Missions owe their foundation and support, as do many others, to the piety of the deceased lady, we regained the great metropolis, and the events and transactions of the day came, in a manner of speaking (and a loose manner of speaking), to an end.

But what of the chief mourner all this time? Those who were present noticed the evident traces of indisposition upon his features, when he entered the Baron's Hall during the space of our refreshment, observed how he moved about, kindly scattering here and there his words of hospitable welcome. They who marked all this, and realised the cost at which the kind effort was made, regarded it but as the last and most recent of the effects due to true Christian training by a true Catholic mother.

GEORGE M. ARNOLD.

A Gift.

WHAT can I give, O well-beloved, to thee,
Whose clear, firm knock at my heart's door I heard,
I reading o'er my life's old pages blurred
Where bitter tears had fallen fast and free?
For thou didst enter in and comfort me
Whose soul was passion-tost and anguish-stirred,
Till I grew patient as a brooding bird,
And rest came down upon me, verily.

What can I give thee for a guerdon meet?
The utter depths and heights of love sublime
I cannot fathom, dear, I cannot climb,
For sacred things to strew before thy feet—
I kneel thy suppliant, and I give thee, sweet,
The right to go on giving for all time.

EMILY H. HICKEY.

The Neglect of Architecture.*

THAT learned and witty diplomatist, Sir H. Wotton, who immortalised himself by defining an ambassador as "an honest man, sent to lie abroad for the good of his country," wrote a book called the "Elements of Architecture," published in 1624. He there says: "Architecture can want no commendation, where there are noble men or noble minds." Perhaps even now architecture hardly needs an apology, though it is looked upon very differently from the way it was in the seventeenth century.

The excellence of every art depends as a rule on its lovers; it nears perfection in proportion to their critical knowledge, and the intensity with which they enjoy it; for who will pipe when there is no one to dance? who will play when there is no one to sing? No fine art will exist unless there is an effective demand for it. The cost of most of the other fine arts almost entirely consists of the artist's remuneration, but in architecture the cost of beautifying the building has to be added; consequently the lovers of architecture must love it more than they love painting; for if a picture costs a thousand pounds, this is practically the artist's pay; while if a thousand pounds is paid to the architect for designing a front, three or four thousand pounds more have to be added to execute it in marble, brick, stone, or terra-cotta. If architecture is to be excellent, there must be a general and passionate desire for it, architects whose souls are strung like the Æolian harp to give tongue to that desire, and cultivated listeners who love its notes, and who are wealthy enough to pay for its execution, and to reward the artist.

The elements of all the fine arts pervade the earth, as the

* Lecture prepared to be read before the Leeds and Yorkshire Architectural Society.

particles of matter pervaded space, before the centre was assigned to which they all rushed with frantic precipitance. So, for any art to become embodied, we want the yearning for it, the genius to embody it, and admirers to applaud and remunerate. If you admit my premises, our inquiry partly resolves itself into these three questions—Is there a yearning for architecture? is there genius to embody it? and is there a large class of persons sufficiently cultivated and wealthy to appreciate and reward it? If we find that these questions can be answered in the affirmative, there is nothing left us but to sing pæans of praise to the architecture and the architects of the 19th century, to the public, and to the cultivated lovers of this fine art. If we should unhappily be forced to give a negative answer, our task will certainly be less agreeable and more tedious; for we must then try to frame reasons for this curious condition. I think, too, we cannot even then be content, but must try and suggest some plan by which this condition may be remedied.

I think these are the ways in which the public can outwardly show its yearning for our art—by publicly-expressed praise of successful works, by indicating how the building conforms to its ideal, by an ardent desire to secure the very best possible building, by admiration for the architect, by discriminating praise of the particular excellences of his work, by rewarding him with consideration, honours and wealth.

Does anyone present recollect any public praise, that was not of the most perfunctory sort, being applied to any of the great buildings that have been erected in our life-time, of course excluding those by living architects? I confess I do not. I do not mean to say that I have never read such an expression as "this fine building," but of general gratitude for the beauty all can enjoy, not one word—no discriminating praise of the marked character, the beautiful proportions, or the exquisite detail of the building.

The finest buildings never excite enthusiasm, and as often as not are used as texts for the abuse of architects and for depreciating the architecture of the day. I do not recollect a single criticism that called upon the public to thank God it could get such beautiful work for next to nothing.

This recondite and magnificent art is treated as the grass, and the architect as the earth from which it springs; the grass is pleasant to the foot, and grateful to the eye; it is certainly necessary for the food of those animals who feed, clothe and carry us, and it would not exist but for the earth; but who is grateful to the earth or to the grass either? Architecture—this poetry in stone, this petrified music—is addressed to the blind, or rather to a generation not blind, but only so dulled by the unremitting pursuit of gain, and by the indulgence in luxury and selfishness, as to be insensible to this form of beauty.

I could fill the remainder of this lecture with the biting sarcasms, and the unmerited abuse, which have been levelled against the greater part of our most important buildings, and their architects.

M. Charles Garnier, the architect of the Opera House at Paris, remarks on the usage architects receive:—

"Speaker or listener, writer or reader, each throws his stone into our garden, and does not spare the stones; the great ones aim at our heads, the little ones at our legs, the Cockneys applaud, and the stone-throwing continues to the great joy of all; no one reflects that if the architects are wounded, the public will be the first to suffer."

In 1295 the Florentine republic, a little city with a small territory, and mainly dependent on its woollen manufactures, determined to rebuild its cathedral. Vasari tells us that the instructions were that it should be built "so that for size and magnificence nothing more could be desired for size, for beauty of workmanship, or the skill of man." It was ordered to be en-

crusted outside with polished marble, and with as many cornices, pilasters, columns, inlaid work of leaves, figures and other things, as we see at this day. He also tells us in the "Life of F. Brunelleschi," that the republic, by means of its merchants in various countries, paid the expenses of the most famous architects of France, Germany, England and Spain to come to Florence in 1420 and give them advice on the method of doming the choir of the cathedral.

England is not a little town, with a small industry, but is supposed to be the richest country in the world, and is the centre of an empire on which the sun never sets. We have lately had a competition for a vast public building, in which the defences of the empire are to be organised. The instructions were, that convenience of arrangement was alone to be considered. Anyone might compete, and Government promised to do its best to conceal his folly; but it bargained that whoever gained the competition, should have no claim to the ordinary starvation pay, but should take a lump sum for all present and future work. So much for Government, now for individuals. As a rule the only question is, "Can I get my work done at the ordinary price?"

It has been said that no great work was ever done if the man was thinking of what he was to get by it. But this cuts both ways. He cannot help thinking of this if he has not a fortune, and knows that he is doing work at a loss to himself, for which, too, he will most probably not even be thanked. Every architect knows that if he does do his best, no one will pay him for it. Judges of hock do not contract with their wine merchant that none of their wine shall exceed 20s. a dozen; and though £5 portraits can be had, most persons do not care for them; and they know that distinguished portrait painters will not do portraits at that price.

How many architects are known even by name out of the profession? Have we a single knight amongst us whose title has

been given for architecture, and not for his assistance to one of the factions that fight for power?

Let us see how Government encourage architecture by the treatment they adopted towards Sir Charles Barry, and contrast it with that accorded to distinguished architects in former times. Government certainly made him a knight, but they so baited and worried him that he said he contemplated giving up the work. For devoting himself exclusively to the Houses of Parliament for twenty-five years, naturally to the loss of the bulk of his private practice, they gave him £1,600 a year, and considered the pay enormous and preposterous. They appropriated all his drawings, without having bargained for them and without remuneration. This pay, too, was like the fourpenny-piece Sheridan gave the guard of the Brighton coach, telling him, "That is for you and the coachman;" this was not for himself alone, but for himself, his assistants, and the measurers. The Houses of Parliament was probably the largest building one man ever designed and saw carried out, and has been oftener drawn by artists than any other building of modern times.

I am the last person in the world to think that mere money, however enormous the sum may be, will ever act as an adequate inducement for any high class of service. Not to speak of the great men of antiquity, we have all heard of "Billy Pitt, who ruined England gratis." Shelter, light and firing, a bit of mutton, and a clean shirt, are often all that the greatest men claim, looking for their reward in a sense of duty, and the comparative immortality that great works or great deeds bestow. But these men must be single. Wives and families rarely care for privation when the husband or father is great; from all accounts, Socrates' home was not a happy one. I use this illustration as a test of the value the Government of that day put on the work—to claim no higher a position for Sir Charles Barry than that of the most eminent barrister, physician, surgeon, or engineer of his day. Each one of these was probably making as many thousands as

Barry got hundreds. But is it fair to compare them? In my opinion it is not. It would only be fair if the building had not one spark of beauty, if it conferred no immortality on our country, and would attract no crowds from abroad, through ages, to admire its beauty, to spread our fame, and to enrich our country by their expenditure. I say that parsimony to such benefactors of their race is a reproach, if not a disgrace.

Contrast this with the treatment of architects and artists at the time of the Renaissance and in the Middle Ages; when dukes, princes, popes and emperors bribed, threatened, intrigued, and sometimes fought, to get a first-rate artist or architect. Contrast it with Bernini's treatment, whose whole voyage from Rome to Paris was a series of triumphs; who was fairly paid by Louis XIV. for the time he was in France and on his journey; and on leaving was presented with 50,000 crowns and given a pension of 2,000 crowns a year and 500 for his son. When he died and left 400,000 crowns, Queen Christina remarked on this, for the Pope's benefit, "Had he served me, I should have been ashamed he left so little."

As to the skill among architects, there can be no doubt about that, for I believe you might now get a Greek building equal to one of the days of Pheidias. Michelet believed that the architects of Mediæval buildings must have been monks condemned to celibacy, and fired with religious enthusiasm to design such work; yet of late years buildings have been erected that might deceive Wilars de Honecort, or William of Wykeham.

In the Reform Club, in London, by Sir Charles Barry, we have a building that may vie in beauty of proportion with the best buildings of the Italian Renaissance.

In the Taylor and Randolph buildings, at Oxford, by Professor Cockerell, we have a construction that may vie with those of Greece. In the Ecole des beaux Arts, in the Library of St. Geneviève, and in the New Opera House at Paris, we have buildings that rival in originality and beauty those of any former

time. I cannot tell if you define this as genius or not, but by its means we get beautiful buildings that charm the eye, instead of shapeless or hideous structures. I would beg you to observe that though in the civilised world of to-day, each architect plays a solo, or certain knots play concerts on certain instruments, while at former periods the concert was played by all, it does not follow that we lose very much originality. James Fergusson, the great architectural ethnologist, admits that in Egypt the architecture which existed for 3,555 years, remained so nearly unchanged, "that it requires no small knowledge of the subject to say which is the most perfect or the most ancient." In the same way with Greece, we may say, that with the exception of more exquisiteness, the earliest and latest purely Greek architecture is the same. Real lovers of architecture are certainly now-a-days rarer than the black swan. There are archæologists by the thousand who can tell you even in Gothic buildings where such and such a moulding is to be found elsewhere. There are professional and unprofessional critics. The unprofessional ones usually have a hobby they want to air, or they want to show their learning. The professional ones are too often draconic; death, and I might add damnation, is the meed for the smallest fault, and they know nothing else for the worst. But of true cultivated lovers, who can admire the beauty of the work, seize the intention, and even point out the real faults, there are few indeed. As Sir Joshua Reynolds, when President of the Royal Academy, was the first to point out the beauties of Vanburgh, so is the present President of the Royal Academy one of the few real lovers of architecture I know.

Fergusson, writing about the fine arts, remarks with truth, that "even now there is a mass of idle wealth seeking and finding its gratification only in frivolity or sensuality, and a still more fearful mass of want and misery festering at the base, and preying on the vitals of society. Still the mass is yet healthy, and it is not too late to elect. The path of Athens is as open to us as

that of Rome. We have only to choose, and, having chosen, to persevere in the path of our election; either to attain that eminence which ennobled Athens, or to sink into that abyss which destroyed Rome." He goes on to say: "Long thought and elegant refinement are essential for the improvement of a fine art, and these can only exist among the upper classes. . . . When the upper classes are so refined as to make art a necessity to them, have their taste so cultivated as to be able to appreciate what is right and what is wrong, and knowledge sufficient to direct and command, then will art advance." So far so good, but it will improve more rapidly and more surely if the middle and the poorer classes will cultivate themselves and admire, too; the poor Greek admired, and the Italian peasant does so still.

Architecture seems to me to have many recommendations. It is to the eye what music is to the ear; and though music alone can only excite vague emotions, by being joined to beautiful, pathetic, or impassioned words, it can be rendered peculiarly expressive. So can architecture be made expressive by sculpture and by painting.

Architecture is the most impressive as well as the most enduring of the arts, the highest forms of poetry alone excepted, and when nationalised, it tells its own tale, and will hand down to a comparative eternity nations that have no other record of their greatness.

The reason why it has been so neglected by the civilised nations of the modern world, and by the modern world I mean since the Renaissance, seems to me to depend on many causes. In Mediæval days, architecture was in the hands of the laity; it had heretofore been in those of the clergy, consequently the employers were excellent judges. The energetic hordes that over-ran Europe had settled down, but their energy was not decayed; wealth was beginning to accumulate, and every sort of building was in request. The different religious orders tried to rival one another in the grandeur and magnificence of their buildings, and,

above all, the career of architecture was almost the only one that afforded free scope for thought, that was not repressed by the fear of a dungeon, fetters, or the stake. I use the word architecture as the banner under which the grand army of workers was enlisted, that was outside the pales of husbandry, commerce, and war; for on the Mediæval Church all the fine arts and most of those arts we call useful were concentrated. Architecture, sculpture, painting, music and oratory, stained glass, jewellery, millinery, and perfumery, all found their place there, and with these arts and their artists were associated the skilled workman of almost every conceivable trade. It is obvious that to the sculptor and painter, at least, a freedom was allowed that was denied elsewhere. Satire, sometimes sly and sometimes gross, was allowed them, for we see their caricatures of the follies and vices of the period. Every great abbey, church, or cathedral was not only a shrine for prayer and praise, but to the unlettered was an illustrated Bible, an encyclopædia, and *Punch* as well. It served them as a hall for oratorios and concerts, for a theatre, and it was at once Madame Tussaud's and the Lord Mayor's Show. But when once every channel of human thought was equally free, there was not the inducement for mankind to confine itself to this one. Like the rest of mankind, the schoolmasters and architects studied the arts of the ancients; but unlike the rest of their compeers, they forged for themselves a chain, and bound themselves so firmly with it that they have not yet got rid of it. Science, which advanced with great strides in the sixteenth century, began in the middle of the last century to be applied to the useful arts, revolutionised the world, and brought in a golden harvest. This new Eldorado so captivated mankind that nothing else was thought of, and pure utility became the order of the day. Neither leisure nor beauty had any hold on mankind; in fact, they were looked upon as sins.

From this state of action and feeling we are but very slowly

recovering. We are beginning to feel that the beauties of Nature were not given us for nothing; and though we may wisely imitate the bee in its industry and in the storing up of honey, we need not, as human beings, fall beneath this small insect in its passion for colour.

We are at last beginning to feel that, though man should do what he sets his hand to, with all his might, it does not quite involve his whole faculties being wrapped up in making and selling blue cotton pocket-handkerchiefs or corduroy. We are beginning to feel that man has a higher vocation than to be a human spade or brad-awl, that he may be a judge of other things besides those he deals in, and be capable of higher enjoyments than turtle and port wine can bestow; that education may even extend beyond the Latin accidence and the multiplication table.

In the early part of my lecture, I said that to form a fine art there must be a passionate yearning for it, and genius, whose soul was strung like the Æolian harp, to give tongue to the vague movements in the air. But if perchance that yearning does not exist, genius, pictured under the Æolian harp, has no wind to touch its chords, and that, I fear, is our present condition; and not ours alone, but the condition of every Christian land. Genius may, like the creeper, have its tendrils ready for attachment; but if it everywhere meets with nothing but polished glass, the plant falls helpless to the ground.

It is, then, one of the first necessities that we endeavour to cultivate a taste in the public for architecture, to impress upon them the pleasure they will derive from cultivating those faculties that perceive and relish its beauty; and above all, let us try and heighten our own aim and that of all with whom we are acquainted. Nature spreads her beauty as much for the labourer who tills as for him who owns the ground. She merely asks man not to shut his eyes and heart to that lovely and changing panorama of form and colour, of light and shadow, that she offers

to his view. Let us not forget that Burns was but a ploughman when he penned—

> "Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower."

I am happy to say we are effacing that reproach Gray addressed to his country, for the labourers can no longer say that—

> "Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
> Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll."

Even the very ploughman is lightened of his labour, so that he no longer "snores all with weary task fordone."

We may soon hope that not only will those magnificent buildings that adorn our country be appreciated by the bulk of the population, but that they will be as keenly alive to the beauties of architecture as the ancient Greeks were, and will insist on new public buildings being made worthy of the nation.

It does not strike us as odd that the Greeks should have had one style for their own country and their own colonies; nor that the whole known world should have had one, when Rome was its master; but it does strike one as odd that all Christendom should virtually have had but one style, when it was composed of a variety of nations, speaking different tongues, and being under separate rulers; and that this style should have arisen when architecture had fallen into the hands of the laity. But when we consider that these various nations were joined by a new and common faith, had been thrilled by the outrages inflicted on their pilgrims, and were animated by a common impulse to drive back the infidels, to recover the Holy Sepulchre, and had organised and begun the Crusades, it is not perhaps so astonishing. Conjointly they had studied the Syro-Greek remains and the new Mohammedan style, and when they at last began to admire the civilisation of the Saracens, they probably learnt some of the Saracen arts, and their geometrical plans of procedure.

The great want of the day is a high aim; without that, man has never achieved anything really great; almost all the grand

architectural works that remain to us have been raised as temples for the worship of the Deity, or as tombs for the reverence of the great dead. Fergusson puts this point so well, that I cannot do better than give you his words:

"Society wants some loftier aim, some object which can be a loadstar upon all its designs, and give to mankind that greatness of purpose which can bind them together and give unity and greatness to all they do. Without this, science scarce dares to pursue its great object with that singleness of purpose which can alone lead to great results, and either shrinks abashed at its own boldness, or becomes inflated with pride on its assumed self-sufficiency. It was the possession of this great aim that gave to the arts of an ignorant and semi-barbarous people in the Middle Ages that perfection and that beauty, before which we all bow in reverence, but can scarcely even now comprehend; and it is the want of it that makes our arts, with all our knowledge and all our power, a mere plaything—a luxury to amuse and distract, to please the passing hour, without any higher aim and attaining no higher object."

GEORGE AITCHISON.

(*To be concluded next month.*)

English Catholics.

NOT many weeks since, a writer in the *Spectator*, who had been reading one of Mr. Smiles's books on strenuous and successful men, was moved by pity for the unsuccessful.

> "My thought
> Turns toward the losing side, that unsung band
> Of broken hearts, who, ever failing, fought
> The long, long battle, while the iron hand
> Age pressed them backward from their high emprise
> Until they perished. . . ."

"Is there no Homer for the beaten side?" he asked; and it is not impertinent to reply that many of the heroes and adherents of an unsuccessful, but not beaten, side have found, in some volumes now before us, if not a Homer, at least a Plutarch. In plain words, Mr. Joseph Gillow, in his "Literary and Biographical History, or Bibliographical Dictionary of English Catholics from 1534" (Burns & Oates), is doing for a multitude of little-known Catholic worthies what Mr. Smiles and others have done for more fortunate classes of Englishmen of the last three centuries. If prosperity, or pleasure, or abundant jokes were necessary for merriment, the majority of these victims of the Penal Laws would seem at first sight to have little in common with the name of this magazine. But if simple, earnest hearts, good consciences, and a lively trust in God's providence, had anything to do with antique merriment, then the Catholics of England, since the schism, have retained, in spite of persecutions, their forefathers' character no less than their religion. It is wonderful how little was needed to make happy and merry those great yet childlike hearts of the Middle Ages, and how hard it is to galvanize modern society into a smile! We have watched a

MR. JOSEPH GILLOW

young man enter a railway carriage at Paddington with all the comic papers of the week. Not deigning to cast a glance at field or fell, hill or river, he went through the series seriously. If at first some slight movement around the lips betokened amusement, long before we reached Swindon melancholy had marked him for her own. A dinner on salt is nauseous; and a life of mere pleasure brings even less merriment than an overdose of puns. Does not Byron tell us how the Childe "stalked apart in joyless reverie," and how

> "With pleasure drugged he almost longed for woe,
> And e'en for change of scene would seek the shades below?"

And Shakespeare, not without a little national unfairness, transfers to France a phenomenon he had doubtless studied in England. Prince Arthur says:

> "Methinks nobody should be sad but I,
> Yet I remember when I was in France
> Young gentlemen would be as sad as night
> Only for wantonness."

On the other hand, neither voluntary austerities nor persecutions bravely endured are inconsistent with merriment. Austerity makes the heart light, though it does not always reduce the weight of the flesh. In the charming account that Eccleston has left us of the first English Franciscans, we are told that though the beer was so sour that many preferred water (a very rare drink—to say sooth—in Merry England), yet the brethren were so joyous at all times, "that even a deaf-mute could scarce refrain from laughing at the very sight of them." As to persecutions, where shall we find a more typical representative of Merry England of old, as well as of the sufferers for conscience whom Mr. Gillow is making better known, than Sir Thomas More? There is a saying of his recorded quite to our purpose. When he saw that persecution was coming, he resigned the Chancellorship, and, calling his family together, told them that they would still live together though they would be much poorer;

but that, if it came to the worst, "may we yet, with bags and wallets, go a-begging together, and, hoping that for pity some folks will give us their charity, at every man's door to sing *Salve Regina*, and so still keep company and *be merry together*." And none the less were Sir Thomas and his followers merry, though their history dealt more with fines, imprisonment, and even death, than with May-games and joyous pilgrimages and festive processions, or whatever else we more usually associate with our country's ancient title.

It is with the martyrs of Henry VIII., or from the year 1534, the date of the schism, that Mr. Gillow begins his list. We mean that no one appears there who died before that year; for the arrangement is alphabetical, not chronological. The two volumes already issued include not only martyrs and confessors, but men and women of every class, whose names have become in any way conspicuous, and about whom anything noteworthy has been handed down. They will form, when completed, a thorough domestic history of the Catholic Church in England during the last three hundred and fifty years. A very full account is given of all the great families who remained faithful, at least for a time, or who after a period of schism returned to the Church. Secular priests will find a record of many an active predecessor in their various missions. The Religious Orders of men and women may look for the names they hold in veneration, and will not be disappointed. Statesmen, lawyers, medical men, and actors will find, perhaps not without surprise, that many whose names are well-known in their respective annals were "Roman Catholics."

The special feature, however, of the "Dictionary," is the space allotted to Catholic writers and their works, and to Catholic printers and publishers—men of culture and zeal rather than of trade. Hence Mr. Gillow rightly calls his work Bibliographical as well as Biographical; and we believe that even those who are familiar with the library shelves of our colleges

and Religious houses will be startled at the immense number of books that have issued from the Catholic press since the Reformation, and at the number of editions through which many of them passed. From the absence of newspapers and periodicals, and from the more openly hostile character of Protestant literature in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Catholics, though fewer in number, gave a wider and heartier support to Catholic books than they do at the present day.

We spoke of Mr. Gillow's heroes as unsuccessful. Not all, however, missed prosperity and fame, though whether they achieved them as Catholics and without a compromise, may often be questioned. Pope was a Catholic; but who associates a Catholic thought with any of his writings? Dryden became a Catholic,.and Mr. Gillow, who devotes to him a long article, justly defends the sincerity of his conversion. But his fame was not won as a Catholic. Shakespeare—but Mr. Gillow has not yet come to Shakespeare, and we are curious to see whether he will vindicate Shakespeare's claim to a place in a Catholic dictionary. Besides poets, there are men who have won lasting renown in many walks of life—the learned Marquis of Worcester, the brilliant Sir Kenelm Digby, the profound and acute Dr. Harvey, Inigo Jones, the Plowdens, the Kembles, and a host of others; and some of them, at least, made no secret of their religion, and were its staunch supporters. It remains, however, true that far the greater number laboured in obscurity and with little visible success in the cause they had at heart, though gifted with both talents and energy which would have commanded riches or fame had they chosen to throw in their lot with the popular cause.

It would be a curious and not uninteresting task to compare the real men and women here portrayed in their good and evil qualities, heroic deeds and sufferings, or commonplace pursuits, with the picture painted of them in English literature. Were there any prototypes of the Doone family so graphically drawn

by Mr. Blackmore—without any real religion, yet hating those who had made the knowledge and practice of the religion to which they clung well-nigh impossible, and waging open war with that society which had put them under its ban? Or did Catholic gentlemen in the North, during the eighteenth century, in any way resemble the booby squire of Osbaldistone Hall painted by Sir Walter Scott, with no occupation but hunting and drinking, no knowledge but of horses and dogs—"a happy compound," as Miss Vernon describes her cousins, "of game-keeper, bully, horse-jockey, and sot?" Even if this were so, the blame would fall mainly on those who shut against them every avenue of public life. Yet we confess that we entertain grave doubts of Sir Walter Scott's accuracy. He confessed to Lockart his hearty detestation of everything Catholic, and though he has availed himself, when it served his purpose, of certain poetic aspects of Catholicity, few authors have more consistently maligned the Church and her institutions. At any rate, the deformed, ambitious, immoral, and generally hateful clerical student of the family, Rashleigh Osbaldistone, is no more a type of the devoted priests whom the noble and gentle families gave to the Church through all the dark penal days, than the blind old abbot and remorseless abbesses who wall up the fair Constance de Beverley in "Marmion" are a true picture of monastic superiors before the Reformation.

There is one picture, evidently drawn from life by Lord Byron, that we would gladly think was not an unusual specimen of the Catholic ladies before Emancipation had been granted:—

> "Early in years, and yet more infantine
> In figure, she had something of sublime
> In eyes which sadly shine, as seraphs' shine,
> All youth—but with an aspect beyond time;
> Radiant and grave—at pitying man's decline;
> Mournful—but mournful of another's crime;
> She looked as if she sat by Eden's door,
> And griev'd for those who could return no more.

"She was a Catholic, too, sincere, austere,
As far as her own gentle heart allow'd;
And deem'd that fallen worship far more dear
Perhaps because 'twas fallen; her sires were proud
Of deeds and days when they had fill'd the ear
Of nations, and had never bent or bow'd
To novel power; and as she was the last
She held their old faith and old feelings fast.

"She gazed upon a world she scarcely knew,
As seeking not to know it; silent, lone,
As grows a flower, thus quietly she grew,
And kept her heart serene within its zone.
There was awe in the homage which she drew;
Her spirit seem'd as seated on a throne
Apart from the surrounding world, and strong
In its own strength—most strange in one so young!".

We can forgive Byron a great deal for these lines; and, after reading them, we better understand an anecdote preserved by Moore. Sir Walter Scott told Lord Byron that, in spite of his present scepticism, he would probably end by becoming a religious man. "What," exclaimed Byron, "do you think I shall turn Methodist?" "No," replied Sir Walter, "but it would not surprise me if you became a Roman Catholic."

In Mr. Gillow's pages there is much at first sight to sadden the reader's heart. Yet some may possibly reflect whether the Catholic Church in England was really more flourishing, more triumphant in the days of its external magnificence than in the days of its overthrow and persecution. We venture to think that in no period of its history did it possess a greater number of saintly and learned Secular and Regular priests, more zealous and devoted laymen, and more observant Religious women than in the days of penal legislation; and at no time was it so pure and free from grave scandals. The nation indeed, as a whole, suffered inestimable loss from the schism of Henry and his successors, but the Church herself shone out brilliantly in the eyes of God and of His holy angels.

T. E. BRIDGETT, C.SS.R

Poets at School.

WHEN a young man, apparently reasonable and evidently master of his fortunes, instead of attacking the future, like everybody else, through politics or the Stock-Exchange, turns to the drama and abruptly reveals himself as a theatrical author, the thing does not take place without his having given, through many years and under various circumstances, signs—too long neglected—of this special kind of mental disorder.

I have always thought it a pity that the beginnings of this species of insanity should not be studied like the origins of the other varieties. I think curious and instructive facts might be arrived at. . . . I have conceived the idea of making such a psychological inquiry myself. And on what dramatic author shall I seize but the one I know best—myself?

What you are about to read is the story of my first literary stammerings, a fragment of autobiography, a kind of confession which is not altogether to my honour, and which has taken me back along the road of the years, to the time of my first youth.

You will see when, where, and how I wrote my first piece, and what came of it. You will see that once, at least, in my life, I had a *collaborateur*—which kept me from ever having one again.

I know not whether it is so nowadays, but in my time there was neither college nor school in France without its poet. This was generally a student with moderate abilities, though with a great future—in everyone's opinion, and in his own as well. The pride of his school-fellows, the unavowed hope of his tutors

was he ; these latter, when they were amongst themselves, agreed that young what's-his-name turned his verses in the method of Boileau, and drew conclusions most propitious for his future fame. He wrote satires, after the manner of Juvenal, upon contemporary events, made dramatic essays upon the historical subjects required by the *baccalauréat*, and composed, for banquets and distributions of prizes, allusive epistles which M. le Proviseur himself was wont to solicit of his Muse. All this brought him a certain consideration. The parents of his school-fellows asked him to dinner on half-holidays, and contended for his company for the vacations. Some of them even tempted him into their drawing-rooms, and made him recite his verses at their entertainments, perhaps because they considered him more literary than the Coquelin *cadet* of the period, perhaps also because they found him cheaper.

Like other colleges, the college where I was educated had its poet ; nay, more, his name was Dutrou. Do not smile ; if the name is not graceful, it rhymes with Rotrou, and this auspicious consonance, was perhaps not without its influence upon our comrade's vocation. Still smaller causes have produced still greater effects. Let me add that he had a really extraordinary faculty of improvisation. It is related that once in the middle of a conversation, M. Viennet abandoned his interlocutor abruptly, flying from him with the cry : " I must leave you. Three hundred lines are coming ! " Even attributed to M. Viennet, the incident is improbable ; attributed to Dutrou, it really might have been a fact. Mazerat, the *pion*, having given him, as *pensum*, a considerable number of alexandrines to copy for the following day, Dutrou gave them in on the same evening, and not only was the task fulfilled, but all the lines were composed, not merely copied—actually composed !—by himself, Dutrou ! Before this feat, which had a certain air of bravado about it, the *pion* turned pale with rage, which made us laugh a great deal, and condemned the poet to do his *pensum* all over again, which caused less laughter.

But in fact this Mazerat was a rival. The poor devil had aspirations. He hoped to quit pedagogism by way of the drama. He had a dream of producing, on a subsidized stage, a work which he himself described as serious. It was a tragedy, upon which he had been at work from time immemorial ("polish without ceasing, and polish again"), in the greatest secrecy. Nevertheless, we knew that it was in five acts, that its title was "Vanda Queen of Poland," and that it preserved the three unities. Nor were we ignorant of the fact that it contained a grand description of a combat, in the manner of the "Cid," three murders by varied means, and two dreams, one terrible, the other gay—which the author considered an innovation. It must be added that, though he worked in mystery, he did read now and then certain fragments here and there, during recreation, to deserving pupils. It is hardly necessary to say that we considered these lines as execrable as we held those of our comrade to be admirable. Mazerat knew this, and felt it keenly. He went so far as to take the base revenge of insinuating that perhaps Dutrou was not altogether the poet he was believed to be. Nevertheless, in spite of the cunning and the persistence of these depreciations, his opinion had no sharer. Even I did not agree with him, and yet I was—I dare not say the rival of Dutrou, but in some sort his colleague.

At that particular time, indeed, I had my own literary and dramatic aspirations expressed in certain pieces, conceived, it must be admitted, in too much haste, and written with too much speed. The last was a drama in four parts, begun and finished in four "lessons," of two hours each. Four acts, eight hours . . I was not displeased with the result. The piece—I confess the fact—was called "Ines, or the Brasero." Moreover, there was in it a young Spanish shepherd in love with the Infanta. I may as well own at once that seeing her pass by he expressed himself to the following effect: "How slender and graceful is her form, how noble her bearing! Ah, why is she the daughter of a king

of Spain? And I—a poor shepherd—I love her!" I am concealing nothing. It is true, I was young, very young. And then, the drama was in prose. These are very bad excuses. . .

I communicated to Dutrou this impulsive effusion. He was enthusiastic. "What a fine drama! If it was only in verse!" And then he asked me whether I would "collaborate." I "collaborate," and with him? Judge whether I would or not! But collaboration was difficult. We were separate from one another at lessons, and Mazerat was on the watch. We resolved to get ourselves sent to the infirmary. This need cause no surprise. Our method was very simple, and I will give the prescription to the school-boys of to-day, in case—an improbable case—our way has been forgotten, and they have not devised a better.

Take between the thumbs and first fingers of both hands, a little pinch of the skin of your chest; pinch it boldly and continuously until the blood extravasated under the skin produces a good lasting effect of redness. Then go on to another place, and to another, until you obtain all over the thorax a kind of tattooing of which it is impossible to suspect the origin, but which looks for all practical purposes decently like a beginning of measles or some other vague malady. Then go to bed and *refuse all food.* Cruel, but indispensable. The doctor comes, questions, examines, is puzzled; and, not knowing quite what to make of it, prudently puts you into the infirmary to have the case watched.

This is what the boys did from sheer weariness, idleness, desire for change. And it succeeded every time. Dutrou and I did it in the cause of Art. Once in the infirmary we gave ourselves up during two foodless days and nights to our drama, to a complete recasting, heightening the situations, emphasising the close of the acts, digging deeper into the characters, changing, adding, and suppressing—suppressing especially. It was with bitterness I noticed my colleague's superior energy in the latter particular. He spared nothing, he massacred, he was inveterate.

The most exquisite detail did not make him pause. "We don't want detail," he said; "the drama is laid upon larger lines." The flowers of style that spangled my tragedy, and of which I gave just now a really inadequate specimen, fell before his pencil as though it had been a scythe. "What's the use of a lot of phrases when I'm going to write the whole thing over again?" I suffered, but I said nothing. It was Dutrou.

Why, even my *dénouement* found no favour in his eyes. A *dénouement* which, I venture to say, was terrible, audacious, and new. For, in despair at finding that the king (el Rey), sacrificing Ines to paltry political considerations, was giving her in marriage to the prince, my shepherd penetrated, masked, (!) into the Palace of the Escorial, and, reaching the chamber of her whom he loved, and by whom he was beloved, after a scene of sombre energy and tumultuous emotion, asphyxiated himself and her by means of the *brasero*. Here, it must be allowed, was a potent effect of local colour. And yet for this perfectly original means of death—so new as to be even now unpublished—my colleague wished to substitute poniard, or poison, as more dignified. *Perruque!* Ah, if he had not been Dutrou, he would have felt my fists! But even with arguments appealing to reason alone, my defence of my point was so vigorous that in the end I gained my cause. I proved to him, as clear as day, that asphyxia by the *brasero*, being a death of which the phenomena were little known, whether in the world or on the stage, presented great resources to the tragedian, and a horizon without limits to the poet. Upon this he surrendered. When we left the infirmary, our scenes were all planned. Nothing remained but for the poet to finish his work, and he finished it with so much despatch, that a month afterwards he gave it me to read.

It was superb!—superb! There was but one cry to that effect in the college, which formed, of course, our first public, and fought for the two or three copies we had made of our drama. I have never since witnessed a success so unanimous. Only I

observed with a joyful surprise, mingled with I know not what inexplicable chagrin, that my colleague had not abandoned my humble prose quite so completely as he had boasted. In many a place he had restored the text so slashingly suppressed, contenting himself with embroidering it with his poetic arabesques. The verse was better, if you will, more energetic, more vibrating, but the ideas were mine, and their expression mine almost word for word. This occurred in almost all my speeches. But then, why had Dutrou so contemptuously cancelled them? And why did he tell everybody who would listen that *he* had written the tragedy from beginning to end? *Written*, not *re-written*, observe.

This pretension, false in so many points, excited towards him within my breast feelings of ferocity held in check by respect for his position and by our success, which was certainly immense. Never, I repeat, was applause more unanimous. Enthusiasm spread from pupils to masters and even to menials. The porter himself, in whose debt I stood to some considerable extent, for barley-sugar, went so far as to offer to remit a part—a small part indeed, but still a part—of my account if I would make him a present of the MS. of our work with the double autograph. Mazerat alone by his coldness seemed to protest against the general enthusiasm. He had, it is true, declared once for all that he never would consent to read the poetry of Dutrou, as he followed different lines of art. But our school-fellows were only the more excited. They came at last to a decision that the eminent work should see the light of publicity. But how? Long was our microcosm tumultuous with discussion of that point. Some of us were for getting it played. But where? Others were for having it printed. But by whom? One of the foremost made a proposal which at first gained all suffrages. It was that the cost of printing should be covered by a subscription from the members of our class only. When, however, the requisite sum was known, the class passed quickly to the consideration of other

projects. At last some one hit upon a solution adopted with acclamations. It was resolved to send the tragedy to Victor Hugo, then exiled at Guernsey, and to ask his advice.

At that time, this was the course generally followed by literary *débutants;* it was almost an obligation to do as we decided to do. We were under the Empire, and our action was not only a homage to an illustrious author, but a demonstration of opposition to a detested government; we were about fifteen, and at that age one does detest the government. And with what pains we drew up the letter which was to accompany the MS.! And the address! Why, that address—the simple address on the envelope, what meditation it cost us! We wished it to strike the master without exciting the police. Under a laconic and unobtrusive form it was to conceal and to imply a world of thoughts; accusation against power, sympathy for the exile, admiration for the poet.

I know not whether the superscription upon which at last we fixed expressed all this; but certainly it was neither long nor commonplace. It consisted of three words and a note of exclamation:

"*Victor Hugo,*
Océan!"

That was all.

Well, it reached him! Nay, he even replied, the poor great man! His letter, as far as I remember, did not differ sensibly from some hundreds of others which he was compelled to send to young correspondents from the four corners of the world: "You are the future, I am the past; you are coming, I am departing; you are passing into the light, I am going out into the shadow," &c., &c. Never mind; when we got it, our joy was immense, and that of our comrades can hardly be described. I will say no more than that at recreation after the event, Dutrou—always Dutrou—was obliged to get up on a bench and read aloud the famous despatch: "You are the future, I am," &c.—you know

the way of it. And he had to repeat it, to frenzied applause. After which the oldest pupil got upon the bench in his turn and made a speech. That was indeed glory, glory *in camera*, but glory all the same. Yes! Only our difficulties remained, for the letter, gratifying rather than practical, did not even make an allusion to the advice which had been requested. It told us nothing as to what we should do with the MS., which threatened to remain as it was. But we *could* not dwell upon this. We had an autograph of Victor Hugo, addressed to ourselves! What more could be dreamed of? It went the round of the school, that adorable autograph, which was an object for us of so much pride, for others perhaps of some envy, and the pretext among a few for a little dissipation. It was under this suspicion that Mazerat tried to stop its circulation and even to confiscate it, but he was obliged to restore it by the indignant protests of the whole class that was honoured in the persons of the authors. Finally we drew lots for it, my colleague and I. And of course he won.

Meanwhile, time was passing. The period of the *baccalauréat* examination arrived. We both left college for that important event. He passed; so did I. Life took hold of us both, put us apart, and I thought no more of Dutrou or the MS., or of Ines or of the *brasero*.

EDOUARD PAILLERON.

Les Lettres et les Arts.

London Pride.

TWO million women in one place—
The city's citadels of grace!
My London, this shall be thy pride,
That these within thy bounds abide.

All Sodom showed not ten just men:
And women counted with the ten!
But, since Lot's wife made that white halt,
Women have been the whole world's salt.

My London, all thy homage pay
To woman on her winning way;
Thy shops be filled with her own things—
The best of all, bright wedding rings!

Ye sculptors stoop and take the dust
To make the clay to mould her bust:
And painters vie, with painter's tricks,
The palette of her cheek to mix!

What were the pleasant park and street,
Without the women that we meet?
I know them not as they pass near,
Yet every one is passing dear.

But London—London loved so well—
Be thou eternally a hell
To him who sees no Spirit brood
Over this World of Womanhood!

JOHN OLDCASTLE.

Gesta Romanorum; or, The Pulpit of Merry England.

OF OVER-REACHING AND CONSPIRACY, AND OF CAUTION OPPOSED TO THEM.

JUSTIN records that the Lacedæmonians conspired against their king and, prevailing, banished him. It happened that a king of the Persians plotted the destruction of the same state, and prepared to besiege Lacedæmon with a large army. The exile, though smarting beneath the wrongs accumulated on him by his own subjects, could not but love his native land. Having ascertained, therefore, the hostile designs of the Persian monarch against the Lacedæmonians, he reflected by what means he might securely forewarn them of the impending danger. Accordingly, taking up his tablets, he communicated his discovery, and explained how they might best resist and defeat their enemies.

When he had written, he enveloped the whole in wax, and finding a trustworthy messenger, despatched him to the insurgent nobles. On inspection of the tablets, no writing could be distinguished; for the entire surface of the wax discovered not the slightest impression. This naturally gave rise to much discussion, and each delivered his opinion as to the intent and further disposal of the tablets. But the mystery none of them could unravel. Now it chanced that a sister of the Lacedæmonian king, understanding their perplexity, requested permission to inspect them. Her desire was granted; she began a minute investigation, and, assisted by that peculiar

shrewdness which women frequently display in emergencies, raised the wax, and a portion of the writing became manifest. She had now a clue, and proceeding in her work, gradually removed the waxen covering and exhibited the legend at full. The nobles of the council thus forewarned rejoiced exceedingly; took the necessary steps, and secured themselves against the menaced siege.

My beloved, the king is Christ, Who is banished, by human depravity, from His right. Nevertheless, He so loved us, as to contrive a means of freeing us from the attacks of our enemy the devil.

OF WORLDLY FEAR.

Augustine tells us that when the Egytians formerly deified Isis and Serapis they proceeded in this manner: First, they made a law that whosoever declared them to be mortal, or so much as expressed a doubt relative to their birth, should be put to an ignominious death. Then they erected two images; and, that the aforesaid law should be strictly observed, they placed near them, in every temple dedicated to their honour, another of diminutive form, having a fore-finger laid upon its lips—to indicate that silence was indispensably required of those who entered their temples. In this way they endeavoured to repress the promulgation of truth.

My beloved, these Egyptians are all worldly-minded men, who would deify and worship their vices, while they sedulously hide truth from the heart. The smaller image, is *Fear of the world*, which is ever instrumental in the suppression of truth.

OF SPIRITUAL MEDICINE.

Saint Augustine relates that an ancient custom formerly prevailed, in compliance with which emperors, after death, were laid upon a funeral pile and burnt, and their ashes deposited in an urn. But it happened that one of them died, whose heart resisted the impression of fire. This circumstance created the utmost astonishment, and all the rhetoricians, and other wise men of every province, were summoned to one place. The question was then proposed to them, and they thus answered: "The Emperor died intoxicated, and through the influence of a latent poison his heart cannot be consumed." When this was understood, they drew the heart from the fire, and covered it with *theriaque*, and immediately the poison was expelled. The heart, being returned to the flames, was soon reduced to ashes.

My beloved, men are thus in a spiritual sense. The heart is poisoned, and then the fire of the Holy Ghost will not touch it. The *theriaque* is repentance, which removes all transgressions.

OF INGRATITUDE.

A certain noble lady suffered many injuries from a tyrannical king, who laid waste her domains. When the particulars were communicated to her, her tears flowed fast, and her heart was oppressed with bitterness. It happened that a pilgrim visited her, and remained for some time. Observing the poverty to which she had been reduced, and feeling compassion for her distresses, he offered to make war in her defence; on condition that, if he fell in battle, his staff and scrip should be retained in her private chamber as a memorial of his valour and of her gratitude. She faithfully promised compliance with his wishes; and the

pilgrim, hastening to attack the tyrant, obtained a splendid victory.

But in the heat of the contest, he was transfixed by an arrow, which occasioned his death. The lady, aware of this, did as she promised: the staff and scrip were suspended in her chamber. Now, when it was known that she had recovered all her lost possessions, three kings made large preparations to ask, and, as they hoped, incline her to become the wife of one of them. The lady, forewarned of the intended honour, adorned herself with great care, and walked forth to meet them. They were received according to their dignity; and whilst they remained with her, she fell into some perplexity, and said to herself, "If these three kings enter my chamber, it will disgrace me to suffer the pilgrim's staff and scrip to remain there." She commanded them to be taken away; and thus forgot her vows, and plainly evinced her ingratitude.

My beloved, the lady is the human soul, and the tyrant is the devil, who spoils us of our heavenly inheritance. The pilgrim is Christ, who fights for and redeems us; but, forgetful of His services, we receive the devil, the world, and the flesh, into the chamber of our souls, and put away the memorials of our Saviour's love.

OF JUST RECOMPENSE.

A very rich and powerful emperor had an only daughter of uncommon beauty. She was consigned to the care of five soldiers, who were commanded to be constantly in arms; and every day a stated sum was paid them out of the king's treasury. This emperor had a seneschal whom he greatly favoured; and a valuable but ferocious dog, which it was necessary to confine with triple chains. It happened that as the emperor lay in bed, he

formed a resolution to proceed to the Holy Land; and in the morning, when he arose, he sent for the seneschal and said, "I am about to undertake an expedition to Palestine; to your vigilance I commit my only daughter with the soldiers of her guard. The dog, likewise, which I specially value, I entrust to your care; and, on pain of instant death, let there be no deficiency in attendance upon my daughter. You shall supply the soldiers with all that they require; but observe that the dog is securely chained, and fed sparingly so that his ferocity may abate."

The seneschal approved of all the emperor's injunctions, and promised to faithfully comply with them; instead of which he acted in direct opposition. The dog was fed with the most unsuitable food, and not guarded as he ought to have been. He diminished the comforts, and even denied the necessaries of life to the lady. He robbed the soldiers of their pay, who, being needy and unemployed, roamed over the country in great distress. As for the poor girl, forsaken and destitute, she passed from her chamber into the court-yard of the hall which she occupied, and, seating herself upon the pavement, gave free course to her sorrows. Now the dog, whose savage nature improper aliment had augmented, burst, by a sudden and violent movement, from the bonds that enchained him, and tore her limb from limb. When this afflicting circumstance was known in the kingdom, it excited universal regret. Messengers were immediately despatched to the emperor, who hastened his return with all possible expedition. The seneschal was summoned before him, and asked categorically why the lady was unprovided for, the soldiers unpaid, and the dog improperly fed, contrary to his express command. But the man was unable to answer, and offered not the least excuse. The torturers, therefore, were called in; he was bound hand and foot, and thrown into a red-hot furnace. The emperor's decree gave satisfaction to the whole empire.

My beloved, the emperor is our Lord Jesus Christ; the fair daughter is the human soul; the five soldiers are the five senses, and the dog is carnal affection, which disturb and slay the spirit. The triple chain is love to God—the fear of offending Him, and shame when we have done so. The seneschal is any man to whom the care of the senses, and the guardianship of the soul is committed.

OF CORRUPT JUDGMENT.

An emperor established a law that every judge convicted of a partial administration of justice, should undergo the severest penalties. It happened that a certain judge, bribed by a large sum, gave a notoriously corrupt decision. This circumstance reaching the ears of the emperor, he commanded him to be flayed. The sentence was immediately executed, and the skin of the culprit nailed upon the seat of judgment, as an awful warning to others to avoid a similar offence. The emperor afterwards bestowed the same dignity upon the son of the deceased judge, and on presenting the appointment, said—"Thou wilt sit to administer justice upon the skin of thy delinquent sire: should any one incite thee to do evil, remember his fate; look down upon the coverture of the judgment-seat; there thou wilt find matter to uphold thy falling virtue, and prevent the commission of an unjust act."

My beloved, the emperor is Christ; the unjust judge is any evil man, who ought to be excoriated—that is, stripped of all bad dispositions and humours. The skin nailed to the seat of judgment is Christ's Passion, which is a memorial to us of what our conduct should be.

OF OFFENCE AND JUDGMENT.

A certain king determined on the occasion of some victory to appoint three especial honours, and an equal number of disagreeable accompaniments. The first of the honours was, that the people should meet the conqueror with acclamations and every other testimony of pleasure. The second, that all the captives, bound hand and foot, should attend the victor's chariot. The third honour was, that, enwrapped in the mantle of Jupiter, he should sit upon a triumphal car, drawn by four white horses, and be thus brought to the capital.

But lest these exalted rewards should swell the heart, and make the favourite of fortune forget his birth and mortal character, three grievances were attached to them. First, a slave sat on his right hand in the chariot—which served to hint that poverty and unmerited degradation were no bars to the subsequent attainment of the highest dignities. The second grievance was, that the slave should inflict upon him several severe blows, to abate the haughtiness which the applause of his countrymen might tend to excite—at the same time saying to him in Greek, "Γνωθε σεαυτον," that is, *Know thyself*, and permit not thy exaltation to render thee proud. The third grievance was, that free licence was given, upon that day of triumph, to utter the most galling reproaches, and the most cutting sarcasms.

My beloved, the emperor is Our Heavenly Father, and the conqueror, Our Lord Jesus Christ, Who has obtained a glorious victory over sin. The first honour typifies His entry into Jerusalem, when the people shouted, "Hosanna to the son of David." The second, those enslaved by sin. The third, Christ's divinity. The four white horses are the four Evangelists. The slave is the worst of the two robbers crucified with Our Lord. The second grievance is the scourging He received; and the third, the indignities with which he was overwhelmed.

OF HANGING.

Valerius tells us, that a man named Paletinus one day burst into a flood of tears; and, calling his son and his neighbours around him, said, "Alas! alas! I have now growing in my garden a fatal tree, on which my first poor wife hung herself, then my second, and after that my third. Have I not therefore cause for the wretchedness I exhibit?" "Truly," said one who was called Arrius, "I marvel that you should weep at such an unusual instance of good fortune! Give me, I pray you, two or three sprigs of that gentle tree, which I will divide with my neighbours, and thereby afford every man an opportunity of indulging the laudable wishes of his spouse." Paletinus complied with his friend's request; and ever after found this remarkable tree the most productive part of his estate.

My beloved, the tree is the cross of Christ. The man's three wives are, pride, lust of the heart, and lust of the eyes, which ought to be thus suspended and destroyed. He who solicited a part of the tree is any good Christian.

OF CONSIDERATION OF LIFE.

We read that Alexander the Great was the disciple of Aristotle, from whose instructions he derived the greatest advantage. Amongst other important matters, he inquired of his master what would profit himself, and at the same time be serviceable to others. Aristotle answered, "My son, hear with attention; and if you retain my counsel, you will arrive at the greatest honours. There are seven distinct points to be regarded. First, that you do not overcharge the balance. Secondly, that you do not feed a fire with the sword. Thirdly, carp not at the crown; nor, Fourthly,

eat the heart of a little bird. Fifthly, when you have once begun a proper undertaking, never turn from it. Sixthly, walk not in the high road; and Seventhly, do not allow a prating swallow to possess your eaves." The King carefully considered the meaning of these enigmatical directions; and observing them, experienced their utility in his subsequent life.

My beloved, the balance is human life; do not overcharge it, but weigh everything accurately, and deliberate upon what you do. As in the fable, a vulture, swooping upon her prey, struck it with her talons. After it was killed, she first endeavoured to carry off the whole; but, finding this beyond her power, she tore off as much as she could fly away with, and left the remainder behind. "Do not feed a fire with the sword,"—that is, provoke not anger with sharp words. "Carp not at the crown,"—that is, respect the established laws. "Eat not the heart of a little bird," which, being weak and timid, becomes not the condition of a Christian man. "When you have begun a fitting design, do not turn from it,"—and especially, having begun repentance, persevere to the end. A viper, wishing to espouse a kind of eel called the lamprey, was rejected by the latter, because of the poison it conveyed. The viper, determining to carry its object, retired to a secret place and cast up the venom; but after the nuptials were solemnised, went back to the place where the virus was deposited, and resumed the whole. In like manner do sinners. They are awhile penitent, but soon return to their vomit—that is, to their sins. "Walk not by the high road,"—which is the road of death. "Permit not a prating swallow to possess your eaves,"—that is, suffer not sin to dwell upon thy heart.

OF THE COURSE OF HUMAN LIFE.

We are told of a certain King who, beyond all other things,

wished to make himself acquainted with the nature of man. Now, in a remote part of his kingdom, there dwelt a famous philosopher, by whose great science many surprising mysteries were expounded. When the King heard of his celebrity, he despatched a messenger to him to command his immediate appearance at court.

The philosopher willingly complied with the King's wish, and began his journey. On reaching the palace, the royal inquirer thus addressed him: "Master, I have heard much of your extraordinary wisdom, and profound research into natural phenomena. I would myself bear testimony to the truth of the general report. In the first place, tell me what is man?" The philosopher answered, "Man is a wretched thing. Look upon him at his birth; he is poor and powerless. In the middle period of his life, you will find the world attacking him, narrowing his comforts, and contributing to the eternal reprobation of his soul. If you review the end, you will mark the earth opening to receive him—it closes, and he is gone! And then, oh King! what becomes of the pomp of your regal establishment—of the pride of your worldly glory?"

"Master," said the King, "I will ask you four questions; and if you answer them well and wisely, I will elevate you to wealth and honour. My first demand is, What is man? My second, What is he like? The third, Where he is? and the fourth, With whom he is associated?"

The philosopher replied: "At your first question, my lord, I cannot but laugh. You ask, 'What is man?' Why, what is he but the slave of death—the guest of a day—a traveller hastily journeying to a distant land? He is a slave, because he is subject to the bonds of the tomb; death fetters him, sweeps off from the scene even the memorials of his name, and causes his days to drop away like the leaves in autumn. But, according to his desert, will he be rewarded or punished. Again, man is the 'guest of a day,' for he lingers a few short hours, and then

oblivion covers him as with a garment. He is also a 'traveller journeying to a distant land.' He passes on, sleepless and watchful, with scarce a moment given him to snatch the means of subsistence, and discharge the relative duties of his station. Death hurries him away. How much, therefore, are we called upon to provide every requisite for the journey—the virtues which beseem and support the Christian. To your second question, 'What man is like?' I answer, that he resembles a sheet of ice, which the heat of noon certainly and rapidly dissolves. Thus man, mixed up of gross and elementary particles, by the fervour of his own infirmities, quickly falls into corruption. Moreover, he is like an apple hanging upon its parent stem. The exterior is fair, and promises a rich maturity—but there is a worm preying silently within: ere long it drops to the earth, perforated and rotten at the core. Whence, then, arises human pride?

The third query is, 'Where is man?' I reply, in a state of multifarious war, for he has to contend against the world, the flesh, and the devil. Your fourth demand was, 'With whom is he associated?' With seven troublesome companions, which continually beset and torment him. These are, hunger, thirst, heat, cold, weariness, infirmity, and death. Arm, therefore, the soul against the devil, the world, and the flesh, whose wars are divers seductive temptations. Various preparations are needful for an effectual resistance. The flesh tempts us with voluptuousness; the world, by the gratifications of vanity—and the devil, by the suggestions of pride. If, then, the flesh tempt thee, remember, that though the day and the hour be unknown, it must soon return into its primitive dust. If the vanity of the world allure thee, reflect upon its ingratitude, and thou wilt be little desirous of becoming bound to it. And though thou should'st dedicate thy whole life to its service, it will permit thee to carry off nothing but thy sins. This may be exemplified by the fable of the partridge. A partridge, anxious for the safety of her young, on the approach of a sportsman, ran before him,

feigning herself wounded, in order to draw him from her nest. The sportsman, crediting this appearance, eagerly followed. But she lured him on until he had entirely lost sight of the nest, and then rapidly flew away. Thus the sportsman, deceived by the bird's artifice, obtained only his labour for his pains.

So it is with the world. The sportsman who approaches the nest, is the good Christian, who acquires food and clothing by the sweat of his brow. The world calls, and holds out the temptation which his frailty cannot resist. She tells him that if he will follow her, he will attain the desire of his heart. Thus he is gradually removed from the love of God and from works of goodness. Death comes and bears on his pale steed the deceived and miserable bankrupt. See how the world rewards its votaries!

In the third place, if the devil tempt thee, remember Christ's sorrows and sufferings—a thought which pride cannot surely resist. "Put on," says the Apostle, "the whole armour of God, that ye may stand fast." Solinus tells us (speaking of the wonders of the world) that Alexander had a certain horse—Bucephalus. When this animal was armed, and prepared for battle, he would permit no one but Alexander to mount; and if another attempted it, he presently threw him. But in the trappings of peace, he made no resistance, mount him who would. Thus a man, armed by the Passion of Our Lord, receives none into his heart but God; and if the temptations of the devil strive to sit there, they are cast violently down.

MR. EDMUND RANDOLPH.

MERRY ENGLAND

JULY, 1886

A Novelist of the Day.

A NOVEL need not be a trivial form; but a novel which satirizes the small things of daily life—which satirizes them with an initial motive of a large kind indeed, but with an interested, lingering, delighted entanglement in details—is a trivial form. Such a novel may deal with large questions, with the puzzles of sociology, with occult science; it may reveal that now rare form of imagination—the romantic—which ranges among outward rather than inward things. Nevertheless, it stands committed to its own frivolities, to its feminine love of actualities and its boyish love of frolic.

Such a novel is Mr. Edmund Randolph's "Mostly Fools." He will, doubtless, be disappointed and rather surprised to find that readers will dwell upon his humour, and remember his wit, and quote his malevolence (he is a peculiarly keen hater), and will keep a not disrespectful but certainly not appreciative silence as to his social science. The fact is that he appeals to the trivial majority by the trivial form he has chosen, and by certain inconsistent and inveterate trivialities in his own mind. He is often familiar with the public when he should be only intimate with them; and some of them—the least important part of the public, it is true, but also the majority—will not repay familiarity with reverence.

For our own part, we have several things for which it needs all our pleasure in Mr. Randolph's wit, and all our interest in his imagination, to get our indulgence. One of these is the wild and wilful lack of unity in the hero's character, another is the disproportion of parts, and another the manner in which the author insists upon his own caricatures. He seems to demand that what he must needs have written in a kind of rollicking rage shall be taken by his reader literally, and discussed with gravity

This is the plan of the book. The hero, Roland Tudor, and his friend, Warburton Brabant, the only men whose lives are followed up to the close, start at a Catholic Public School together. The second is a fragile, speculative creature, who comes to be a kind of glorified literary hack—poet, novelist, and leader writer; who drifts into marriage with a most improbable wretch—we will not commit ourselves to her impossibility—and who dies of her vulgarity, her dresses, her boisterousness and elbowing, and her demoniac temper. Roland Tudor starts as simply a wholesome blond boy, like another, and ends by heading the enormous movement of the new democracy on the soil of the New World, leading South America against the North, and overwhelming the armies of the United States by letting the Atlantic Ocean upon them on the battle plain of Panama. Between his beginning and his end, he goes into the army, sits in Parliament, to no very marked purpose, falls in love, and generally developes in an average manner. The heroine of the story is one Sibyl Grey (whose name Mr. Randolph persistently spells Sybil), a young woman who at nineteen has very definite views on furniture and the minor arts, and gets her gloves made to measure, and who in later life runs her course as a fashionable beauty, is converted to the Catholic religion, and renounces her love and her plighted troth in obedience to an imperative vocation to the cloister. The abruptness of these life stories, thus sketched, is hardly mitigated in the book.

Details are filled in, indeed, but they hardly graduate, or soften, or blend, or unfold; they are details of pauses rather than of events. Some of Mr. Randolph's purposes are expressed in his events, others in his details. The potentialities of the Southern Continent of the Western Hemisphere, the organization of the democratic, vigorous overflow of the European populations into a quasi-socialistic empire under a despotic military head in South America, and the ordination of abnormal and occult forces of nature and the mind under scientific and certain law, are among his larger ideas. His lesser purposes are to denounce the low standard of Catholic studies, the vagueness and ineffectualness of Catholic lives, the lack of virility in public matters, and the want of all experience of collective action, which keep Catholic laymen in the holes and corners of the Commonwealth, while as regards "society"—the world—they love to walk in the sun. A smaller purpose—one, however, which takes up very much of the space in "Mostly Fools"—is the denunciation of the ugliness of modern life and modern people, and of the perfect stupidity, for the most part, of the modern way of decorating that ugliness. Mr. Randolph suffers from the apathy of laymen, and from a kind of ruffianly vanity which he seems to have observed in women, and from shop-window jewellery, and from the sham stained-glass and nursery-rhyme decorations with which furnished houses are found to be decorated. He suffers sensitively, with a certain disproportion, as readers will be apt to think. Nevertheless, we believe that his complaints may be found to form one body of protest. But, as we have said, the trivial form of his book, and its emphatic, trivial working-up, will not attract readers to give his complaints a quite corporate meaning, or rather the right kind of reader will not be attracted to do the right kind of intelligent reading.

Mr. Randolph begins, of course, with his protest against the Catholic Public School: That it nurses no spirit of citizenship, that it gives to no boy's mind the impetus which would carry

him on a career (an impetus which an effectual man should certainly get in boyhood), that it flatters small attainments and mediocrities of all sorts, and that its pupils devote themselves in after-life to their nieces, or to discovering a hundred and nineteen several ways of saying the "Salve Regina," or to church decoration, or to "going to the bad" rather more conspicuously than other men. Men who take their lives at this valuation are, Mr. Randolph believes, and we believe with him, the kind of laymen who will allow Catholicism to be identified nationally with clericalism, as, to be frank, has been the case with a generation of Italian laymen who were brought up in priests' schools. But the Catholics of England may be held less excusable, inasmuch as they are citizens of no mean city, whereas the Italian of the café was a citizen of a city mean indeed among States—divided, with activities so paralyzed that it offered nothing worth doing except the tilling of the soil.

If Mr. Randolph has grievously overcharged his complaint of Catholic deficiences, he will plead that, working by way of caricature, he has great excuse for this. His exaggeration has, doubtless, the right impetus as to direction. Whether this is also the case when he tells us that "there was a fine, broad savagery in the school punishments that would have done credit to a mediæval inquisition;" that there were penances of kneeling on the cold stone and of deprivation of play-time for days together, and that the food was so bad that delicate boys bore throughout their lives the results of the hardship—many will deny. And undoubtedly Mr. Randolph's caricature is not in the right direction when he makes the very banal and unverified remark that "the women who want the suffrage are all old and ugly, dowdy and ill-dressed." Anyone who has, from either curiosity or interest, heard suffrage-women speak, must, as a fact, have pleasant, and perhaps very dear, memories of one tender face and exquisite voice, of a light and bright young prettiness

and of the frank and intelligent beauty of a third lady,* all visible on platforms,—feminine, but as brave as Britomart.

And this brings us to the rest of our author's social satires. Banality is by no means his habitual fault. He does not say things because some one else has said them—and his merit in this respect is one which is so rare and so good that we place it higher among literary qualities than we will dare to say. His work has always the note of experience; even if it seems now and then to be but the experience of an evil dream, it is experience, and it is his own dream—not another man's. And surely the Squeed family are the vision of a feverish night. Or, at least, they are so abnormal that it is not quite fitting to introduce them into a novel of satire. Abnormal persons—monsters like Dickens's Quilp, for instance—are quite legitimate subjects for literature, but have nothing to do with a satire on manners. They are unique, and their character is to be singular; whereas, the satirist is concerned, not with units, but with specimens. Perhaps Mr. Randolph will reply that he has, as a fact, presented the Squeeds, mother and daughters, including the ferocious worldling who marries Warburton Brabant, as fair specimens of vulgar-minded women—allowing, of course, for the frolics of caricature; and to such frolics a wise critic is always glad to give free play. He may assert that there is a whole class of women who have massive purpose, impetuous energy, vigilant forethought, self-reliance, and who bring all these qualities to bear upon aims grotesque in their vanity and gross in their vulgarity; and that Mrs. Warburton Brabant, who is such a woman in the heroic degree, is a specimen, and therefore fit for a novel of satire. Nevertheless, it is our happy lot, and, we may suppose, the happy lot of most people, never to have met any women who have shown even the

* Mrs. L., Mrs. A. D., Miss C.—to give their names would be a freedom We may hope that those only who have a right to love them will recognise them.

beginning, the possibilities, the suggestions of this poet's abominable bride.

On the other hand, Major Lickpenny, uncle and guardian to his Catholic nephew Roland, will be allowed to be a specimen, and the officers of Roland's regiment are, unfortunately, specimens also. The venerable Major Lickpenny, awakened, blue and shaky, from his sleep on his visit to the Catholic College, by the "Benedicamus Domino" and the bell of a stern lay brother—"Oh! blank you, blank you, blank you, come in!" gibbers the Major; Major Lickpenny charged with a banner in the procession; Major Lickpenny at his club; Major Lickpenny alluding bitterly to his "few hundreds," "as though they were a sort of curse in themselves;" Major Lickpenny among the feminine relics of a well-spent life—is always genuine, grotesque, and right satire.

So are the annals of the Catholic Centre, presided over by a Prince of the Royal blood, at whose conversion a storm, part triumph, part execration, sweeps over the country. "A leading publication of the Church in England hinted that there were times when the goodness of God really exceeded belief." When, in the later years of the story, the new democracy, finding no direction in the Church of the people, and no popular layman of the Catholic creed, rises against that Church, as against the other powers, and slays a Bishop and wrecks the convents, the Catholic Centre convenes a meeting.

"His Royal Highness the old Duke had some time since departed to his Royal forefathers, and, as a matter of course, the important post of president and leader of the body, had fallen to his son, a boy of fifteen, who accordingly took the chair. The proceedings were exceedingly brief. The Chairman, in opening, said that his experience, perhaps, was not great (No, no); but he felt a conviction that the time they had so long waited for, the time, in fact, for *action* had dawned at length. He thought it an awful pity to allow their bishops to be murdered, and their

churches burned over their heads, as had been unfortunately the case last week. Not being able to recollect anything more to say, he sat down. A venerable member here rose, who said that, while entirely agreeing with H.R.H., he must remark that these matters certainly did not come within the 'scope' of the Association. A serious discussion ensued, and honourable members being unable to come to an agreement on this delicate point, the majority left the meeting. The party of action, thereupon finding the field clear, and having it all their own way, passed a unanimous resolution, 'That a *Formal Protest* be drawn up, illuminated on vellum, solemnly blessed and presented to the leaders of the rebellion;' and the meeting, which, as it proved, was the last held by this august body, broke up in a state of self-gratulation even more intense than usual. . . . The insurgent leaders, being unversed in gothic characters, were unable to read the document."

Genuine caricature is also the story of the foundation of the University at Brompton:—

"The founder was no man for half measures. He had brought over, at his own cost, the Arch of Pudentianus, from Italy, and this he had put up as a gateway; re-laying the foundation-stone with enormous ceremony. . . . When the buildings were finished, he had the entire front stained with powerful acids, to give them the look of venerable age; and, with his own hand, he had taken a workman's hammer, and knocked off a few odd mouldings and projections of sculpture to enhance the effect. Never was such an opening-day since the departure of the Ages of Faith; and the incense poured so thickly out of the windows on the occasion, that the police rushed in, and the fire brigade arrived in the midst of the ceremony.

"But a crisis attended the birth of the institution, which well-nigh proved fatal.

"A daily dole for the poor had been instituted; the noble founder saying he was not going to have any rot about it, he meant to show this stinking nineteenth century (I regret to have to quote his actual words), with its brutal infidelity, what was

what. Every poor person who applied at a certain hour was to receive, without question, an alms, with bread and cheese and ale.

"Now at this period, enormous efforts had been made by the city authorities, by charity organization societies, and private enterprise, to check the rise of London pauperism, and after many years these efforts were beginning to bear fruit, when this new essay almost defeated them.

"The first day the dole was opened, twenty-seven people received it; the second day, 109; the third day, 534. At the end of the week, the number had risen to 4000; at the end of a fortnight, it was calculated that 15,000 applied during the day. It was impossible, in spite of all efforts, to assist one-half of these; and the most desperate street-fighting took place in consequence round the arch. Traffic became impracticable, people were half trampled to death; the military were called out, and the Riot Act was read.

"Unfortunately, Parliament was not sitting; the Prime Minister was yachting, and the afflicted piece of ground lay in two parishes. The case was one of insurmountable difficulty.

"On the Monday of the third week (there was no Sunday dole), the scene baffled description; it was calculated that at least 50,000 people were collected round and about the building, blocking every exit and entrance. The giver of these dire gifts was in the house, and a deputation of the authorities and of his private friends waited upon him, to beg him to withdraw the dole, at least for the present.

"But a founder is a founder at the best of times, and this gentleman was no less. He dismissed the party very shortly, . . . and he forthwith walked down to the gate, where he harangued the people.

"He said the whole thing did his heart good, and was well worthy of the Isle of Saints, as he hoped to see England again become. He implored them, one and all, to lay their troubles on the bosom of Mother Church; there was room for all; and then he went in among the crowd, and began to distribute half-sovereigns instead of sixpences from his waistcoat pocket.

"He barely lived to tell the tale. All went merrily till the

pocket gave out, when a terrific rush was made upon the building. . . .

"The cavalry, who had been kept in readiness hard by in expectation of trouble, charged again and again with the flat of their sabres, and at length succeeded in breaking up the mob and driving it down adjacent streets, where it was more easily dealt with; but not before the archway and dole-house had been destroyed, the woodwork torn from the chapel piled around them and set on fire, and the remainder of the collegiate buildings gutted.

"A list of 150 killed and wounded was the record of the day's doings, and everybody thought it very moderate, including the pious founder, who was discovered, more dead than alive, in a private shrine, which he had fortunately erected for his own use in a secluded part of the building. And he was perfectly unchanged. 'If,' he remarked, 'a man couldn't take a little breeze of this sort when Providence decreed it, his religion was a farce.'"

Also, there is very good fun of a milder kind in the description of the house taken by the Brabants in Upper Snook Street, while Mr. Randolph's wit sparkles here and there throughout the book in sentences and half sentences that might make a pretty posy of quotations.

In the close of this extraordinary novel, the events are so large as to baffle us. We have hinted at them, but we cannot compress them, in as much as the author has himself compressed them with a vigour and will which displays a very curious power of narrative. And Mr. Randolph's faculty of description—description with a spirit in it—is proved by a very beautiful passage of early morning sea-coast scenery in the first volume, a description which affects the reader somewhat as an experience. And there are many other and more intimate points of sympathy between author and reader in this novel—a novel which will be eagerly read, keenly enjoyed, and hotly discussed.

FRANCIS PHILLIMORE.

The Retort Courteous.

"FREEDOM'S a farce—effect without a cause;
Matter is all, and all obey its laws;
Both thought and will deposits of the brain,
As true to law as is the fall of rain."

So be it, friend; but then my brain, alas!
Deposits simply that you are an ass.
Is mine a false deposit? Or are you
The only man whose cerebration's true?

T. E. BRIDGETT, C.SS.R.

The Neglect of Architecture.

HAVING now pointed out some of the shortcomings of society towards themselves and towards architecture, let us see if *we* have been true to ourselves and our art, or if *we* have any shortcomings.

At the Renaissance, architects studied Vitruvius and the Roman remains, as the poets studied Roman poetry; as the lawyers studied the institutes of Justinian; as the naturalists studied Pliny; as the soldiers studied Polybius; the doctors Galen; and the historians Livy and Tacitus. Probably every class got advanced notions from their studies, but most of them did not remain satisfied with their mastery of Roman knowledge. Though this sudden acquisition helped them rapidly up some rounds of the ladder of knowledge, it did not land them at the top, even supposing this ladder has a top. When they had learnt all the Romans knew they then tried by thought, experiment and reflection to get on further. I do not care to take my illustrations from the art of killing, but the old popular ditty says truly—

"These heroes of antiquity ne'er knew a cannon ball."

We know by what observation, experiment and reflection Harvey found out the circulation of the blood, and C. Bell the reflex action of the nerves. But the architects were satisfied with Roman knowledge. They neither asked nor tried to go any farther, at any rate not till the last century, when they gave up paraphrasing Roman to paraphrase Greek; and, though this was to advance enormously in art it was to retrograde in construction; in this century we have taken to paraphrase

Romanesque and Mediæval. This attitude is fatal to progress. If people thought or cared about architecture, it would raise a smile in a manufacturer, who has just replaced his machinery with the last new invention, to hear his architect proposing to him a style that was dead 200 or 2,000 years ago.

If the rest of the world had done like us we should still use armour, and bows and arrows; the sun would still go round the earth; nature would still abhor a vacuum. Architects seem to me to be quite equal to their school-fellows, who have become engineers, mechanicians, chemists, soldiers, or doctors, who properly pride themselves on having advanced their several arts, while architects and schoolmasters alone seem to have the peculiar faculty of standing still. I do not believe there is an architect in the room who does not think that he could design as elegant a moulding as the Greeks if he took the trouble they did. He knows he can draw a better one than the Mediævals ever did; but it probably never occurred to him to try and make a good set of mouldings of his own, effective—and, mind you, Viollet le Duc says *Mouldings are Architecture.*

No merchant or manufacturer has searched and thought more persistently about the depression of trade than I have on this problem: Why every Christian nation is without a style, or why modern Christendom is without one. I have satisfied myself that there must be a vague desire for it, the genius to embody the desire, and the cultivated lovers to appreciate and reward. If it were necessary to convince you of the absence of the first and last condition, I think I have done so.

I do not think there can be a doubt that there is a sufficient difference in our civilisation to call for a new style. The world has been revolutionised by new ideas, by new insight into Nature's laws, by man having utilised those laws for his own aid; so much so that the doings of the Jins and Marids of the Arabian Nights pale before ours (though there is one power we have not attained, we cannot build a palace of gold and silver bricks and

glaze it with cut jewels in a single night). There is a higher state of education and culture, and greater benevolence than ever before existed. Those that were slaves or serfs have now freedom, knowledge and leisure. Women take a higher position than they have ever done before, and from our investigations of Nature we have more exalted notions of the Deity.

We are, consequently, forced to ask ourselves why barbarous, semi-barbarous, and civilised nations of former days have styles that we think good enough to paraphrase and sometimes to copy, and we have not. It seems obvious that we are either wanting in invention or that we are pursuing wrong methods. One wrong method I pointed out, our prostrating ourselves in humble adoration before the works of former people, when we are perfectly aware that we could do as well or better. This frame of mind cuts at the root of all progress. If Harvey had said the Romans knew all that can be known, he would not have discovered the circulation of the blood, Galileo would not have discovered the motion of the earth, nor Newton the law of gravity, nor would Watt have perfected the steam engine. To speak of nothing else, we have a new development of concrete and pottery, new materials in the shape of cast iron, wrought iron and steel. We use these last as little as we can, and mostly hide them under forms that belonged to a different construction, instead of giving them the forms of beauty that our own taste would prescribe, and the material will admit of. Setting too aside our abandonment of geometry, which was the guiding principle of the Mediævals and Mohammedans, we architects have become changed from an organised and disciplined army into the knight errant and the warrior band. The failures and successes of an army teach every man in it, who chooses to learn, but the failure or success of the single knight who goes north gives no information to him who goes south, nor do those of the band that go east give information to those that go west, nor to the other three. Successes or failures in French Renaissance

are no guide to him who takes Norman, nor do those who take Greek benefit those who take Perpendicular. So I think until we have tried those methods now used in all the sciences and advancing arts, we are not entitled to say that we absolutely lack invention. I quote Fergusson's remarks :—

"Either we must admit that the Greeks and Italians were following some system that led them towards perfection, or else assume that during the ages of Pericles and Leo X. there was a special creation of sculptors and painters, for it was not only Pheidias and Raphael that illustrated these ages, but all the works of all the artists of these periods bear more or less the impress of that perfection which is their characteristic. But what will be even more difficult, we must admit that between the ages of Saint Louis and our Edward III., there was born in every great town of Western Europe an architect capable of designing a great cathedral, and in every village one capable of building a parish church, and that all this myriad of architects were endowed with the same modicum of genius, for all the buildings of that age, whether great or small, bear a nearly equal impress of perfection, and that this great race perished entirely in the following century: for the art of erecting such buildings was lost soon after it reached its highest point."

The system he alludes to is that a large body of the most intellectual classes had devoted themselves to an art for a long period of years, had thought on it and striven to perfect it, and that each succeeding generation had improved on the defects of its predecessor. He then proceeds to expound his plan for getting a good church in the present day.

"But," it may be asked, "how is this system to be applied to the arts of the present day?" One instance will, perhaps, suffice to explain what is meant. Suppose some church building society were determined to erect a modern English church, which should be neither Grecian nor Gothic, nor indeed any other style, but simply the best possible edifice for the performance of the

Anglican-Protestant form of worship, it would be no easy matter to procure in England a design for such an edifice, but a good premium would produce several attempts. Suppose the best chosen and carried into effect. No sooner is it built than it is easy to perceive its defects; it is too high or too low, not sufficiently lighted, or there is a glare in one part and obscurity in another; it is not adapted for hearing the voice of the ministrant, or for seeing the service; the cornices are too heavy, the ornaments inappropriate, and so on. But let the society, after having carefully noted and judged of all these imperfections, employ the same architect, or another, to build a second church, in which they will be remedied, as far as the case admits of, few can doubt that the second church will be an improvement on the first. A third might remedy many defects that still could be detected in the second; but if this mode of elimination of defects were steadily pursued through a series of say ten successive churches, without swerving to the right or the left, but steadily striving to produce the best possible church, the tenth would certainly be a very perfect building. If the same system were pursued for a century by a hundred architects, with the chance of one or two men of more than ordinary talents and taste arising among them, with our means of construction, and the information he may acquire from all preceding styles; I do not think it is difficult to see how he might easily do better than ever was done before. By the time we have built the genius and experience, not of one or two men, but of a hundred or a thousand into the walls of our church, we shall have something that no one man has done, or can do. This is, at all events, the identical system that was pursued in the middle ages; only on a scale I have not even ventured to suggest. It led to noble results, and with us might lead to far nobler ones.

The cure of all the ills under which architecture suffers is said to lie in architectural education, and in examinations to test it. I am looked on as a heretic because I cannot agree with this.

One of my schoolfellows went to Cambridge, and when I asked him what he learnt there, he said, "his whole time was taken up in trying to forget what he learnt at school; and that when he had succeeded, and was fit to learn properly, he had to leave." What I say is, that if we are wrong in our system and methods, all education that tends to keep us in the wrong path is not only useless but pernicious. I am not sure that the best education you can give an architect of the present day is not to make him learn and apply Lord Byron's lines,

> "Hereditary bondsmen know ye not,
> Who would be free himself must strike the blow."

If you could once free architects from their mental fetters, you would do more for their mental education than giving them any quantity of anything else. If you could get them to look down on Greek and Roman architecture, on that of the Barbarians who over-ran Europe, and on that of the Mediævals, they would at least stand upright, instead of grovelling as they have done for the last 300 years. I would have each man say of his design—

> "An ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own."

You may be sure of this, that if there be any dumb yearnings for architecture, its solution will not be found in any bygone style; our only chance of finding it is to grope about till something original and beautiful turns up that will take the public.

In Early Mediæval days a foliated capital was designed that took the public. It looks like something between hanks of cord tied on skewers, and a curly wig that the moth had attacked, leaving only some bunches of curls. Could anyone *a priori* have argued that any human being would admire such a thing? but the early Mediævals evidently did. I have never been able to discover any liking in the public for anything that is in heaven above or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. The only true method I can think of is for architects

to be strictly logical in their plans and construction, not to cover up their real construction in old forms; to try and give those harmonic proportions to buildings and their parts which please their own cultivated tastes. If there be any dormant taste in the public, someone will at last hit on it; and be sure that when once the unknown land is discovered, there will be no lack of cultivators to till it.

Truth is said to lie at the bottom of a well, and many believe it should be left there, so I hope that what appears to me to be the truth, and which I have told you to-night, may not be taken amiss. Being an architect, any unpleasant reflection applies as much to me as to others. My only excuse for this lecture is the hope that a longing for architecture may arise, and that we in this generation may make that one step forward in the right road that may in succeeding generations culminate in a National Architecture, as original as Gothic, as simple, pure and refined as Greek, and adorned with all the beauties and expressive qualities that sculpture, painting, mosaic and stained glass can give.

GEORGE AITCHISON.

A Glance at the Catholic Literature of Canada.

"THE literary history of Canada," says one of her most eminent writers, "is still to be written; and one cannot too much desire that it should be done; for there are many fine things to be said upon this still virgin subject. Canadian literature, the germ of which was laid in new soil, has nourished itself with new sap; it possesses its own life, its individual and original character. This young sprout, grafted upon the ancient tree of French literature, expanding beneath the genial sun of America, has already displayed both flowers and fruits, which France, sooner or later, will deign to cull."*

The writer here seizes upon the distinctive characteristic of Canadian literature—its individuality. It possesses from the very circumstances of its growth a freshness and vigour which belong in the same degree to no other department of letters. It was, in its beginning, cœval with the liberty of the country. It had its share in her struggles, it found its gradual ascension in her upward growth, and its stimulus in her very trials. It is, therefore, if one may venture on the expression, an integral part of her. Canada, without the researches of her historians, and the verses of her song-writers, would be, indeed, a desert. Were Canada as rich in fiction, as is Scotland or England, no country in the world would surpass her in historic interest. She has yet to find her Scott, but, meantime, her historians have garlanded her name with honour, and her sweet singers have sent her praises away into the pine forests, and over the broad rivers.

"*O Canada, plus beau qu'un rayon de l'aurore.*"

* *L'Abbé Casgrain, Critique Littéraire.*

There is this passionate patriotism about them, this tender, profound veneration for the past, which material prosperity has not yet had power to abate. Yet, closely as the literature of Canada is connected with her natural life, with her history, and large a share as that history has occupied, especially of late, in the attention of the various nations, her literature is not as widely known as it should be. And this is the case as well in the United States as in Europe. Comparatively few, even among reading people, are aware what a rich treat awaits them in this new domain of letters. I speak more particularly of French Canadian literature. The English-speaking Catholics of the Dominion have accomplished but little as yet. To this rule there are one or two brilliant exceptions. Of these, unquestionably the first and foremost is Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee, who occupied so high a place, likewise, in Canadian political history. That is, if he can be properly considered a Canadian at all, he whose love for Ireland inspired every song that he sang, every line that he penned. Yet no man has reflected more lustre on the land of his adoption than he upon the Dominion. Therefore, it will not be out of place to consider him for a moment at the outset of our task. While Mr. M'Gee was still alive, the London *Athenæum* said, speaking of Canada, "It has one true poet within its borders—that is, Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee. In his younger days the principle of rebellion inspired him with stately verse; let us hope that the conservative principles of his more mature years will yield many a noble song in his new country."

"All this," meaning his outward life (wrote the late Henry Giles, himself a writer of classical English, and no mean critic) "has beneath it an ever abiding, underlying principle, a well-spring ever fresh and ever sweet of glorious poetry, with its softest melody, its passion, indignant and strong, its wild and varied vehemence. How noble the strains in which he celebrates that beautiful land (Ireland) of much calamity and countless wrongs."

"Who," says Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, "has served Ireland with such fascinating genius? His poetry and his essay's touch are like the breath of spring, and revive the buoyancy and chivalry of youth. I plunge into them like a refreshing stream of 'Irish undefiled.' What other man has the subtle charm to invoke our past history and make it live before us? If *he* has not loved his mistress, Ireland, with the fidelity of a true knight, I cannot name any one who has."

I might multiply the testimonies which were so abundantly rendered to him, more particularly at the time of his tragical death, which occurred on the 7th April, 1868. The bullet of an assassin ended a life which, to Ireland and Irish interests, was of great value, and to Canada a memorable boon. But in these brief limits I shall instead take a glance at what he has accomplished in the department of literature. As a poet we have already seen him, the silver tongued, crowned by the nations with the poet's bays. His historical poems are conceded on all hands to have been his best, and truly they are marked by a rich variety. "Sebastian Cabot to his Lady," "Hannibal's Vision of the Gods of Carthage," and "The Death of Hudson," are fine specimens of his verses on general history. "The Death of King Magnus Barefoot," "The Wisdom Sellers before Charlemagne," "The Death of Art M'Murrough," "The Praise of Margaret O'Lanoll of Offally," "Queen Mary's Mercy," "After the Fight," "The Woful Winter," may be mentioned as particularly noble and inspiring, of those directly concerning his native land; while "Our Ladye of the Snow," "Verses in Honour of Marguerite Bourgeoys," and those to "Jacques Cartier," are consecrated, as it were, to the country of his adoption. However much I may say of Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee as a poet, I must yet leave much unsaid. The masculine strength and vigour of his poems, the fire and passion in them, mingle with a gentle grace of conception, and a certain harmony of expression, not always equally sustained, but perceptible in nearly all of his

finer efforts. He has the true poetic insight, the mind which beholds things other than they are in the common light of day. His "Poems of the Affections" contain to my thinking some peculiarly happy effusions. His "Requiem," written one month before his death, and thus, like Mozart's, becoming his own, is marked by a certain grandeur, softening into tenderness and pathos, a most sublime dirge for a departed soul. But as he was not only a poet, I have already lingered too long among his poems. His "History of Ireland" is perhaps the best popular history ever written. It reads like a romance. It is faithful, accurate, and yet penned under the inspiration of the poet's glowing heart. Written amid the multifarious duties of a statesman's life, it is a monument at once to his indefatigable industry, and to his love of country. As an orator, he composed speeches which possess an unrivalled charm. Those who have heard them delivered, describe with the greatest enthusiasm, the grace of diction, the animation of manner, which added so much to their effect. Merely reading them upon the soulless page we find the touch of a masterhand in their every line. Mr. M'Gee's works, whether historical, oratorical, or poetical, would alone be a crown of honour for Canada, a country of which he became the foremost statesman.

It would be unjust in ever so casual a review of Canadian literature, to pass over in silence the name of Mrs. Leprohon, herself a Canadian by birth, and Irish by descent. She ranks as the first and almost the only Catholic and English-speaking writer of fiction. Her works, notably "Armand Durand," which is undoubtedly her best, have the great merit of naturalness. They are perfectly true to Canadian manners and customs. Their language is pure, simple, and unaffected. They aim at no sensational effects, but paint one aspect of Canadian life skilfully and truthfully. Mrs. Leprohon published a number of tales, and one volume of verses which appeared posthumously. Their merit is scarcely equal to that of her prose writings.

Mr. J. M. Le Moine may be considered as among the most popular English writers of the Dominion. I am still confining myself to Catholics. He is the author of "Maple Leaves," "Quebec Past and Present," and various other fragments of history and legend, which he has so delightful a knack of putting together. Anything that he has written will repay perusal, and give the reader a peep at old times, and places, and people, which belong no more to the world of the living. Dr. Bender of Quebec, in his "Old and New Canada," has likewise contributed to throw light on the more obscure places of the past—domestic scenes and incidents which lie outside the province of the historian proper. His "Literary Sheaves" is a short account of some of the principal Canadian writers.

To return to the French Canadian literature, which, as regards Catholics, contains the representative thought of the Dominion, it is a field so vast, that it cannot be properly entered upon at all in the limits of a Magazine article. I cheerfully concede the eminence which has been attained in various literary departments by men of various shades of belief. Only, at present, they lie outside of my purpose. The French Canadian literature is, generally speaking, distinctively national, and it almost always has a definitely religious and Catholic character. Where the breath of infidel France has touched Canada, its effects have had but little outcome in her writings. Her men of genius have been nearly all sincere Catholics. Where they have had the misfortune to be anything else, they are, to say the least, guarded in all expression of their views. "When they separate themselves from religion, they will commit moral suicide," says the Abbé Casgrain, and he is right.

The destiny of Canadian writers seems to be that of building up a Catholic literature on this continent, which shall be at once the safeguard and the monument of their race. French Canadians have brought the Faith and planted it on the shores of the St. Lawrence, and beside the great rivers of the North, and their

literature perpetuates the missions, the evangelization, the pioneer labours, the martial achievements—in a word, the glories of their past. It is then replete with the most varied interest to students, particularly to Catholic students, the world over. It is now emerging from bondage. Its childhood is past. It has attained sturdy proportions. It deserves the compliment of intelligent criticism, of warm appreciation, of sincere admiration. It has received the commendation of high authority in France, which is beginning to be proud of her discarded offshoot. M. Rameau, author of an interesting work, "*La France aux Colonies*," draws a comparison between "this little nation, abandoned in 1760, and the United States, which for nearly a century and a half possessed a complete literary and scientific development," in which he awards the palm of superiority to the former. In Canadians he finds "a more artistic instinct, a more polished form, a purer taste." He insists that they have naturally the sentiment of the beautiful, as Italians have the love of music. What strikes him most is that "everywhere among them there is found, more or less, a breadth of conception tending instinctively towards that power of generalizing thought which forms the upper sphere of the operations of the human mind." "Canada," he says, "has disinterestedly and with a noble pride appropriated to herself the intellectual, scientific and artistic side of the American movement, devoting herself of preference to the culture of sentiment, of thought, of beauty."

Her literature is, in fact, rich in the traditions of a past, which has not been one of devotion to sordid gain, but full of varied and astounding incident, of extraordinary self-devotion, of more than apostolic zeal, of individual heroism, and of collective deeds of glory. Her missionaries, her soldiers, her settlers, were men of stern endeavour and of almost superhuman achievement. Her women, inspired by their surroundings, raised themselves above the commonplaces of daily existence, and lived that nobler life which Providence had marked

out for them. Hence the faith of French Canadians belongs of right to their patriotism. It was faith which accomplished everything in Canada. No sterile unrealities, no vague mists of belief could have inspired Champlain, Cartier, Maisonneuve, Breboeuf, Lallemant, Marie de l'Incarnation, Marguerite Bourgeoys, Mlle. Verebières. Hence Canadian writers instinctively felt, and the higher orders of them do still feel, that casting faith aside, they must dim, if not extinguish, the glory of their country. Herein, perhaps, lies the difference which the keen-sighted M. Rameau has made manifest between them and their nearest neighbours. In Catholic nations, the artistic instinct and the sentiment of the beautiful are always strongest. Their vision has not been blurred by the false glitter of the golden calf. Where material prosperity becomes a nation's god, the more spiritual instincts desert it.

As yet, Canada has been richest in her historians and her poets. In briefly considering the first, we find the name of François Garneau foremost. He is by excellence the national historian, and his work has not only found its way to the hearts and homes of innumerable Canadians, but has won him a hearty recognition from the thinkers of many another country. Dr. Brownson, the prince of American historians, spoke of Garneau's "*Histoire du Canada*" with almost unqualified praise. The French reviewers were at one in expressions of the highest approval, while from every quarter letters poured in to the gifted author, assuring him of interest and approval. The children of genius everywhere hastened to hail the new accession to their ranks. His literary brethren in France were loud in expressions of enthusiastic admiration. While still more gratifying to M. Garneau was the testimony rendered to him by the commander of the French frigate which came to Quebec. This gentleman, M. de Belvege, explicitly declared that the new relations which he had come to establish between the government of France and that of Canada, were the con-

sequence of the "*Histoire du Canada.*" It is a truly monumental work, full of labour and research, full of patriotism and of veneration for the past, and marked by the highest literary skill. In the second edition, M. Garneau corrected some defects, which, from a Catholic point of view, marred the work, and for which, in a truly Catholic spirit, he made ample reparation. The work then remained complete. "The name of François Garneau," said Mr. Chauveau, in his funeral oration over him, "is known whithersoever the name of Canada has reached. His fame is inseparable from the fame of our country. . . That magnificent work," he continues, speaking of the history, in which, to borrow from his elegant biographer an expression that struck me, a "patriotic thrill runs through its every page," "soars in its first volumes more especially almost to the highest level of the highest inspiration. A fact easily explained: our history is worthy of an epic, and our first historian was most of all a poet."

I should like to say a word, before going farther with my subject, of what might be called the fountain-head of all history in Canada, the "*Relations des Jesuites.*" No one can read them and not wish to know more of the country, its resources, its people. No one can follow the story of those thrice eventful years without becoming intensely interested. There is no sensational novel in existence half so full as are they of hair-breadth escapes, deeds of supernatural heroism, events of momentous importance, and all told with a degree of literary skill, the charm of perfect unaffected simplicity, which aims at no rhetorical effect. The narratives of Père le Jeune are considered by competent critics as showing conspicuous literary ability. The records of those old days, "the heroic times of Canada," are also to be found in the annals of the Ursulines and other communities, in the Epistles of Marie de l'Incarnation, exquisitely elegant and graceful compositions as they are, and in collections of letters to which the women of the period seemed to devote themselves most lovingly.

The Voyages of Champlain abound in picturesque descriptions, and little dramatic bits, so to say, wherein he and the glorious old worthies of that early day play their tremendous parts so naturally and simply, that one can scarcely be persuaded one is reading truth rather than fiction.

Returning to the domain of historians proper, we find the Abbé Ferland a prominent figure. His Cours d'Histoire ranks only second to that history of Canada of which I have just spoken. His style is remarkably charming and vivacious. His "Episode of 1759" and his "*Histoire de Gamache*" are particularly attractive. The delicate humour, fine pencillings of character, and that spirituality, which distinguishes a certain class of French authors, are in him found to perfection. "The animation in the drawing of these pictures, and the Atticism of the French wit, show," says M. Rameau, "that upon the banks of the St. Lawrence our language has degenerated no more than our character." Every one must read with delight whatsoever the Abbé Ferland has written.

I am at a loss in what precise category to place two other eminent ecclesiastics who have likewise won a share of Canadian laurels for the priesthood. I mean the Abbé Casgrain, and the Abbé Holmes. The latter was by birth a "Yankee," and belongs to the earlier period of French Canadian literary effort. He was a man of considerable distinction, and appears to have been the direct inspiration of some of the most considerable literary work accomplished in Canada. He was at once an orator—his sermons drew multitudes to the Cathedral in Quebec, and were published in 1850—a writer upon many of the then uppermost topics, and an ecclesiastic exercising an almost unbounded influence. He was a profound thinker, a constant and enlightened student both of philosophy and theology. As a classical scholar he has the merit of having revised the whole system of classical study in the Seminary of Quebec, and, it is said, had a great share in the foundation of the present Laral

University of Quebec. If he be not a historian, he is at least eminently historical. The other ecclesiastic to whom allusion is made above, is still living and working for the good cause, though he has been blind for many years. The Abbé Casgrain might be, perhaps, most fittingly classed among biographers, were it not for the charming tales, the poetic legends, the graceful sketches, which he has so abundantly given to the public. His biography of Marie de l'Incarnation is the best of its kind published in Canada. It is in a word admirable. Many shorter biographies of his embrace a number of the eminent men and women of Canada.

But it is particularly in what might be called the legendary department of Canadian history that the Abbé Casgrain has gathered rich treasures. He has put the wild traditions of his race into captivating form; he has breathed upon them, and as if by enchantment they are before the readers, clothed in a garb, which, like Joseph's coat of old, is many-coloured, and, like the elfin sprite of fairy love, is multiform. His "*Opuscules*," which embraces "*Les Pionniers Canadiens*" and "*Un Pélerin Âgé d l'Isle aux Condres*," is of this class, as also his "*Légendes Canadiennes*." L'Abbé Casgrain is full of the spirit of these old legends; he instinctively grasps their romance and the vein of wild poetry which underlies them. He has turned some of them also into verse, sturdy and ringing, with the weird melody of the forest in it. "His descriptions," says a recent Canadian author, "are full of the power and intensity of true poetry; and the events and episodes of which he treats stand forth in clear and coherent outline. Dramatic power, vigorous portraiture, and artistic construction are other features characterizing his productions."*

In the province of history, the name of Benjamin Sulte must be mentioned with honour, the more so that he still lives, and may continue to serve his country with the pen. His historical papers, "Jean Nicolet" and "The Iroquois at Algonquin," evince

* Dr. Bender, "Literary Sheaves."

the closest research, the most indefatigable industry. His late work on "La Nouvelle France" is, perhaps, his monumental one. But he mars it by irritable and unjust aspersions upon Canada's earliest and most signal benefactors, which in a historical and literary, no less than in a religious point of view, are eminently displeasing to the thoughtful reader. M. Sulte is remarkable for his versatility; his travels, reviews, sketches, verses, have been one and all received with favour.

In treating of the history of Canada, the name of Louis Turcotte occurs to us. His early death has cast a halo round a life which was spent in the service of Canadian letters. His "Canada Sous l'Union, 1841-1867," is a most valuable addition to the country's annals. In it he aims at giving an abridged history of Upper and Lower Canada at the period indicated, and has, it must in all fairness be admitted, succeeded. His "Histoire de l'Ile d'Orléans," his native place, is also of the highest interest.

Of the innumerable other authors who have contributed to make Canadian history familiar, both in and out of the Dominion, it will be impossible here to say anything. Only I feel bound to refer to a most important work, now being brought out in the Province of Quebec by the Provincial Secretary, M. Blanchet. This is a collection of documents relating to new France, and taken from the ancient archives of the country. Undoubtedly, a debt is owing to M. Blanchet for this most arduous task, which he has so successfully carried out, the fourth volume having already appeared. It is a most valuable addition to historical literature.

No sketch, however superficial, of Canadian letters would be complete without the name of P. J. O. Chauveau. Unquestionably, he stands in the front rank, unsurpassed in elegance of diction, in correctness of thought, in beauty of expression, and in elevation of ideas; all that he has written becomes at once a model and a standard for the younger school of authors. As an

orator, as an essayist, as a poet, and above all, by his services in the cause of education, which are eminent, he stands foremost in the Province of Quebec. As a public man, he had already attained high distinction. But as a literary man, a local writer justly remarks, "he may be considered as the *doyen* of French Canadian littérateurs." From the French review writers he has received most flattering testimonials, as well as from the French Academy. Did space permit, I would gladly quote from some of those impassioned discourses of his, such as that one upon François Garneau, that on the occasion of the inauguration of "Le Monument des Braves," on the Ste. Foye Road, Quebec, or that upon the translation of the remains of the illustrious Mgr. de Laval.

I have scarcely time to glance, in brief detail, at such writers as Oscar Dunn, who, during his short life, terminated suddenly within the last year, did yoeman service to the cause of Catholic journalism and Catholic education. His writings which remain show him a man of mark, full of clear judgment, broad grasp of subjects at issue, and enlightened views. His fame as a literary man had even in his lifetime found its way to Paris, where it was a common remark that, "he might have been born in Paris and educated in France." This was a tribute to the purity of his diction, and the classical propriety of his language. His "*Lecture pour tous*," though a small volume, treats of many matters profoundly interesting.

Joseph Marmette is, perhaps, best known to the general public by his novel "L'Intendant Bigot." He has chosen a fertile subject. The splendour and the miseries of Bigot's administrations afford some of the most dramatic situations in Canadian history. The "Tomahawk and the Sword" comprises two of his works, "Le Chevalier de Mornac" and "François Bienville." These two latter have been dramatized at Quebec with considerable success. A writer of fiction should, indeed, be appreciated by the Canadian public; for in this department, their literature has been weakest.

"Canadians of Old," written by Philippe Aubert de Gaspé when in his 76th year, had a more than local reputation, and was, in fact, a faithful, and more or less artistic representation of early Canada. But it was almost alone. His son, Philippe de Gaspé, jr., had previously published his "Chercheur de Trésor," but it did not meet with the same favour from the critics as that of his father afterwards found. Napoleon Legendre has done a great deal for the children. His short juvenile tales seem directed by the highest purpose, and serve to place goodness before the little folk in its most attractive guise. M. Legendre is also familiar to Canadians as a writer of pleasing and melodious verse.

M. Faucher de Saint Maurice, who belongs to the younger school of writers, and who enjoys the distinction of being an honorary member of "*La Société des Gens de Lettres*" in France, is chiefly known to the public by his delightful volumes of travel. "*Deux Ans en Méxique*," "*Promenades dans le Golfe St. Laurent*," "*Les Provinces Maritimes*," are real pen pictures, graceful and felicitous, graphically putting before the reader the spots which the author has visited, and investing them all with a subtle charm. The name of Taché is one most honourably known in Canada, not only as regards the great Archbishop of St. Boniface, who is of that family, nor yet Sir Etienne Taché who attained considerable political distinction, but through Joseph Tassé whose remarkable work, "Les Canadiens de l'Ouest," carries the reader with it, and makes him realize to the fullest, the dangers, the hardships, the excitements of a pioneer life, and likewise the labours which have been accomplished by M. Taché's compatriots, and the positions won for themselves by courage, energy, and perseverance. Also through J. C. Taché, who was one of the pioneer group of literary men. His legends, written in a form modelled upon the old Greek trilogies, give him a place with Michel Biband, Inesnel, and the other fathers of Canadian literature.

I have not yet said a word of Etienne Parent, called "the first thinker of Canada;" a man of an enlightened and original mind,

a close student, a profound thinker, invested with that peculiar subtlety of thought, so truly French. In another place I have drawn a comparison between him and Victor Cousin. The comparison may be sustained in many ways. Unhappily it can be sustained in a most deplorable one. Where Victor Cousin is dangerous, there is Etienne Parent defective. He loses his hold on true philosophy and he strays into the quagmire. Nevertheless he was the first to treat of philosophy and of political economy in Canada, and at a time when her literature was still in its childhood, and enjoys an enviable distinction. His writings are marked by force and vigour, rather than by elegance or polish. In many respects he stands unique among his countrymen. "The breadth of ideas," says M. Rameau, "is admirably sustained by the amplitude of the form; his books are made to be appreciated in every country of the world, and Canadians may congratulate themselves on having produced so vigorous a thinker; what he has written should be doubly precious to them, as eminent works and as national works." Where M. Parent has not been led astray by ingenious sophistries, he seeks to accommodate himself to the highest of all philosophy—that commended by the Church.

I have left myself but little space for a glance at the poets, who have been the torch-bearers in the arena of Canadian literature. To some of her greatest names belong the immortal title of poet. The two who are most commonly compared are Cremazie and Frechette, between whom, not only many years, but various other differences exist. Cremazie was the first who sang, when the dumb years of toil and endeavour had but scarcely passed away; his voice rose out of the silence. He chanted in inspired strains those old glories already beginning to be heightened by the distance. His poet-soul took fire at the heroic deeds done upon the soil of his dearly loved Canada. Whether it was "the Sons of Loyola," the brown-robed missionaries of St. Francis, the historic Laral de Montmorency, the ill-fated

Montcalm, the statesmanlike de Frontenac, the brilliant d'Iberville, or de Salaberry, or yet those nameless heroes who sleep in remote and unblazoned graves, he found inspiration in them all. The vital spark within him responded to their touch, and he poured out strain after strain of inspired song. He had his softer moods, when his exquisite verses, "Les Morts," tell of the sad forgetfulness which shadows the home of death, wherein he breathes a melancholy tenderness, and lives for a while as it were under the cypress, in the peace, in the absolute calmness of the grave. Cremazie was a true Catholic as he was a true poet. One feels that the old spirit which made France glorious lived again in such as he. With the death of that spirit died the splendour of France. If its ardour become chilled here in Canada, the French Canadians as a nation will cease to exist. The bitter winds of the north have been all these hundreds of years unable to accomplish this. They remain an almost unique spectacle of a national life, a national language, above all a religion preserved against such odds. While they have poets like Cremazie, no danger for their past, no menace for their future.

Louis Honoré Frechette is the poet of to-day; more elegant, more studied in language, he oftener lacks the higher poetic instinct than does his predecessor. And he has the common fault of his era, want of earnestness. He has not the fiery, impassioned power of throwing himself into a cause, *the* cause, and championing it with might and main. But Canada may well be proud of M. Frechette, and Canada is proud of him. His notes are so joyous, they dwell so upon that melody of nature echoed in birds, in rippling waters, in the gladness of the sunshine. They depict in glowing words the pleasures of friendship, the calmer happiness of this earth of ours, and they revel in exquisite descriptions of his native land. His "*Les Oiseaux des Neiges*," and "*Les Fleurs Boréales*" were crowned by the French Academy, of which he was made an honorary member. In his "Alleluia," an Easter hymn, he attains in some respects his greatest height. His drama of

Papineau commemorates the thrilling events of 1837, and has met with the applause not only of his countrymen but of their kinsmen in distant France. His stanzas on the "Discovery of the Mississippi" are also exceptionally fine.

Pamphile Le May makes a worthy third in this poetical triad. In his translation of Longfellow's Evangeline he mastered the peculiar difficulties which the rhythm offered him, and most creditably presented to his countrymen that charming poetical composition. His own "Essais Poétiques" are tender, dreamy, full of a fine poetic instinct, tinged with melancholy catching rather the Autumn tints than the spring's glad colours. He delights in quiet pastoral themes. He does not attain great heights, but he sings sweetly in the valleys. He has been compared and with some justice to Alfred de Vigny.

L. J. Fiset in his "Voix du Passé," his "Meditations," his "Le Poéte à la Muse," and "Le Vœu de Mariette," has gained the ear of his countrymen, and stolen his way to their hearts. In his "Voice of the Past," he is at his best. There is a degree of inspiration which reminds us of Cremazie, a wholesome patriotism, a sublimity of thought.

Nérée Beauchemin, Ophir Pelletier, Charles Laberge, Felix Marchand, the Abbé Raymond, the Abbé Charles Trudel, Mlle. Henriette Thaureau, the Abbé Casgrain, Alfred Garneau, son of the historian, P. J. O. Chauveau himself, and F. H. Garneau have all in a greater or less degree struck their country's lyre. Among prose writers many a name like that of Gerin Lajoie, of Rial Arger, of Barthe, of Derome, of De Boucherville, have necessarily been omitted in our hurried review of the ever-increasing roll of honour which literary Canada has preserved. Before concluding, I would fain say a word of a gracious and venerable figure which looms up in the distance of many years, amid an aureola of illustrious names. Joseph François Perrault, the Mallenas of early Canadian literature, is in truth a most interesting character. A sturdy gentleman of the old school, the

descendant of a respectable French family and allied by marriage to one or more of the principal families of Canada, Mr. Perrault made for himself a high standing in the legal profession. A devoted Catholic, it is related that when one of his household, returning from church, began to criticise the sermon, he stopped him with the remark, "What matters to us the preacher's logic? It is enough to know that the teachings of the Church tend to our happiness in this life and in the next." With courtly respect he always uncovered his head before those wooden crosses, so common in Canadian country places, saying: "One should always bare his head before the signs of our redemption." In politeness, so exact and punctilious was he, that many amusing incidents are related of the rebukes he administered to those failing in the little courtesies of daily life. His home, like himself, belonged to the old order of things, comfortable, well-ordered, unpretentious. Situated upon the St. Louis Road directly overlooking the Plains of Abraham and other spots of historic interest, "*L'Asile Champêtre*" may well be regarded as one of the chief literary centres of an earlier date in Canada. Around the hospitable board, in pleasant and informal intercourse, gathered the choicest spirits of the time, to many of whom Joseph François Perrault had been a good genius. Mr. Perrault was himself the author or translator of many of the most valuable legal works in use in the Province of Quebec. His labours in this one department are, indeed, far too numerous to be even mentioned here. But the crowning work of his life, his labour of predilection, was the advancement of education. To this he devoted all his energies, preparing innumerable manuals, encouraging, directing, aiding all who were concerned in this good work. Nor did he for these objects spare his own private purse. He erected at his own expense two schools, the one for boys, the other for girls, wherein they were taught not only the rudiments of education, but such various useful employments as the manufacture of agricultural imple-

ments, carriage-making, spinning, weaving, sewing, and the making of cloth. The motto of these schools, and Mr. Perrault's motto, appeared above the teacher's desk, "*à la gloire de Dieu seul.*" His liberality for educational objects was truly astonishing. He was, besides, the generous patron of all literary aspirants, many of whom having attained to eminence, cheerfully acknowledged their indebtedness to him. He was mainly instrumental in founding the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, now merged, I believe, in the Royal Society of Canada, founded by the Marquis of Lorne, which comprises most of our eminent men of letters. Mr. Perrault died at the ripe old age of ninety-one, leaving a void which has never since been filled.

With the close of his useful life I take my leave of the literary history of Canada. It is an inexhaustible field for the student alike of letters and of ethics. It is full of rare and curious material, a mine which has been faithfully worked. Those who are familiar with it will fully endorse what I have said, will, no doubt, go farther and say much more, which I have necessarily left unsaid. Those who have as yet to make its acquaintance, will find much to surprise and delight them. Catholics will, moreover, rejoice that the cause of religion has found in nearly all the literary men of Canada, particularly those who have attained distinction, new and powerful auxiliaries.

ANNA SADLIER.

[We are happy to offer the hospitality of our pages to a paper from the enthusiastic pen of a famous transatlantic writer, and to introduce to English readers some of her Canadian literary-swans. The writer and the authority she quotes are of course responsible for the comparison between America and Canada—a comparison which will surprise Englishmen to whom the national literature of the United States is an ever increasing delight.—ED.]

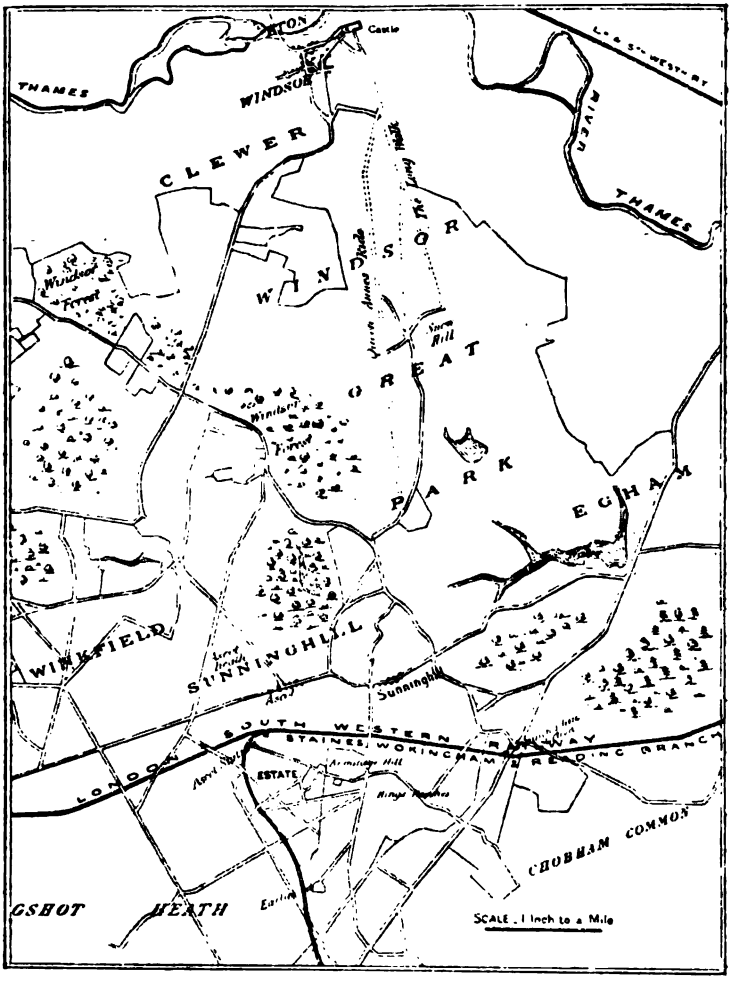
Utopia in Berkshire.

LORD BACON placed his New Atlantis in the South Sea. Campanella imagined his City of the Sun to be in Taprobane—the mysteriously sounding name of ancient Ceylon. Sir Thomas More, who wrote when Europe was still thrilling with the discoveries of the sons of Genoa and Florence—Columbus and Amerigo Vespucci—fixed his kingdom of Utopia in the New World. Another inventor of an ideal country, Joseph Hall, who was Bishop successively of Exeter and of Norwich, describes its situation with a definite indefiniteness, holding a promise to the ear but disappointing the sense. This is his provoking manner: "Crapulia is a very fair and large territory, which, on the north, is bounded with the Æthiopic Ocean, on the east with Saconia and Viraginia, on the south by Moronia Felix, and westward with the Tryphonian Fens. It lies in seventy-four degrees of longitude and sixty degrees of latitude, and eleven degrees distant from the Cape of Good Hope; and lies, as it were, opposite to the whole coast of Africa." Thus are we either thrown into a geographical quagmire, or are left to wander through space to find these perfect places, which, as implied in the word Utopia, are nowhere.

But in these days the dreams of Plato and of Bacon about an ideal commonwealth have only an antiquarian interest. We may read them with interest, but we are content, if somewhat sullenly content, that they will never be realised—at least in our days. But modern civilisation, which is nearly nothing if it is not practical and material, is ever searching out the means of physical improvement and health. It seeks to patch up the broken ones, or to strengthen the strong ones, by taking Nature

at her best, and applying her own laws in places where her mood is most benevolent. The higher Alps are sought in winter by the consumptive, where the air is light and pure ; the hydropaths fix their habitations wherever the water is "splendidior vitro," and comes freshest from the sluices of the virgin soil. Men inhale the salt breezes of the Mid-Atlantic merely for the sake of health ; they take their broods hopefully to the sea-side, even in this depressing summer, when "hoary-headed frosts fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose." But these are only special occasions and exceptions ; what is more essential is the permanent permeation of our lives with the springs of healthfulness. Men must work and be near their work: they want conditions that will ensure the greatest vigour every morning when they rise, and give them rest at sunset amidst agencies that are silently working for their good throughout the night. Hence we see that invasion of the country fringe of London with, as it were, a halo of greenery and beauty, by houses which stretch away until they seem to fade and merge into the farms and cottages of genuine rural life. Like the stream of Empire, the stream of health-seekers has mostly flowed westward, and only the other day we came upon a spot in the further west where the brain-worker, who not only works but wins, may find robustness for his body, an anodyne for his mental troubles, and even higher solace.

A traveller by the South-Western Railway, should he leave the train at Ascot Station, will find himself in a land of heath and wood. The breeze is often fresh with ozone from the English Channel. Spaces of purple moorland rise into ridges of pine forest, whose splendid undulations give a dark majesty to the landscape. You walk over paths of peaty soil or silvery sand, thickly sprinkled with the spikelets of the pine, and softer than the products of the looms of Turkey and of Aubusson. At this season, the later rhododendrons and the earlier heaths enrich with opulent colour the lower part of the picture ; while every-



MAP OF THE DISTRICT.

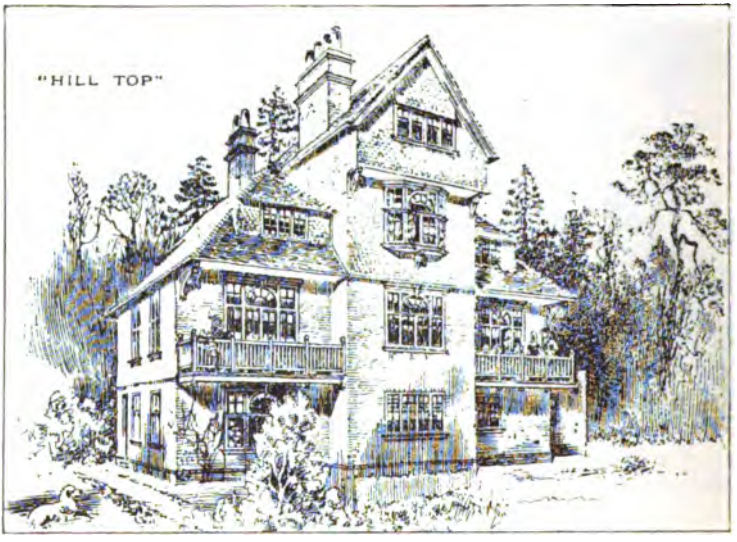
where in brigades, or singly, spring upwards the column-like trunks of the pine-trees, the clean circular shape of the trunks giving that gentle gradation in successive light and shade, which is the special privilege of the circular form; while, in some trees, the branches break out into freakish forms, and in others conduct themselves with a severe sobriety. There is an underlying tint of ruddiness in these tree stems, which somehow embodies the essence of subdued joyfulness in colour; while above spreads

MOORLAND VIEW.

that wonderful canopy of shade which the pine tree has mistaken for foliage; a canopy which, in masses, sometimes conveys the dread that clings about a terrible thunder-cloud, and sometimes merely gives, without after-thought, coolness and shadow; which, in fine summer days, subdues the riotous colour of the landscape, and in monochromatic and icy winter seems like a dark tartan of its native Caledonia to spread warmth over the chilly country. The resinous odour of the pine

trees "hits the sense" of the traveller, and carries with it a balm which soothes the lungs of the sulphur-stifled Londoner.

Here, in the midst of this romantic country, within a few minutes' walk from Ascot Station, is situated the Ascot and Sunningdale estate, the scene of what may, perhaps, be an interesting experiment in the "Housing of the Rich." All domestic and artistic advantages which, secured by practical



sense and good architecture, are here combined with advantages of scene and site. Delightfully situated, and within a few minutes' walk of any part of the estate, stands the Convent of the Nuns of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin. Here is a spacious chapel open to all, and here resides Father Arundel, who attends to the spiritual needs of his little flock, and who (may a stray pilgrim say?) can intellectually charm his hearers from the altar-steps, however freshly fastidious from town they

may be. A close neighbour, Mr. Stonor, has also a chapel in progress, which will doubtless be open to those who choose to come; and there is, besides, a site (the gift of Mr. Devenish Walshe) set apart for a parish church, when the needs of parishioners shall be sufficiently declared. The directorate and other officials of the Ascot and Sunningdale Company, whose names include those of prominent Catholics, have engaged a resident Clerk of the Works, to give constant care to the brick-and-

RAVENHURST.

mortar growth of the estate. Residents can have one acre, or as many acres as they wish, of wholesome territory, on which their houses can be built so as to fit their fancy. Those houses which have already been erected—from the designs of Mr. Basil Champneys, B.A.—have astonished professional opinion by their small cost, especially when the care spent on their construction, and the really architectural character of them are borne in mind. But Mr. Basil Champneys has evidently realised

the problem which is mostly set before the modern architect—the problem of producing, at moderate cost, a house well arranged in plan, artistic in elevation, and perfect in sanitary appliances. Much sincere and creditable work may be done in this direction. A small house may be compared to a sonnet, whilst a palace may be an epic poem. Both require complete devotion and concentration of thought: the one is merely an abbreviation of the other; and the self-denial imposed upon an architect in designing moderate houses, when his fancy is dwelling on mansions, is a distinct moral element, which increases the value of the moderate house to those who know the human history of its construction. To him who has been dreaming about, and, perhaps, drawing the sublime works of the past—of eternal Egypt, of subtle-thoughted Attica, of masterful Rome, of mystic Ravenna, of mediæval Communes, and the cities of the Renascence—the task of designing an unpretentious home for an English gentleman may seem, at first, flat and very unprofitable. But the world wills it, common-sense accepts it, and interest, which becomes chiefly intelligent and artistic, though, to begin with, it was slightly mercenary, completes the work. The days of palaces are gone, we must accept the position; we may long for a whirlwind, but we, like Bunthorne, must content ourselves with the bellows. Still, we may think regretfully of that most romantic of latter-day potentates, the King of Bavaria. Our modern monarchs are mostly pedlars, and are highly respected if they are only shrewd in their Jew-directed investments. If Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell, the Muse of Architecture groaned when poor King Louis was drowned in the lake; and, surely, her sister Muse, who governs Music, will some day give the world a worthy dirge for him who was the last of the kings that, in his heart of hearts, loved them both—this hapless sultan whose only harem was peopled by such exquisite representatives of their sex! England prefers to spend her money on Penjdeh incidents and on Royal yachts.

Meanwhile, sensible Englishmen demand houses suited to their incomes and their needs, and this sensible Company, and their sensible and distinguished architect, are willing and able to supply them in this Utopia in Berkshire—this place in which Religion, Nature, and Art have again agreed to dwell together.

BERNARD WHELAN.

Five Sonnets.

THE RAINBOW.

A RAINBOW built of tinted shower-drops spanned
With phantom beauty the empurpled wold,
An arch, compact of colours manifold,
In silence reared by Nature's master-hand.
The vision brought me to a sudden stand;
Then straight I cried, "I'll seek the pot of gold
Concealed, 'tis said, by some magician old,
Just yonder where the base conjoins the land."

Then over brake and fell my way I took,
The flowers beneath, the flower-like arch above;
Till, seated by a fountain in a grove,
A maid I startled dreaming o'er a book.
There, hidden in a deep embowerèd nook,
When evening fell, I found, not gold, but love.

T. H. WRIGHT.

ATALANTA.

ONCE, then again, and thrice, while onward ran
Her lightning course, from his girt vesture drew
Hippomenes the glittering prize, and threw
Sideways a golden fruit; the wily man

Mark'd with an inward laughter how she 'gan
Slacken of speed, and following where it rolled
With eager eyes, stoop'd for the burnished gold,
Then swift the course resumed, but that brief span
Lost Atalanta what she sped to reach ;
Bartering for gain her triumph. Wholesome lay !
Higher than trivial myth, we hear thee teach.
Life's race demands a single, strenuous soul ;
While sidelong false attractions can for aye
Distance the double-minded from the goal.

W. H. ANDERDON, S.J.

AN ANGEL'S WHISPER.

THE less was lost when Eden's doom was wrought ;
For Man awak'ning from his Angel dream,
Deep, soul-inspired by Heaven's parting gleam,
Of Love shaped out an everlasting thought,
Rich heritage of grief ; divinely taught
That he who loves may live the surer life ;
Or he may strongly live when love is strife,
And seek in sorrow what in joy he sought.
Brother, scorn not the past ; attune thy heart ;
Hush ! 'tis the music of an echoing love,
Still lingering o'er long deadened chords that move
Again to touch of sweetened sorrow's dart ;
The love-tried soul still mounts the heavenly way,
And leaves to earth its loved one's earthly sway.

HERMAN LESCHER.

THE BELLS OF ST. HUGH'S, PARKMINSTER.

(*May 14th*, 1886.)

ACROSS the Sussex lanes and swelling hills,
There ring out bells calling to prayer and praise,
From stately spire, where now God's servants raise
Their intercessions with unselfish wills.
Dear Lady! Great Saint Hugh! Bear up their hands;
God's Spirit ever brood above their shrine;
Our Blessed Lord in Sacrament Divine
Bless the poor way-worn of those beauteous lands,
Shedding Thy grace and mercy over all!
Green are the bright green leaves of wood and wold,
The lilies white and petall'd fair with gold;
Bells chime or ring with solemn measured call.
Spring-time is here: God give a fairer Spring
For "Mary's Dower." So chime your bells and ring.

FREDERICK GEORGE LEE.

ECCLESIA DEI.

THANKS be to God for all that He has given.
Once more the church arises—she shall be
Mighty once more; once more she shall be free
And point the world that scorns her now to Heaven.
Praise be to Him who knows how she has striven
With guilt and sin and sin-brought misery,
And sterner wrongs; how her vexed eyes did see
The seamless garment of the Saviour riven

By careless hands; she saw in penal fire
  Her children die; her liberties curtailed;
Her altars darkened; silent every choir
  That once was glad; and yet she hath prevailed,
And from the dust springs up and rises higher
  Till she shall win where all things else have failed!

J. S. FLETCHER.

The Age of Anecdote.

ANECDOTAL art, anecdotal literature, and, finally, anecdotal music—here is the last word of our times, the word which will, no doubt, be acknowledged as the distinctive utterance of the present. It might have been expected that men, as they multiplied, would take less interest in the details, and more interest in the mass—more in the race which presents itself in such overwhelming throngs, less in the unit who is overwhelmed. But the opposite is the fact. A more intimate humanity has come into the modern heart, instead of the indifference which might have been bred by the plentifulness and superfluity of man. And the love of anecdote has followed, supplanting history with its stolid generalities, supplanting the epic with its large human types, supplanting the "grand style" of painting, supplanting symmetrical melodies.

It is the unit for whom we care—the unit with his paradoxical lack of unity, with his incidents, his accidents, all the difficulties comprised within his completeness. Is not the whole of realistic art set to the study of him? And has not the other great contemporary power—Pessimism—taken to heart the pathos and the loneliness of the separate man? It is, in effect, the great Realist and Pessimist, Carlyle, who abolished history and set up anecdote. All the tendencies which he led made for anecdote. The level cheerfulness with which "the garrison were put to the sword and the women and children sold into slavery" in the histories of our childhood is disturbed and perturbed henceforth and for ever. The muse of anecdote is too human for such stolid generalities. She passes by the panorama of slaughter—but not with the even mind of what used to be called a grave historic

style—to pause upon some epithet which calls some separate human creature out of the mists of remoteness. Nay, Carlyle exaggerated the extremest spirit of anecdote, and forced some vague existences into life by means of an over-insistent nick-name, rather than lose the chance of seizing a human unit and holding him. He would catch an historic personage by the beard, rather than let him go into the generalities.

But if the "grave historical style" has been thus swept away, no less noticeable is the anecdotal turn taken of late by poetry and the novel. In the times when the "Idylls of the King" were written, poetry was still content with types—a blameless king, a passionate queen, a generous knight with one square sin on his conscience, a completely bad young woman, several good girls with "no characters at all," and so forth—persons who have no accidents. There is no spirit of anecdote here; but anecdote reigns in the intricate ways of later poetry. Mr. Browning is the Laureate's almost exact contemporary. Nevertheless, as a Realist, he belongs to another stage in the history of the English dramatic idyll and the narrative poem. Anecdote fastens upon the accidents of the human heart which are too special for the notice of a grave poetical style, and fastens upon them sometimes with an impassioned sympathy, sometimes with an unemotional observation, but always—whether keenly or tenderly—with an intimate human curiosity. Whether poetry is rightly concerned with the little by-ways and secret places of human nature, rather than with its large plains and its mountain tops, is, of course, open to critical question. But the tendency is as strong in poetry as in history. As to the anecdotal novel, who does not know its developments in recent years? What lover of a story has not been baffled by its fragmentariness, and somewhat wearied by its pauses, and puzzled by the accidents and inconsistencies of its characters—inconsistencies which we all know in real life, but which we had hitherto escaped in the easier and plainer ways of fiction and the ideal? The anecdotal

novel is, of course, at its best in France and in America, but in France the matter is more important, and the anecdotal manner, therefore, less conspicuous. Recent American fiction devotes extraordinary pains to the collection of the fragments of a character, and if the complete person remains at times hard to understand, yet the reader is bound to admire the often exquisite observation and appreciation evident in the presentment of the fragments. For instance, the "Lady" whose portrait is among Mr. Henry James's most important achievements in anecdotal fiction is less easy to define and distinguish than she might be with somewhat less anecdote about her. We are told so many little things, that what may be called the boundaries of the character are overlooked or but vaguely given. Form and outline, upon which far ruder and far less artistic work would insist, become rather indistinct. It is in this way that the anecdotal manner may defeat its own ends, as must any manner, in literature or art, which is pursued a little too much for its own sake.

But it is in art—in modern painting—that anecdote has perhaps made the greatest changes at the smallest sacrifice and with the least danger. In one noble division of the art it has worked incalculable gain. Battle-painting, without it, was worse —more inhuman and more stupidly serene—than the aforesaid Roman history of our childhood with its impersonal massacres. Art has rightly nothing to do with the history of war; it should be concerned with only its anecdote. Art should go into the by-ways of battle. It must love the soldier, and must love him individually, separately, not in battalions. In battle-painting, the only refuge from extreme inhumanity, from blankest generality, is to be extremely human, exquisitely personal—in a word, anecdotal. There is no middle course. And in effect we find the genius of modern anecdote taking possession of the battle picture before conquering the rest, and doing its most admirable work in the camp and the field. Perhaps there are no classes of men or of things that have been so long doomed to generalisa-

tion as has been the soldier class. Not the brown trees of conventional old landscapes, not the pastoral persons of last century song, have been so denied their personality, whether human or vegetable. And from an artistic point of view, nothing is less interesting than a soldier generalized; whereas anecdote, separating and studying the unit, finds in him every possible human, pathetic, comic, and tragic interest. He is more individual than are other men, more simple, more intelligible. He repays Realism better than does any other subject of its study. And Pessimism can find full satisfaction in his sorrows, in his fate. The accidents of his bivouac, his food and sleep, take a nobility from war, but lose nothing of their more precious familiarity. He dies in the attitudes of a doll broken and thrown by; but he dies a hero. It is precisely this nobleness, this grotesqueness, and this personality, that anecdotal art knows how to cherish and respect, seeking no untrue nobleness and escaping from no familiarity.

Scarcely less valuable to modern feeling is the change brought by anecdote into landscape painting. Nature, too, has her individualities—personal passages of hill and field and woodland which merit study. Her trees have separate characters, her skies their moods; there are accidents of time and place which should be waited for and welcomed as they are, and not as idealizing art would make them. An anecdotal landscape deals with fragments which are sometimes greater than the whole, inasmuch as they contain that spirit of the place which will not often consent to be brought within the rules of complete composition. And this spirit of the place is to nature what individuality is to men. Of it the modern landscape painter has many things to tell us, things which are small and significant. Not that such landscapes need always be sketches or on the scale of sketches. They will seldom indeed be panoramic in range, but they may be large in scale and finished in workmanship. That which gives them their anecdotal character is prin-

cipally the artist's affectionateness in respecting little things, such as the habits of a plant in growth, and the rhythmic lines of unambitious hills. And this affectionateness naturally persuades him to be satisfied with humble passages. He does not find it necessary to collect specimens of the grandiose greatness of nature—one mountain, one forest, one lake and one waterfall —into a single canvas. He loves the Earth in her association with man's hard work, the Earth in cultivation, harrowed, ploughed, and sown, and yielding all her many harvests, from the hay to the olive. With these is modern art delighted; and especially with the peasant's small system—his noble hills, all the nobler for the steps built up their sides to hold the narrow platforms of wheat, his slender rows of maize and little patches of melon and gourd. And the sea of such art is familiar—sometimes summer-white or gray; and its sky is not often composed and piled for a tempest, but deep and dimpled with cloud or luminous with the simple sun.

In portrait painting the method of modern anecdote has made for that strong individuality which has raised contemporary English portraits into the region of thoroughly interesting art. Perhaps no one has ever carried anecdote further than has Mr. Frank Holl, whose personalities are, at times, somewhat too insistent. He gives us not only a man's characteristics, but his accidents, and the accidents not of his nature only, but of the day, the weather, the quality of the wine at lunch. Such anecdote is not always to the point; moreover, it tends to lesson the dignity which should be in all true portraits, and which a legitimate study of individuality never impairs. But such little exaggerations apart, our school has gained by the fine intelligence added to portrait-painting, for the first time since the great days of the last century, and intensified by the power of modern Realism. It is certainly just that the art of portraiture, which of all other arts deals most directly and most separately with the unit, should use the method which is

specially directed to the study and appreciation of the unit. Such is the method of anecdote. What the method of generalization did with portraiture is known to every one whose memory goes back to the Royal Academies of the day before our younger school of painters became conspicuous. That was a time of ignoble lack of interest in human beings.

If, then, portrait-painting, as the most personal of arts, is the fittest for anecdotal treatment, how is it with the most *im*personal art? Shall we follow our modern genius of anecdote into the world of music? Assuredly we may. In Wagnerian music the "motive," as contrasted with the melody, is the very type of what we have called anecdote; for it is special, it is consecrated to the person and to the mood. It is expressive of fragmentary and transitory emotion and of passing thought in the very passage. It is a phrase and not a tune. And what a phrase is to a tune, that precisely is the modern to the classical landscape, the picture of incident in battle to the battle-piece, the intensely individual portrait to the banal portrait of the earlier century, the poem of persons to the poem of types, the fragmentary novel to the rounded romance. The anecdotal phrase in music is quintessential, and all-expressive. It loses no time in completing the two sides of a tune. Schumann and Wagner had many aims in their schemes of music, besides that of propagating the anecdotal method, but this aim of theirs is important, and proves their work a sign and part of the artistic mood of the moment. If the weak point of our age has been an imitative reversion to the habits of other ages, here, on the contrary, is an impulse, and here is a habit, which are genuine, authentic, free, and, with all their disadvantages, alive.

ALICE MEYNELL.

Gesta Romanorum; or, The Pulpit of Merry England.

OF THE RIGOR OF DEATH.

WE read that, at the death of Alexander, a golden sepulchre was constructed, and that a number of philosophers assembled round it. One said—"Yesterday, Alexander made a treasure of gold; and now gold makes a treasure of him." Another observed—"Yesterday, the whole world was not enough to satiate his ambition; to-day, three or four ells of cloth are more than sufficient." A third said—"Yesterday, Alexander commanded the people; to-day, the people command him." Another said—"Yesterday, Alexander could enfranchise thousands; to-day, he cannot free himself from the bonds of death." Another remarked—"Yesterday, he pressed the earth; to-day, it oppresses him." "Yesterday," continued another, "all men feared Alexander; to-day, men repute him nothing." Another said—"Yesterday, Alexander had a multitude of friends; to-day, not one." Another said—"Yesterday, Alexander led on an army; to-day, that army bears him to the grave."

My beloved, any one may be called Alexander who is rich and worldly-minded; and to him may the observations of the philosophers be truly applied.

OF GOOD INSPIRATION.

Seneca mentions, that in poisoned bodies, on account of the

malignancy and coldness of the poison, no worm will engender; but if the body be struck with lightning, in a few days it will be full of them.

My beloved, men are poisoned by sin, and then they produce no worm, that is, no virtue; but struck by lightning, that is, by the grace of God, they are fruitful in good works.

OF LIFTING UP THE MIND TO HEAVEN.

Pliny mentions the story of an eagle that had built her nest upon a lofty rock, whose young a kind of serpent called *Perna* attempted to destroy. But finding that they were beyond her reach, she stationed herself to windward and emitted a large quantity of poisonous matter, so as to infect the atmosphere and poison the young birds. But the eagle, led by the unerring power of instinct, took this precaution. She fetched a peculiar sort of stone called *Achates*, which she deposited in that quarter of the nest, which was opposite to the wind; and the stone, by virtue of certain occult properties which it possessed, prevented the malicious intentions of the serpent from taking effect.

My beloved, the eagle is any man of quick perception and aspiring mind. The young birds are good works, which the devil—that is, the serpent—endeavours to destroy by temptation. The rock on which the eagle built, is Christ.

OF RECONCILIATION.

The Roman annals say, such discord existed between two

brothers, that one of them maliciously laid waste the lands of the other. The Emperor Julius having heard of this, determined to punish the offender capitally. The latter, therefore, understanding what was meditated, went to the brother whom he had injured, and besought forgiveness; at the same time requesting that he would screen him from the emperor's vengeance. But they who were present at the interview, rebuked him, and declared that he deserved punishment, not pardon. To which he made the following reply: "That prince is not worthy of regard who in war assumes the gentleness of a lamb but in peace puts on the ferocity of a lion. Although my brother should not incline towards me, yet will I endeavour to conciliate him. For the injury I did him is sufficiently avenged in my repentance and bitterness of heart." This view of the case appeased the emperor, and restored peace between himself and his brother.

My beloved, these two brothers are the sons of God and man; between whom there is discord as often as man commits a mortal sin. The emperor is God.

OF THE CONQUESTS AND CHARITY OF OUR LORD.

Cosdras, king of the Athenians, having declared war against the Dorians, assembled an army, and despatched messengers to the oracle of Apollo to ascertain the fortune of the engagement. The god answered, "that the party whose chief fell by the sword of the enemy should win the field." The Dorians, also understanding the response of the oracle, strictly enjoined their soldiers to spare the life of Cosdras; but the king, disguising himself in the habit of a slave, cut his way into the heart of the hostile army. The enemy, perceiving the extreme

audacity of a single man, armed only with a sabre, yet fighting valiantly and effectively in the very midst of them, turned all their attack upon the warrior, and with some difficulty slew him. Thus, by a remarkable effort of patriotism, he enabled his country to triumph over its enemies; and his death, on one side so fatal in its consequences, was bewailed not less by the adverse host than by his own subjects.

My beloved, thus did Our Blessed Lord, by the pre-determined counsel of God, die to liberate mankind from their worst enemies. As Cosdras changed his regal state for the humiliating garb of a servant, so did Christ put on mortality, and by His Death triumphed over our demoniacal foes.

OF MORTAL SINS.

Julius relates, that in the month of May a certain man entered a grove, in which stood seven beautiful trees in leaf. The leaves so much attracted him, that he collected more than he had strength to carry. On this, three men came to his assistance, who led away both the man and the load beneath which he laboured. As he went out he fell into a deep pit, and the extreme weight upon his shoulders sank him to the very bottom.

The same author also relates, in his history of animals, that if, after a crow had built her nest, you wished to hinder her from hatching her eggs, place between the bark and the tree a quantity of pounded glass; and as long as it remained in that situation, she would never bring off her young.

My beloved, the grove is the world, wherein are many trees,

pleasant indeed to the eye, but putting forth only mortal sins. With these, man loads himself. The three men who brought assistance are the devil, the world, and the flesh: the pit is hell.

Again, the crow is the devil; the nest the heart; which he too frequently inhabits. The pounded glass is the remembrance of our latter end: the tree is the soul, and the bark is the human body.

OF THREE KINGS.

A Danish king had the greatest reverence for the three Eastern potentates whom the star led to Jerusalem on the nativity of Our Blessed Lord; and he was usually in the habit of invoking them to his aid upon any dilemma. The pious king set out with a great company to the place where the bodies of these sainted kings are preserved with great splendour, taking with him three golden crowns, constructed after a wonderful and royal fashion. As he returned to his own dominions, he fell into a deep sleep; and dreamt that he beheld the three kings bearing upon their heads the crowns he had lately presented, from whence issued a dazzling lustre.

Each appeared to address him in turn. The first, and the older of the three said, "My brother, thou hast happily arrived hither, and happily shalt thou return." The next said, "Thou has offered much, but more shalt thou carry back with thee." The third said, "My brother, thou art faithful: therefore with us shalt thou conjointly reign in heaven for a period of thirty-three years." Then the elder presented to him a pyx filled with gold—"Receive," said he, "a treasury of wisdom, by which thou wilt judge thy people with equity." The second presented a pyx of myrrh, and said, "Receive the myrrh of prudence, which will bridle the deceitful workings of the flesh: for he

best governs, who is master of himself." The third brought a pyx full of frankincense, saying, "Receive the frankincense of devotion and clemency; for thus shalt thou relieve and soothe the wretched. And as the dew moistens the herbage and promotes a large increase of fertility, so the clemency of a king lifts him to the stars."

The sleeping monarch, surprised at the distinctness and singularity of his vision, suddenly awoke, and found the pyxes, with their rich contents, desposited by his side. Returning to his own kingdom, he devoutly fulfilled the purport of his dream, and, on the conclusion of this transitory life, enjoyed an everlasting throne.

My beloved, the Danish king is any good Christian who brings three crowns to three holy kings—that is, to the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. These crowns are, faith, hope, and charity. The pyx of gold, is a heart full of virtues; that of myrrh typifies repentance; and the pyx of frankincense denotes the Grace of God.

OF EXTORTION.

Josephus mentions that Tiberius Cæsar, inquiring why the governors of provinces remained so long in office, was answered by an example. "I have seen," said the respondent, "an infirm man covered with ulcers, grievously tormented by a swarm of flies. When asked why he did not use a flap and drive off his tormentors, he answered, 'The very circumstance which you think would relieve me, would, in effect, promote tenfold suffering; for by driving away the flies now saturated with my blood, I should afford an opportunity to those that were empty and hungry to supply their place. And who doubts that the

biting of a hungry insect is not ten thousand times more painful than that of one completely gorged—unless the person attacked be stone, and not flesh?'"

My beloved, governors who are already enriched by plunder, are less likely to continue their oppression than they who are poor and needy.

OF FIDELITY.

Valerius records that Fabius redeemed certain captives by the promise of a sum of money; which when the senate refused to confirm, he sold all the property he possessed, and with the produce paid down the stipulated sum, caring less to be thought poor in lands than poor in honesty.

My beloved, Fabius is Christ, who at the expense of life, ransomed mankind from eternal death.

OF GOOD RULERS, WHO ARE NOT TO BE CHANGED.

Valerius Maximus states, that when all the Syracusans desired the death of Dionysius, king of Sicily, a single woman every morning entreated the gods to continue his life, and his sovereignty. Dionysius, surprised at this solitary exception, inquired the reason. She answered, "When I was a girl, and governed by a tyrant, I wished for his removal, and presently we obtained a worse instead. Having got rid of him, a worse

still succeeded; and therefore, under the justifiable apprehension that your place may be filled up by a very devil, I pray earnestly for your long continuance." Dionysius, hearing this, gave her no further trouble.

My beloved, be not desirous of change. God is merciful and gracious—be content with His government.

OF A CELESTIAL KINGDOM.

The Emperor Frederic constructed a curious marble gate at the entrance of Capua. It stood above a fountain of running water; and upon it, the statues of the emperor and two of his judges were sculptured. In a half circle over the head of the right-hand judge was inscribed as follows, "He who regards his own safety and innocence, let him enter here." Similarly over the head of the left-hand judge appeared this scroll, "Banishment or imprisonment is the doom of the envious." In a semicircle over the emperor's head, was written, "Those whom I made miserable, I recompensed." In like manner, above the gate was inscribed, "In Cæsar's reign, I became the guardian of the kingdom."

My beloved, the emperor is God; the marble gate is the Church, which is placed above a running fountain—that is, above the world, which fleets like a water-course. The judges indicate Mary, the mother of Jesus, and John the Evangelist.

OF REMEMBERING DEATH.

A certain Prince derived great pleasure from the chase. It happened, on one occasion, that a merchant accidentally pursued the same path; and observing the beauty, affability, and splendour of the Prince, he said in his heart: "Oh, ye heavenly powers! that man has received too many favours. He is handsome, bold, and graceful; and even his very retinue are equipped with splendour and comfort." Under the impression of such feelings, he addressed himself to one of the attendants, "My friend," said he, "is your master very powerful?" "He is the despotic lord of an extensive territory; his treasury is filled with silver and gold; and his slaves are exceedingly numerous." "God has been bountiful to him," said the merchant; "he is more beautiful than any one I ever beheld; and his power vouches for his wisdom."

Now the person with whom he conversed, related all that the merchant had said to his master; and as the Prince turned homeward about the hour of vespers, he besought the merchant to tarry there all night. The entreaty of a potentate is a command; and the merchant, therefore, though with some reluctance, entered the palace. The prodigious display of wealth, the number of beautiful halls, ornamented in every part with gold, surprised and delighted him. But supper-time approached, and the merchant, by express command of the Prince, was seated at his own table. This honour so enraptured the poor tradesman, that he secretly exclaimed, "Oh, Heaven! the Prince possesses everything that his heart wishes; he has a beautiful wife, fair daughters, and brave sons." As he thus thought, the meat was placed before him; but what was his consternation to observe that it was deposited in the skull of a human being, and served from thence to the Prince and his guests on silver dishes. Horror-struck at what he saw, the merchant felt as if his own head must

presently make part of the same diabolical service, and frequently did he internally ejaculate, "I am a dead man! I am a dead man!"

In the meantime, the lady of the mansion comforted him as much as she could. The night passed on, and he was shown into a bed-chamber hung round with cauldrons; and in one corner of the room several lights were burning. As soon as he had entered, the door was fastened without; and the unlucky merchant was left a solitary prey to his own increasing terror. Casting his eyes around him in despair, he distinguished two dead men hanging by the arms from the ceiling. This shocking circumstance so agonized him, that the cold sweat dropped from his brow, and of rest he was morally incapable. In the morning he got up, but with augmented apprehensions. "Alas!" cried he, "they will assuredly hang me by the side of these murdered wretches. What will become of me?"

When the Prince had risen, he commanded the merchant to be brought into his presence. "Friend," said he, "what portion of my establishment best pleases you?" The man answered, "I am well pleased with everything, my lord, except that my food was served to me out of a human head—a sight so sickening that I could touch nothing. And when I would have slept, my repose was destroyed by the terrific objects which were exhibited to me. And, therefore, for the love of God, suffer me to depart." "Friend," replied the Prince, "the head out of which you were served, and which stood exactly opposite to my wife—my beautiful, but wicked wife!—is the head of a certain duke. Instantly prompted by an uncontrollable desire of vengeance, I separated his head from his body. But the misfortunes of my family end not here; a son of the deceased duke slew two of my kindred, whose bodies you observed hanging in the chamber which had been appropriated to you. Every day, I punctually visit their corpses, to keep alive the fury which ought to animate me to revenge their deaths. Now then, go in peace; and forget

not the useful lesson which I have wished to impart. Remember that external appearances are deceitful; and that human life, in its most gorgeous condition, is still accompanied by the revolting emblems of mortality."

The merchant gladly availed himself of the permission to depart; and returned with greater satisfaction to the toils of traffic.

My beloved, the Prince is intended to represent any good Christian, whose wife is the soul that sins, and being punished, remembers its iniquity and amends. The wicked duke is the devil; to cut off his head is to destroy our vices. The slain kinsmen of the Prince, are love to God and to our neighbour, which the sin of our first parent annihilated. The merchant is any good prelate or confessor, to whom the truth should always be exposed.

OF PERFECT LIFE.

When Titus was Emperor of Rome, he made a decree that the natal day of his first-born son should be held sacred; and that whosoever violated it by any kind of labour, should be put to death. This edict being promulgated, he called Virgil to him, and said, "Good friend, I have established a certain law; but as offences may frequently be committed without being discovered by the ministers of justice, we desire you to frame some curious piece of art, which may reveal to us every transgressor."

Virgil acquiesced, and immediately began his operations. He constructed a magic statue, and caused it to be erected in the midst of the city. By virtue of the secret powers with which it

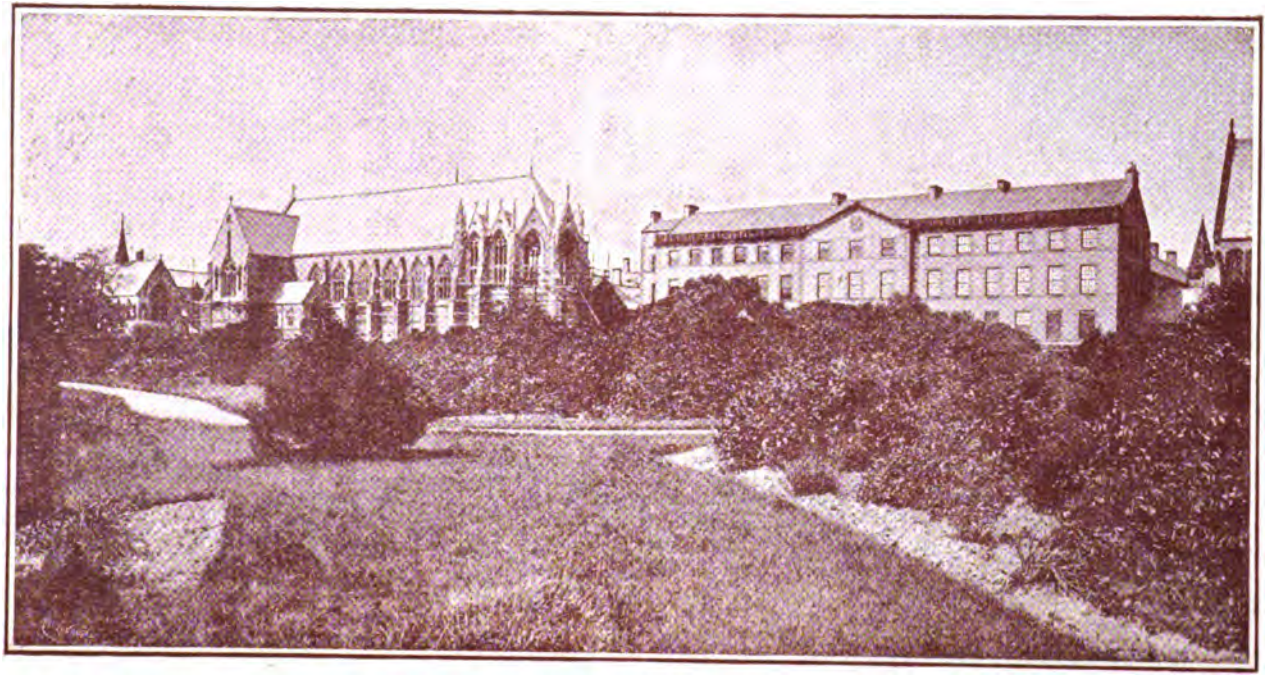
was invested, it communicated to the Emperor whatever was done amiss. And thus, by the accusation of the statue, an infinite number of persons were convicted and punished. Now there was a certain carpenter, called Focus, who pursued his occupation every day alike. Once, as he lay in bed, his thoughts turned upon the accusations of the statue, and the multitudes which it had caused to perish. In the morning, he clothed himself, and proceeded to the statue, which he addressed in the following manner: "O statue! statue! because of thy informations, many of our citizens have been apprehended and slain. I vow to my God, that if thou accusest me, I will break thy head." Having so said, he returned home. About the first hour, the Emperor, as he was wont, despatched sundry messengers to the statue, to enquire if the edict had been strictly complied with. After they had arrived, and delivered the Emperor's pleasure, the statue exclaimed—"Friends, look up; what see ye written upon my forehead?" They looked, and beheld three sentences which ran thus: "Times are altered. Men grow worse. He who speaks truth has his head broken."—"Go," said the statue, "declare to his majesty what you have seen and read." The messengers obeyed, and detailed the circumstances as they had happened.

The Emperor, therefore, commanded his guard to arm, and march to the place on which the statue was erected; and he further ordered, that if any one presumed to molest it, they should bind him hand and foot. The soldiers approached the statue and said, "Our Emperor wills you to declare the name of the scoundrel who threatens you." The statue made answer, "It is Focus the carpenter. Every day he violates the law, and moreover, menaces me with a broken head, if I expose him." Immediately Focus was apprehended, and conducted to the Emperor, who said, "Friend, what do I hear of thee? Why hast thou broken my law?"—"My lord," answered Focus, "I cannot keep it; for I am obliged to obtain every day eight

pennies, which, without incessant labour, I have not the means of acquiring."—"And why eight pennies?" said the Emperor. "Every day through the year," returned the carpenter, "I am bound to repay two pennies which I borrowed in my youth; two I lend; two I lose; and two I spend."—"For what reason do you this?" asked the Emperor. "My lord," he replied, "listen to me. I am bound, each day, to repay two pennies to my father; for, when I was a boy, my father expended upon me daily, the like sum. Now he is poor, and needs my assistance, and, therefore, I return what I borrowed formerly. Two other pennies I lend to my son, who is pursuing his studies; in order that if by any chance I should fall into poverty, he may restore the loan, just as I have done to his grandfather. Again, I lose two pennies every day on my wife; for she is contradictious, wilful, and passionate. Now, because of this disposition, I account whatsoever is given to her to be entirely lost. Lastly, two other pennies I expend upon myself in meat and drink. I cannot do with less; nor can I obtain them without unremitting labour. You now know the truth; and I pray you, judge dispassionately and truly."

"Friend," said the Emperor, "thou has answered well. Go, and labour earnestly in thy calling." Soon after this, the Emperor died, and Focus the carpenter, on account of his singular wisdom, was elected in his stead, by the unanimous choice of the whole nation. He governed as wisely as he had lived; and at his death, his picture, bearing on the head eight pennies, was placed among the effigies of the deceased Emperors.

My beloved, the Emperor is God, who appointed Sunday as a day of rest. By Virgil is typified the Holy Spirit, which ordains a preacher to declare men's virtues and vices. Focus is any good Christian who labours diligently in his vocation, and performs faithfully every relative duty.



ST. CUTHBERT'S COLLEGE, USHAW, 1886.

MERRY ENGLAND

AUGUST, 1886

My First Journey to Ushaw.

THOUGH I was not, as Lord Beaconsfield used to say of himself, born in a library, my taste for books began in very early infancy. When I was seven years old, my uncle, the Bishop, had given me the first volume of the *Penny Magazine*. What a treasure it was!—for the great stream of popular literature was then only just beginning to flow. My father's library had in it many books of solid appearance and equally solid contents, but they were not attractive to children. However, I contrived to find three works, over which I bent for hours, and, perhaps, they helped to form what literary tastes I have. They were Rollin's *Ancient History*, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, and, above all, Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints*. There was also among the books an edition of Swift's works. The title of a *Tale of a Tub* was, of course, an attractive bait to a boy; but, as any of its readers may well imagine, I could make nothing of it. *Gulliver's Travels*, however, were indeed a find.

For the credit of my father's library, I must add that it possessed, among many other Catholic works, a copy of the first edition of Lingard's *History*, but it was in quarto and merely in boards, so that both its weight and appearance prevented me from having anything to do with it. There was also an old

edition of Challoner's *Missionary Priests,* and this I did attempt, but with little success; for the plain matter-of-fact enumeration of the imprisonment and sufferings of men whose names were all I knew about them, deterred rather than invited perusal. One other book was Cobbett's *History of the Reformation,* and I entered heartily into his thorough detestation of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, and all their ways. If to these books I add a volume of *Voyages Round the World,* beginning with Magellan's and Drake's, of which I never grew tired, it will appear that I was fairly well equipped for entering on College life!

About this time an important event for me took place. Mrs. Thomson, the Catholic bookseller in Preston, was bringing out a reprint of Reeve's *Bible History.* I went to see it printed, and I thought that it would never be ready for use. When, at length, I carried it off, in all the glory of a slippery binding in sheepskin, my delight in reading it knew no bounds. I read it over and over again, until I almost knew it by heart. Somewhat later, I got a ticket of admission to Shepherd's Library, but amongst all the mighty tomes which encumbered its shelves, I confess, to my shame, that I was familiar with only one—a folio edition of *Don Quixote.* I keenly appreciated Sancho Panza's performances, and I laughed so unrestrainedly at one of the scrapes into which he got, that I never returned to the room. It was the quaint picture—a woodcut—which moved my mirth far more than the text; and, besides, I had a boy friend who attempted to read with me. Of course, the attempt was fatal, and I ceased my attendances there.

I went to school to a Mr. Kenyon. He was a good scholar, of great scientific attainments, but an easy-going and indulgent master. The principal thing I remember about him is that he invariably on Sundays came late to Mass. This was in St. Wilfrid's Church, and as our bench was the first one in the gallery, and his was half-way up the middle aisle, his hopeful

pupils had every opportunity of observing his exemplary behaviour. Under his care, I had already made some proficiency in Latin and French and even Greek; and I was a good arithmetician for my age. My family had given many priests to the Northern Mission in former times. I had had one uncle a Bishop in London, and another a priest in Lancashire, and I had always said, from the earliest time to which I can look back, that I, too, would be a priest. Both my uncles had been at Ushaw, and two of my brothers had preceded me there. And so to Ushaw it was decided that I should go. I was even then tall for my age, a slender lath of a boy; merry, but gentle, and even shy, in disposition.

A journey to the county of Durham from the town of Preston was a very different thing then, from what it is now-a-days. For it was in the month of August, in the year 1837, the year of the coronation of Her Gracious Majesty—whom may God long preserve!—that I made this important step in my life. Two years before, in 1835, my eldest brother John had been sent to Ushaw, and I well remember going to see him off. He made the journey from Preston to Lancaster in the fast packet on the canal. At that time there was no railway passing through Preston, though the works and excavations for the North-Union, southwards of Preston, had begun, and my last journey to Liverpool, before leaving home for college, was made by railway. But the railway north of Preston was still a thing of the future. The packet had been given up, and so it was by mail-coach that I had to travel. My brother Richard, older than I by about a year-and-a-half, was returning to college, and we were placed under the care of Mr. Peter Nightingale, then in the Divines' school at Ushaw, and master of the lowest class of rudiments. He had been spending the vacation in Lancashire, and, in the course of it, had been a frequent visitor at my father's house. He was a bright, good-natured man; very popular with boys, for he was good at all athletic games, and had a cheery manner

with them. He died in 1847, one of the many victims to the fever which raged so fiercely that year in Liverpool.

I felt little regret at leaving home, though it was a pleasant one, and I was blessed with the best of parents. I was full of bright anticipations of what was to be seen and done at college. One of my earliest friends, Charles Teebay, now the respected Rector of St. Joseph's College, Upholland, had preceded me thither by about two months; he was even then wide-awake about every interesting place in the neighbourhood of Preston, and many a walk we had taken together in search of the picturesque and curious.

When every preparation had been made, and a man from the warehouse in Lord Street had wheeled in his truck my box to the coach-office, my father and my good old uncle John accompanied us two lads to the Red Lion Hotel. Adieux were exchanged, our coats and mufflers were arranged, and we climbed up to the front of the coach to occupy seats behind the driver. It was a bright summer evening, and we had still some hours of light before us. The coachman gave a shake to the reins, he cracked his whip, and off we started for our run of over a hundred miles. We took three hours or thereabouts to reach Lancaster. The great road to the north was at that time one of the chief modes of communication between Scotland and the large centres of industry in Lancashire. It was kept in good repair, and was generally thronged with vehicles of all descriptions. Numerous well appointed coaches made the run between Preston and Lancaster and back at all hours of the day. The old tower of Broughton Church, low and broad, with its outer walls bound with great iron S S, looked as grim as it does now; while the lodge to Barton Hall, the residence of Mr. Jacson, was even then trim and cared for. Cobbett's Lane End had already got its name from that celebrated character, who had spent several nights with the Rev. Mr. Marsh, priest of Newhouse, during his unsuccessful candidature for the representation of Preston.

The way had been long familiar to me, for twice a year, at Christmas and in summer time, I had been wont to go to Claughton Rectory to eat mince pies or cherries. But after passing the turn to the right in Claughton all was new to me, and I distinctly remember the ascent and descent of Bowgreave Hill just before reaching Garstang. Even to this day, almost fifty years after, I can recall my delight at the glorious view that presented itself to the eye when we arrived at the top of the hill. The "finished town" lay at our feet, embedded in the rich green of the surrounding meadows and pastures. On the left, in the far distance, was the dark mass of Black Combe, its summit, indeed, illumined by the deep red rays of the setting sun; while on the right, the slopes of the Scorton and Bleasdale Fells were bathed in the rich light. I had been familiar with the pastoral beauties of Ribblesdale, but they now seemed tame when I beheld the wild, bold outlines of the Pennine range. One thing I did not notice at the time, and this was the point where the Roman Road crosses the modern highway on the northern slope of the hill. Little did I think then that nearly half a century later a fugitive paper of mine in the Palatine Note Book was to be the fortunate occasion of tracing accurately an important section of this long lost path.

Of course, when we resumed our journey at Lancaster in the "Lord Exmouth," it had become nearly dark, and I had a place in the inside of the coach. There was a lady fellow-traveller, and she had with her a basket of grapes. As she kindly invited me to partake of them, we were soon friends, and my tongue was loosened to talk with the ready confidence of boyhood. But most of the journey was spent by me in the happy oblivion of sleep. I recked little of the desolation of Stanemore, of the beauties of the Tees valley, of the glories of Raby Castle, or the unattractive clusters of coke-ovens as we approached Durham.

But at the risk of anticipating somewhat, I must tell one or

two anecdotes of what passed in after years, when I was on the self-same track, only in a reverse direction, returning to Lancashire after the College year had finished. One year, I well remember, when the coach was occupied inside and out with boys on the first day of their vacation, not long after leaving Barnard Castle, we were pointed out a long, low, straggling building, and told it was Dotheboy's Hall, the veritable scene of one of Charles Dickens's most picturesque descriptions. Straightway arose, as from a pack of hounds, a clear, ringing shout of three cheers for Mr. Squeers. In 1838, when we approached Kirby Steven, where we were to sup, the seniors began gravely to discuss the hour. It was a Friday, and midnight was not yet come. A goodly supper was always ready for the arrival of the travellers, but the mutton chops were not to be touched till the clock had struck twelve. Mr. Alexander Goss, who had been teaching syntax the previous year, took the command. He proposed to stand by the clock and to give the signal when the time was up. So we set to work at the buttered toast and buns and the potted trout, until Mr. Goss uttered the welcome words, "Now, boys, for the ham and eggs." In this Alexander Goss my readers will recognise the great Bishop of Liverpool, whose imposing appearance, whose fearless, outspoken eloquence, whose rigid enforcement of ecclesiastical discipline, and whose stout championship of the Church's rights, have made his name memorable in the history of the Catholic religion in England.

We travel now in more prosaic style, though at a greater speed, but the folks grown old can find a keen delight in recalling the long past pleasures of the road. We arrived in Durham about six o'clock in the morning, and stayed at the inn in Old Elvet. I need not here say anything of the town, but we reached Ushaw a little before two.

The college was then a plain square building, as unadorned as well could be, and I gazed with astonishment at the long rows of

windows rising tier above tier; and on entering the ambulacrum, I thought it almost interminable. I was conducted to the refectory—the community dinner was over, but the carvers were having theirs after the boys had retired. The 12th of August that year was a Friday, and a second course was supplied. It was an important-looking tart in brown ware—such as I had seen holding milk in a dairy—and it was filled with currants, and covered with a mighty crust. Then the pewter plates, the pronged steel forks, and the cups! But as I was hungry, everything came right to me.

The next proceeding was to get a second play-fellow, for of course my brother Richard was to be one; and my fast friend till this day, Wm. Walker, now of Lancaster, was assigned as the other. How little he has changed in character since that day! He had the same beaming countenance as now; he was as cheery and as full of ready sympathy; he was so completely at ease with himself, it was hard indeed if those about him were not at their ease also. Withal he was shrewd and possessed of tact and *savoir faire*. As the afternoon was already pretty well advanced, our walk was limited to the immediate neighbourhood; and we sauntered into the plantation behind the college. It consisted chiefly of fir-trees of perhaps from twenty to thirty years' growth, and there was a straight walk going through it from top to bottom. Perhaps it was as uninviting and dismal as a wood in August could be, but my play-fellows soon found in it a surpassing attraction. On the twig of a bushy tree was a hornet's nest, rather larger than a good sized orange, and they straightway planned its destruction. For my part, I was a town-bred boy, and my sole relation with hornets was to keep at a respectful distance from them. So it was with the keenest interest that I watched the operations. They were successful; the twig was broken off, the entrance to the nest secured, and the conquerors returned to the college with their prize. Five o'clock came, and my play-fellows asked me if I wanted to go to the

refectory for a piece of dry bread. I had not yet got over my astonishment at the big currant pie, and so I answered I was not hungry.

Seven o'clock came, and I was taken to the chapel for first prayers. The chapel was the present Hall, but how plain and simple it was in all its appointments! At the top end were the three altars, then a broad open space, then the benches on either side, and at the bottom in the middle, the Prefect's desk. A new boy's place was in the strangers' bench at the lower end on the left hand, but it so happened that my play-fellows went in before me and I occupied the outside place. The consequences of this arrangement were remarkable; for I had had only a broken rest during the previous night. I fell fast asleep, lost my equilibrium, and rolled into the middle of the chapel. Mr. Chadwick was the Prefect, and he and the President, then Mr. Newsham, rushed to the rescue. They picked me up, and conducted me to the seat in the ambulacrum, nearest to the chapel-door. As soon as I had so far recovered myself as to speak, they asked me what was the matter. I really did not know; but I answered that I was faint for want of food. Thereupon, my companions got a good scolding for not taking greater care of me, and it was at once decided that I was in future to have some bread and milk every morning before the seven o'clock Mass, and again in the evening at five o'clock. With this notable performance, my recollection of that memorable day came to an end; but I may observe, that I dutifully persevered in going for the bread and milk at five o'clock for upwards of twelve years, until the December of 1849, when I was ordained priest and admitted to the Parlour.

Any Ushaw reader of these lines will know that the Mr. Chadwick here mentioned, was the charming, accomplished, and universally beloved Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle. To him I owed a further obligation, for it was he who, as General Prefect, administered to me what Father Gurdon calls the eighth sacra-

ment in a dose of birch wine. No doubt this helped to develop every good trait in my character, and though I cannot say that, like Father Tom Burke, I deserve the title of "Well whipped," I hope I am duly grateful for what whipping I did get.

The Mr. Newsham, for then he was so styled, before long became "the Doctor" of Cardinal Wiseman's *The Hidden Gem*, and, later still, the Right Rev. Monsignore Charles Newsham. To him I am indebted in a different fashion for very different benefits; and of these, whilst I fully acknowledge them, it does not become me, in a paper like this, to speak.

Sweet to me are these memories of the dear old place; and the effort to recall them has served only to renew my love for Saint Cuthbert's College, Ushaw.

ROBERT GRADWELL.

A STUDENT'S SKETCH OF THE COLLEGE IN 1809.

In a Meadow.

AT the mid-heaven the July sun is burning,
Pouring his white heat on the throbbing world,
With all its green-gold wheat to yellow turning,
And all its polished grass-blades crisped and curled.

I know, a stone's throw off, a quaint old garden—
The thrush's home, the blackbird's long desire—
In whose green gloom red lilies stand for warden,
Keeping their Paradise with swords of fire.

But here—O sweet—the lark's above in Heaven,
On the sun's heart, whose bird of love he is,
With the warm wind is all the wide mead waven,
Tossed to grey breakers like the hoary seas.

Brave's my dark hedge with rose and pearl festooning,
The hyacinth-coloured woodbine's honey-sweet ;
Hark, in the neighbouring wheat some wood-sprite crooning,
Talking and walking with unresting feet.

Here's honeysuckle, and the bee her lover,
And great dog-daisies softly swayed and moved,
All the field's floor doth scattered gold dust cover,
The yellow cuckoo-buds my Shakespeare loved.

On such a day, on such a day, by Avon,
Prone in the meadows, screened from human sight,
Only the lark to watch him from high Heaven,
He drank like me the Summer's full delight.

In such a mead—O sweet—I see him lying,
With his deep eyes all warm with happy dreams,
Warm with his youth, and swallows o'er him flying,
Lighting his brown hair with their wings' swift gleams.

In Charlecote it might be, beside the river,
Where trees and ferns make alcoves cool and dim,
And the white stars of lilies lightly quiver,
And water-fowl come forth to look at him.

Alas! beyond the woods from his lush meadow,
He sees red roof and chimney-stack arise,
And o'er his dreaming flits like sun through shadow
The love-light of Anne Hathaway's blue eyes.

The tall deer know his haunts, and all unheeding,
Eat the long grass, and couch amid the fern;
While all too swift the happy hours are speeding,
The young gold hours that never shall return.

Yon is Sir Thomas Lucy's orchard shady,
With the small apples brightening on the boughs,
And round the red rose garden of my Lady
The hollyhocks stand up in stately rows.

But sweeter far Anne Hathaway's small garden,
With a sun-dial at the heart thereof,
And a fierce lion carved of yew for warden,
And the air rich with musk, and thyme, and clove.

But sweetest flower amid the rare old flowers,
Gold-crested Anne with her sweet eyes of youth;
And her shy smile comes through the dusky bowers,
Most meet for whispering lover's tales in sooth.

Nay, I but dream—three hundred years are over,
Since the true lovers lived through love's delights ;
They sleep below the dew and the white clover,
And hear the nightingale o' moon-white nights.

See here are Shakespeare's flowers that set me dreaming,
In this grey Irish meadow at my feet ;
The gold-heart lady-smocks all whitely gleaming,
The cuckoo-buds the brown bee finds so sweet.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

Mont-Saint-Michel.

THE Liberal Government of France continues to mark its progress by successive acts of tyranny: in the May of last year it abolished Catholic worship in the great Church of Saint Geneviève, the patron Saint of Paris: having done its best to insult the Saint of the City, it is now proceeding to show its rancour towards the patron of the Nation. M. Goblet, the Minister of Public Worship, has decreed that, on the last day of the present month, the Basilica of Mont-Saint-Michel shall be closed, and Religion be driven from this glorious Sanctuary. The motives, which have produced this act of sacrilege, are more like those of spiteful and vicious boys than those of responsible statesmen. Last October the electors of La Manche replaced Republican by Royalist deputies; the enemies of the priesthood at once suggested to the Minister the secularisation of the mountain-basilica, and M. Goblet has eagerly accepted this method of wreaking revenge on those who had dared to differ from the political views of the party in power. Thus a church in which Frenchmen, and, indeed, all the world, have prayed for eleven centuries, is to be proscribed by the undistinguished tyrant of the hour. How long, O France, how long will you suffer these mutilations of your most glorious traditions, these ebullitions of hatred against your most devoted sons, both priests and princes?

Where the borders of Normandy and Brittany touch one another, stands the celebrated rock, whose legends are so full of antique simplicity, whose history is so glorious, and whose present aspect is so romantic, so venerable, and so beautiful.

Hardly has there been a more perfect example of the small body with the mighty heart. If we take one view of "magnitude and mind," we shall find that mind is best developed in small environments; witness Athens, Florence, and Mont-Saint-Michel; the last is the smallest of the really great places who have made history within their four walls and their few acres. This singular rock always excited the imaginations of men, and from the first attracted the most sensitive and dominant spirits to rule or teach or pray in the bold seclusion of its heights. Before Christianity, the Druids had a college there, and performed their ceremonies, terrible with blood. In their day the rock formed a part of the mainland, and presented the appearance of a great mausoleum, to which the Mole of Adrian was a pigmy; hence its ancient name of *Mont-Tombe.* Nine Druidesses served the altars on the summit of the rock. The gigantic Stonehenge-like monoliths which composed them were, according to the legend, cast from their places in later times by a little Christian child. Then Rome dominated the rock, as she did everything else, and gave it the name of *Mons-Jovis.* Pottery, medals, and fragments of mosaic attest the presence of the *Orbis terrarum domina.* At the end of the fourth century there was already a Christian Bishop of Avranches. Solitaries had begun to people the forest of Siscy and the rocky precipice: *Saint Gaud, Saint Pair,* and the venerable *Aroaste* came to live and die here; indeed, the country had become a Gallic Thebaid.

A new era dawned for the Mount in the beginning of the eighth century. *Saint Aubert* was Bishop of Avranches when Saint Michael appeared to him and commanded him to erect a sanctuary on the Mont-Tombe, wherein the Archangel should be honoured for ever, as on Monte Gargano in Italy. The good bishop seems to have doubted the reality of the celestial intervention, and the Archangel deigned to appear to him for the

third time, leaving a deep mark upon his forehead, as a sign of his commands. The bishop says with charming simplicity: "The Archangel strongly blamed me for my incredulity; and, touching my head with his finger, left the mark which you all behold." By the miraculous agency of a child's significant weakness, he overturned the Druidic altars, which strong men had been unable to move. He purified the site and erected a small circular crypt in the severe and simple style of the Gallo-Roman period. *Saint Aubert* established on the mountain a college of twelve canons, who were constantly to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice, and soon pilgrims from the whole of Catholic Europe flocked to the sanctuary of the Archangel. Popes granted spiritual favours, Kings material resources, and the work of the Bishop of Avranches prospered from year to year. Then came Charlemagne to add fresh glory to the Sacred Mount, and to give special honour to its angelic guardian. Passing through Avranches, the great King heard Mass celebrated by the bishop —*Saint Aubert* was long dead—then went on to Mont-Saint-Michel, where he "piously made his devotions," and after his coronation he ordered the image and name of Saint Michael to be placed upon his standards, declaring him to be "Patronus et princeps imperü Galliarum."

From this time Mont-Saint-Michel became a national monument, whither France went to implore the help of Heaven in all her distresses. Nearly all the cathedrals and churches, during the middle ages, had chapels dedicated to Saint Michael. His effigy shone in stained-glass, and crowned the summits of countless ecclesiastical buildings. "Saint Michael, protector of France, pray for us," was a refrain added to the liturgy of the church. So anxious were pilgrims to take away relics from the sacred place, that they seriously injured the edifices, and penalties had to be inflicted on the depredators. The pilgrims then had recourse to the shore and picked up the shells which were

scattered there, as memorials of their visit; hence it arose that the scallop shell became the ensign of a pilgrim. In aftertimes the monastery adopted this shell in its coat of arms. In 943 *Richard-sans-Peur*, Duke of Normandy, seeing that reform was needed among the Aubertine Canons, determined to replace them by Benedictine monks. Their first Abbot was elected in 966, and then began that splendid Benedictine career of devotion and learning, of art and usefulness, which has given such lustre and fame to a solitary wave-worn rock.

The devotion of the English to Saint Michael was so remarkable, that Edward the Confessor bestowed on the monks of the Norman Rock, Saint Michael's Mount in Cornwall; while Harold and his after Conqueror paid a visit together to the shrine during the former's fatal visit to France. The monks assisted William in his invasion with men and ships, and their banner of Saint Michael waved in front of the conquering host at Hastings. Although the Monks of Saint Michael successfully mingled in the stirring events and diplomacy of their time, and were the councillors of kings, they lived from day to day a very different life, in the wild home whence they had dislodged the sea-birds. Besides conforming strictly to their rule, they studied and taught in schools which were soon celebrated. Here were cultivated every known branch of learning; all the teachers and their scholars enrolled themselves as "Principis ætherei Sancti Michaelis Alumni," thus acknowledging the Archangel as their master even in earthly and spiritual science. The fruits of their studies only remain to us in that most permanent of all memorials —their architecture; and who shall say that the hardihood, the strength, the grace, the hazardous originality, and the whole daring group of sublime building were not directly inspired by the great Marshal of Heaven? and surely His special protection must have been accorded to this marvellous place, which, after countless lightning-strokes, sieges and revolutions, still holds its head

high over the Western Ocean. From the beginning of the eleventh to the end of the fourteenth century, Mont-Saint-Michel, under a succession of admirable abbots, extended its influence for good throughout Europe, was the bourne of countless pilgrims, and increased in material majesty and beauty. The thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were more particularly the ages of pilgrimage, and in 1333 occurred the touching pilgrimage of the Little Children: mysterious voices had said to them, "Arise and go to Mont-Saint-Michel," and they came in safety from the most distant places, often protected in a miraculous manner.

But though these were ages of devotion, they were also ages of war, and the monastery, as it grew, had of necessity to partake of the nature of a fortress; while the increasing boldness and incursions of the English finally made the *Mont* a centre of protection to the people of the surrounding country. Soon military architecture added its stern features to the wonderful pile, making it a perfect microcosm of the ages of fighting and faith which gave it birth. The battle of Agincourt was fought in 1415, and France was under the heel of England. The miseries inflicted by our countrymen on that noble kingdom were almost universal, and the few places which resisted naturally excited the indignation of the victorious English; chief among these was Mont-Saint-Michel. Efforts extending over years completely failed to conquer the monastic fortress, and finally in 1423, the English blockaded it completely for the space of five months. They were at last beaten off; but fresh attempts were made, and in 1427 the perils and distress in the *Mont* were more pressing than ever; twenty thousand English besieged the town, and it seemed that the last stronghold and the virgin city of France must be taken by the enemy. One hundred and nineteen knights and forty monks were the only defenders; but they were all animated by the desire to conquer or to die for

their unhappy country. After many heroic acts on both sides, the English had to retire and abandon the siege ; the brave and pious besieged attributed their victory to "*l'ayde de Dieu et de Monseigneur Saint Michel, prince des chevaliers du ciel.*" This victory in Lower Normandy was the prelude to many others ; Saint Michael appeared to Joan of Arc and encouraged her in her efforts to save her country. In 1429 Charles VII. was crowned at Rheims amid the tears of Joan, who thanked "Messire Saint Michel" for his protection ; thus La Pucelle and the knights and monks of Mont-Saint-Michel saved the kingdom of France.

Then came a time of repairs and restoration, of increased influence and of more numerous pilgrimages. In 1462 the astute Louis XI. visited the Abbey, distributing royal gifts. This king had, later, the well-meant thought of instituting an Order of Knighthood to honour Saint Michael and to commemorate the splendid defence of 1427; this order, among the most distinguished in Europe, lasted until the French Revolution. Still, from the time of its institution, the monastic spirit began to fade. Then followed the wars of the Huguenots, and Mont-Saint-Michel had to defend itself at intervals for nearly a century with unvarying success and courage.

The world, as has been seen, would not leave the monastery in peace, and the monks became reduced both in number and in fervour ; as a consequence, in 1622, nearly seven hundred years after the arrival of the first Benedictines, they were replaced by a small colony of their congregation of Saint-Maur ; and now, for nearly a hundred and fifty years there was comparative peace. Madame de Sévigné describes the city of the Archangel as still "*orgueilleuse et fière*" in the days of Louis XIV. Then came the Great Revolution with spoliation and sacrilege in its train ; for seventy years the fortress-monastery was a State prison, and not until 1864 was it restored to diocesan

authority. Its second secularisation is reserved for this year of grace, and the city of genius and of miracle is to be again profaned.

The apsidal crown of the basilica still stands more than four hundred feet above the sea; in former days the graceful flèche rose one hundred feet more, carrying the statue of the dominant Archangel, whose flaming sword menaced the enemies of France, and according to the device of the Knights of Saint Michael, was a terror to the vast ocean: "*Immensi tremor Oceani.*" The granite walls, twenty feet thick at the base, rise from the secular rock as though the rock itself had changed its nature and taken to growing like a forest tree; while all the irregularities of the site were skilfully worked into happy surprises of plan. Nine hundred years of the history of Art, from Norman work down to Neo-Greek, are crystallised on this rock of ages. *La Merveille*, as one great building out of the many is truly called, is a masterpiece of scientific and artistic masonry, designed with almost supernatural force; the cloister attached to it, exquisitely carved in rigid granite, is the most original and one of the most beautiful in Europe: "*Ce clôitre est un milieu entre Dieu et les hommes, par ou celui-là descend vers ceux-ci sans rien perdre de sa majesté,*" says an old chronicler; the mediæval men called this enchanting flower of constructive and decorative thought the "Palace of the Angels." The double row of delicate columns which encircle the cloister-garth, rush together in sharply pointed arches, from whose inner sides spring small groin-ribs, which unite the inner and the outer arcade; by a happy invention the column in the one case coincides with the arch-space in the other, thus producing a wall-veil, in which harmony mingles with variety and ingenuity achieves simplicity. What is now called the Hall of the Knights, with its countless columns and its many branching roof of stone, is perhaps the most impressive relic of the middle ages in France or Europe. The church which dominates the

whole group most appropriately breaks into the lighter forms of the later Gothic, whose crocketed pinnacles form the diadem of this queen of the Normandy coast.

We moderns flatter ourselves that we have discovered the intimate, and, as it were, personal charm of nature; certainly our best landscape painters and our poets seem to have found and grasped the subtle bonds which unite the moods of man and of nature. We understand the language of our painters and our poets, but do we quite understand the voice, mute, yet eloquent, which discourses passionate love in the tendrils of hard stone, and thrills us with echoes of romance from mountains building-crowned and sea-set gems of art? The men of the middle ages loved nature with a love as intimate, though differing in form of expression, as any modern; but intense as was their love, it was practical and energetic; to them a lovely knoll existed that it might be perfected by a still more lovely tower, which should gather to itself all the force and beauty of the surrounding landscape; to them a fertile plain with its level lines, was a foil for the rocket-like up-springing of many hundred feet of tapering stone-work; to them a river-brightened valley was made to be the haunt of monasteries whose carved capitals and spandrils should repeat the herbage and flowers, even as the translucent stream did in its own sweet but different way. And when nature, as in Mont-Saint-Michel, put on a more daring mood than usual, the poet-builders caught her spirit and out-dared her own audacity.

The misfortune of France at present is not to so much the absence of poetic insight, as the presence of political spite and of religious rancour. Mont-Saint-Michel, dedicated through so many centuries to God and the great Archangel, is not now to be injured in its fabric; it is only to be turned into a wind-swept Museum. It will be guarded by policemen instead of monks: it is to be a monument of recreant France. Let us hope that, even

as before, after seventy years of defilement, this splendid sanctuary was returned to its rightful owners, so this last desecration will before long be repented of. The real heart of France is surely too deep, too serious and too just to be truly and permanently represented by the mischievous antics and the forcible feebleness of her present government.

BERNARD WHELAN.

In the Greenwood.

CHAPTER I.

RAIN IN NEW ENGLAND.

"Then the wyld thorowe the woodes went
On every syde shear;
Grea-hondes thorowe the greves glent
For to kyll thear dear."

FOR three consecutive mornings of a certain month of May not far distant, Blanch and I had opened our diaries to write, "Wind E. N. E."

Everybody knows what that means in Boston. It means chill and greyness and drizzle; it means melancholy-shining sidewalks and puddles *à surprise* just where the foot is most confidingly planted; it means water dripping over gutters, flowing frothily from spouts, and squshing from shoes of poor folks at every step they take; it means draggled skirts, and cross looks, and influenza, and bronchitis, and a disposition to believe in the total depravity of inanimate things.

Yes; but also it means an effervescence of spirit in those rare souls, like incarnate sunshine, kindred in some sort of "Epictetus, a slave, maimed in body, an Irus in poverty, and favoured by the immortals."

But—three whole days of drizzle!

On the first day, Blanch and I glanced approvingly skyward, and said, "A fine rain!" then went about that inevitable clearing

out of drawers and closets and reading of old letters, which a rainy day suggests to the feminine mind.

On the second morning, we donned water-proofs and overshoes, and boldly sallied forth, coming in later breathless, glowing, drenched, and with our hair curled up into kinks. Then, subsiding a little, we drew down the crimson curtains, lighted a fire, lighted the gas, and shutting ourselves into that rosy cloister, read till we were sleepy.

But sometimes water looks a great deal wetter than it does at other times; and on the third morning it looked very wet indeed. The damp easterly gloom entered between our eyelids and penetrated to our souls. We struck our colours. Like the Sybarite who got a pain in his back from seeing some men at work in the field, we shivered in sympathy with every passing wretch.

That prince of blunderers, Sir Boyle Roche, used to say that the best way to avoid danger is to meet it plumb. Acting on that principle, Blanch and I took each a chair and window, and, seating ourselves, stared silently in the face of the enemy. After an hour or so, I began to feel the benefit of the baronet's prescripton.

"Blanch," said I, brightening, "let's go on a lark down to Maine, to the northern part of Hancock County, to a place I know."

Blanch turned her small, white face towards me, gave me a reproachful glance out of her pale-blue eyes, then drew her shawl closer about her throat, and resumed her gaze in the face of out-of-doors.

I waited a moment, then pursued, "Rain in town and rain in the country are two reigns, as the histories say. Lilies shrugging up their white shoulders, and roses shaking their pink faces to get rid of the drops; trees, lucent green jewels in every leaf; birds laughing and scolding at the same time, casting bright little jokes from leafy covert to covert;

brooks foaming through their channels like champagne out of bottles—"

"Never compare a greater thing to a less," interrupted Blanch, severe and rhetorical.

"So you think rain-water is better than champagne?" I asked.

"No matter. Go on with your poetics."

"At this time the apple-trees are pink clouds of incense, and the cherry-trees are white clouds of incense, the maples are on fire; there are fresh light-green sprouts on the dark-green spruces; the flaky boughs of the cedars have put forth pale, spicy buds; and the silver birches glimmer under hovering mists of green. Deer are stealing out of the woods to browse in the openings, and grey rabbits hop across the long, still road (there is but one road). The May-flowers are about gone; but dandelions, 'spring's largesse,' are everywhere. Here and there is a clearing, over which the surrounding wildness has thrown a gentle savagery, like lichen over rocks. The people (there are two) live in a log house. They never get a newspaper till it is weeks old, perhaps not so soon, and they know nothing of fashion. Everything there is peaceful. Rumours of oppression, fraud, and war reach them not. I should not be surprised if that were one of the places where they still vote for General Jackson. Their most frequent visitors are bears, and wolves, and snappish little yellow foxes. In short, you have no idea how delightful the place is."

"I am not like the Queen of Sheba," says Blanch. "Though the half had not been told me, my imagination would have out-built, and out-sung, and out-shone Solomon in all his glory. Who are these people?"

"Mr. Thomas and Mrs. Sally Smith. Sally lived with my mother as help when I was a little girl. On my tenth birthday, she gave me my first smelling-bottle, purple glass with a silver-washed screw-top. The season was July, and the day very

warm. After holding my precious present in my hand awhile, I opened it, and, in the innocence of my heart, took a deliberate snuff. The result beggars description. When I became capable of thought, I believed that the top of my head had been blown off. You remember in the *Arabian Nights* the bottle out of which, when it was unstopped, a demon escaped? Well, that was the same bottle. Sally used to boil molasses candy for me; and she has braided my hair and boxed my ears many a time. But mother didn't allow her to box my ears. Thomas lived in our town, and tried to support himself and make a fortune by keeping a market, but with slight success. He was always behind hand, and never got the dinner home till the cook was at the point of distraction. They called him the late Mr. Smith. By-and-by he and Sally got married, and went into the woods to live. I paid Sally a visit long ago, and she made me promise to come again."

"I dare say it is all moon-shine," said Blanch, rising. "But, here goes."

"Where to?" I exclaimed.

"To pack my trunks for a visit to Sally Smith," answered Blanch from the door-way.

"But I was in fun."

"And I am in earnest."

"And perhaps the facts are not so fair as the fancies."

"So much the worse for the facts."

With which quotation the young woman disappeared. Resistance was useless. Blanch is one of those gentle, yielding creatures who always have their own way. And I love to be tyrannized over. I followed her up-stairs, repeating ruefully,

> "Since then I never dared to be
> As funny as I can."

Catch me being poetic again!

That very evening a letter was mailed to Sally Smith, an-

nouncing our coming; and in less than a week we started, lingering over the first part of our journey, that due preparation might be made for our entertainment. The last day and a half were to be an allegro movement.

The drive from Bucksport to Ellsworth was delightful; not the beginning of it, where twelve persons were crowded into a nine-passenger coach; where Blanch, looking like a wilted flower, sat wedged between two large, determined women; where my neighbours were a restless man who was constantly trying to get something out of the coat-pocket next me, and an æsthetic man who insisted on looking past my nose at the prospect, and a tobacco-chewing man as his breath in my face fully testified; all this was not delightful. But after we had entreated the driver, and been assisted to a perch on the coach roof, then it was glorious.

Then we got airy tosses instead of dislocating jolts; saw the road unwind, turn by turn, from the woods; saw how the grating brake was put to the wheel while we crept over the brow of a steep pitch, then let go while we spun down the lower part and flew over the level. The afternoon sun was behind us, and gilded the hills; but the hollows were full of transparent dusk with the crowding, overhanging woods. As we came up out of them, our horses strained forward to trample on a gaint shadow-coach, with four shadow-horses, a shadow-driver, and two fly-away shadow-women in advance of everything else.

Presently the boughs ceased to catch at our veils, the woods thinned and withdrew, houses appeared and multiplied, and we came out on to a long steep hill dipping to a river, whence another long steep hill rose at the other side. And built up and down, and to right and left, was a pretty town with all its white houses rose-red in the sunset. Well might it blush under our faithful eyes! "Blanch," I said, "behold a town where, sixteen years ago, a Catholic priest almost won the crown of martyrdom. On the hill opposite, toward the south, stood the Catholic church

that was burned, and the Catholic school-house that was blown up with gunpowder. There is the cottage where the priest lived. One August evening, when the sky was like a topaz with sunset, and the new moon was out, he baptized me there, and a little while after they broke his windows with stones. Further up the hill is the house from which, one rainy Saturday night, a mob of masked men dragged him. Ah well! that story is yet to be told."

CHAPTER II.

HE AND SHE.

THE next morning early, we started on our last day's journey, and were driven through a rough country, the road dwindling till it seemed likely to imitate that avenue which narrowed till it turned into a squirrel-track and ran up a tree. At five o'clock we stopped at a farm-house, which was also post-office; and there we got a man to take us to our journey's end.

"Maybe you'll take this letter with you," the postmaster said. "It's for Miss Smith." *Mrs.* is never heard in that region. I took that letter, and gazed at it a moment in wrathful silence. There was my annunciatory epistle written to Sally Smith more than a fortnight before! "Allah il Allah!" sighed Blanch resignedly when I held up the letter to her view.

The road over which we now drove was streaked with grass that tempted the lowered nose of our Rosinante, and graceful clusters of buttercups brushed the slow spokes of our wheels. The forest primeval shot down, solid and precipitous, at our left, and at our right the scrubby spruces clambered and straggled

over the ledges with the appearance of having just stopped to look at us; and in a little while we saw through their tops a log house that stood at the head of a rocky lane. A thin wreath of smoke curled from the stone chimney, curtains of spotless whiteness shone inside the tiny hinged windows, and a luxuriant hop-vine draped all the wall next us. Not a rod back from the house, and drawn darkly against the sunset sky, was a picture very like Doré's bringing of the ark to Bethsames. A group of cattle stood there motionless, two low-bending spruce-trees unfurled their plumy branches over a square rock, and, as motionless as either, stood a tall, gaunt woman staring fixedly at us.

"Goodness gracious!" cried Blanch sharply, "the child will shoot us!" Following her glance, I espied a tow-headed urchin of ten, maybe, whom our coming had petrified in the act of getting through the bars at the foot of the lane. Against the lower bar rested his rifle, the muzzle looking us directly in the eye. I seized upon him and changed his aim. "Your name is Larkin," I said accusingly. "Yes, ma'am!" he answered in a trembling voice. "What are you here for?" "Ma'am sent me to borrow Miss Smith's darn'-needle," he whimpered. "You have come four miles through the woods to borrow a darning-needle?" I demanded. "Yes, ma'am!" he answered, eagerly pointing to a huge needle with a blue yarn which was sewed into his blue drilling shirt-front. "Is Mrs. Sally Smith alive?" I asked solemnly. "Yes, ma'am!" "Does she live in this house?" "Yes, ma'am!" "Does any one else live here?" "Yes, ma'am!" "Who?" "Mr. Smith." "Well, set your rifle down here in the corner of the fence, and look out how you aim it another time. There! now take this letter and carry it up to Mrs. Smith, and give her my compliments, and say that we would like a reply at her earliest convenience. We may be addressed at the foot of the lane, sitting on our trunks."

As I released his arm, he shot wildly up the lane, and tumbled

headlong in at the weather-porch that guarded the northern door. In a few minutes, a woman's head appeared and took an observation, while her two hands were visible smoothing her hair and rapidly adjusting an apron. Then the whole long figure emerged. At first she walked warily, stopping once or twice as though about to turn back; then she gave a long look, and hurried down the lane, a broad smile breaking out, token of recognition. Her voice reached me first, "Well, I do declare, I'm tickled 'most to death to see you!" With the last words came a mighty grip of the hands, and Sally looked at me with eyes overflowing with tears and gladness.

Most exquisite and dignified reader, didst thou ever think, when raising to thy lips the cut-glass goblet of iced water, poured from a silver pitcher filled at a faucet supplied through a leaden pipe, that in its turn is fed by miles of underground aqueduct, that thou wouldst like rather to slake thy thirst at some natural spring bubbling over mossy stones and prostrate grasses? For once or twice, may be? If so, all hail! for thou art not quite a mummy. Underneath thy social swathings still beats a faint echo of the bounding pulse of some free-born ancestor, a sheik of the desert, a dusky forest-chief, a patriarch of the tents. Trampled on, thou wilt turn not to dust, but to fire; and the papyrus is unfinished on which shall be written the story of thy life. There have been times, too, in which thou hast thought that not only thy drink was far-fetched and no sweeter for the fetching, but that the smiles, the welcomes, the farewells, the friendships were all stale and unrefreshing. Thou hast longed for the generous love, which, while it will bear nothing from thee, will bear all things for thee; for the honest hate that carries its blade in sight, and lurks not in sly and sanctimonious speech and downcast eyes; for the noble tongue that knows not how to tell the spirit of a lie and save the letter. Here now before me were all these. Refreshing, *n'est ce pas?* and very delightful—for a time.

Blanch and I were whirled into the house in the midst of a

tornado of welcomes, apologies, regrets, wonderings, and questions innumerable. But as we were whisked through the kitchen, I had time to see all the old landmarks; the great stone fireplace, with a mantel-piece nearly out of reach, the bed, with its bright patch-work quilt, the broom of cedar-boughs behind the door, the strip-bottom chairs, the large blocks to eke out with when more seats were needed, the rough walls, the immaculate neatness. There were two rooms in the house, and we were suffered to sit only when we had reached the second. This was glorious with pictorial newspapers pasted over the log walls, with a Job's patience quilt on the bed, with two painted wooden chairs, and a chintz-covered divan, a rag mat on the floor, two brass candlesticks on the mantel-piece, a looking-glass six inches long, and a gay picture of a yellow-haired, praying Samuel, dressed in a blue night-gown, and kneeling on a red cushion.

Sally was so delightedly flustered by our coming that, as she said, she did not know whether she was on her head or her heels, a doubt which so sensibly affected her movements that she was every moment making little inconsequent rushes where she had no need to go, and repeating the same things over and over. Presently she sat still with a start, and listened to a heavy step that came through the porch and into the kitchen. "Sh-h-h! There he comes!" she whispered.

In fact, I had already caught a glimpse through the chimney-back of a man in his shirt-sleeves, who hung up a tattered straw hat, and took down from its nail a tin wash-basin with a long handle, like a skillet.

"Sally!" he called out, splashing a dipperful of water into the basin.

"What?" returned Sally, with a facetious nod at me.

"Who's been here this afternoon? I see waggon-tracks down in the road."

"Boarders!" says Sally, with another nod and wink.

"Boarders? What for?" came in a tone of amazement; and

through a chink in the rock chimney I could see his wet face turned, listening for her answer, and his dripping hands suspended.

"To get boarded," replied Sally succinctly.

Such an astounding announcement required immediate explanation, and Mr. Smith was coming in a dripping state to demand one, when his wife jumped up to intercept him.

"Guess who's come!" she said, stopping him in the entry.

"Who?" he asked in a stentorian whisper.

"Mary!" says dear Sally, with a little burst of gladness that brought tears to my eyes.

"Mary who?"—with the same preposterous feint of secrecy.

"Why, bobolink Mary, you great goose!"

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Mr. Smith, and as he spoke, his face, with wide-open eyes and mouth, appeared over Sally's shoulder, then disappeared instantly at sight of Blanch. Nor would our host permit me to come to him, nor make himself visible again till he had gone through a tremendous scrubbing and brushing, all of which was perfectly audible to us. Then he came in, sleek and shining, and gave us a hearty though embarrassed welcome, bowing before Blanch with a movement like the shutting of a pocket-knife, and greatly confused on finding himself obliged to take her small hand.

I am bound to say that Blanch behaved exquisitely. She could not help being dainty and delicate; but she showed herself so unaffectedly delighted with every thing and every body that her daintiness was not remembered against her. Besides, she had the good taste not to try to imitate their rough ways, but remained simply herself. Sally disappeared presently, and in a surprisingly short space of time returned to tell us, with a very red face, that supper was ready.

There was a momentary cloud of doubt over Blanch's face; but I went unfearing, and the event justified my confidence. The coarsest of delf, to be sure, and a cotton cloth, and steel

forks, and a tin coffee-pot. But whatever could be polished shone like the sun, and whatever could be white was like snow. As to the supper, it was worthy of the pen of Mr. Secretary Pepys. The traditional delicacies of a country table are taken for granted; but the coffee was a glorious work of supererogation, and delicious enough to be handed about in the paradise of Mohammedans. Besides this, Sally, with a recollection of one of my mother's pretty ways, had laid a sprig of fragrant sweet-brier beside each plate, and with mine a drowsy dandelion just shutting its golden rays.

"You must excuse me for giving you deer meat," said our hostess with great humility; "I haven't any other kind on hand to-day; but to-morrow—" She stopped short in the act of setting the dish on the table, unspeakably mortified by the incredulous stare with which Blanch regarded her. "If you don't like it—" she began stammering. We immediately explained that Blanch was simply astonished at an apology being offered with venison, whereat Sally grew radiant.

Mr. Smith did not appear at the table. He insisted that he had been to supper, but abstained from mentioning the day on which he last partook of that meal. Indeed, during all the time Blanch and I were in that house, we never saw the master of it eat one mouthful.

"He never will sit down with folks," Sally whispered privately to me as we left the table.

When Sally said "he," pure and simple, she always meant her husband. She had a dim consciousness that there were other nebulous masculines in the world; but to her mind Mr. Thomas Smith was the bright particular HE.

At eight o'clock we went to bed by the pure, pale twilight of June, and sank up to our eyes in feathers.

"Oh!" cried Blanch, "I'm going through to China!"

"Never mind!" I said encouragingly, "to-morrow we will put this absurd puff-ball underneath, and promote the straw-bed."

"Straw!" exclaimed a voice from the depths.

"Yes! pretty, yellow, shining straws, such as you suck mint-juleps through. Well, don't get excited! Straws such as your brother Tom sucks mint-juleps through. Good-night, honey!"

I heard her whisper a prayer. Then we dropped asleep peacefully; while with steadfast eyes of holy fire our angels kept watch and ward.

CHAPTER III.

BIPEDS WITH FEATHERS.

THE next morning the unaccustomed stillness woke us early; and there was a long, golden beam of sunlight stretched across the bare floor. The hop-leaves hanging over the eastern window were translucent, and more gold than green, and all round their edges hung radiant drops of dew, slowly gathering and falling.

Blanch smiled, but said nothing, scarcely spoke a word to God, even, I think, but knelt and let her prayer exhale from her, like dew from the morning earth.

The kitchen was all in order when we went out. It was shaded, exquisitely clean, swept through by a soft draught, and finely perfumed by the new cedar broom which Thomas had made that morning. In the fire-place lay a heap of hard-wood coals in a solid glow, but the heat of them all went up the chimney. The table was set for two, and breakfast ready all but cooking the eggs. Sally held a bowl of these in her hand, while, outside, the hens were making loud affidavit to their freshness.

After breakfast, Blanch put on a little scarlet sack, took her

parasol, and went out to reconnoitre. Sally and I stayed in the house and talked over old times, while she washed the dishes and I wiped them. Old times, even the happiest, are sad to recall, and we soon fell into silence. In that pause, Sally wrung out her dish-cloth, gave it a scientific shake that made it snap like a whip-lash, and hung it up on two nails to dry. Then she wiped her eyes on her sleeve.

"Land sakes!" she exclaimed, "what's that?" and rushed out-of-doors, catching the broom on her way. I followed with the shovel, for "that" was a scream which unmistakably came from Blanch.

There was neither savage nor wild beast in sight, nor was Blanch visible; but there was a great commotion in the poultry-yard, and a large turkey-cock of a military appearance was strutting about in full feather and declaiming in some foreign language. It sounded like low Dutch. What he said seemed to make a great impression on the hens and geese, for they looked awe-struck. Presently we espied Blanch at the very top of one of the highest board fences that ever was built, clinging for dear life.

"I don't know how I ever got here," she said piteously. "The last recollection I have is of that horrid creature ruffling himself all up and coming at me. Then I came right up. And that's all I know. But I can't get down again."

I got a little ladder and helped Blanch down from her dangerous perch, while Sally kept the turkey-cock at bay, standing, broom in hand, in that position called in heraldry rampant-regardant.

"He doesn't like scarlet very well," she remarked. "It isn't his favourite colour."

Then we went to see Mrs. Partington, a large grey hen, which was that morning taking her first airing with a new brood. She had been set on duck-eggs, which had, naturally, hatched out ducklings; but she did not know it.

"Now," said Sally, "if you want to see an astonished hen, come along."

There was a duck-pond near, and some instinct in the ducklings led them that way. Mrs. Partington yielded, like a fond, indulgent mother, and clucked along full of *naïve* consequence and good-nature. But at a little distance from the margin she paused, called her brood about her, and began to talk to them in a gray, comfortable, complacent voice. I suppose she was telling them how dangerous water is. They listened first with one side of their heads, then with the other, and two of them winked at each other, and made little irresistible shies toward the pond. They looked like yellow eggs on two sticks. The hen left off her lecture, clucked loudly, spread her wings, and ran after them. But the next instant a shriek broke from her bill; for, as everybody knows, of course, the ducklings all plunged headlong into the pond. Poor Mrs. Partington was, indeed, an astonished hen. She was more: she was a transfixed hen. She stood gazing at them in horror, evidently expecting to see every one of them keel over and go to the bottom. But no; the little voyagers floated about quite at their ease, striking out with their tiny paddles, their downy backs and absurd little heads shedding the water beautifully.

"She must know now that they are ducklings," said Blanch.

"Ducklings? Not she!" answered Sally. "Or, ten to one, she thinks that she is a duck. No, that hen will go down to the platter without finding out that she has been cheated."

We had a busy day. We went to see the frame-house that Mr. Smith had begun to raise, and Sally's dairy in the cellar of it; we promoted our straw-bed, filled our fireplace with pine boughs, thus cutting off the view through the chimney-back; unpacked our trunks and set up our graven images; and, when sunset was near, went out into the woods at the foot of Spruce Mountain to get a pail of water from a little Johannisberger of a spring there. The mountain was between us and the sunset, and the woods

were in shadow; but up over the lofty tree-tops the red and golden lights floated past, and every little pool, among its treasures of reflected foliage, airy nest of bird, and bending flower, held warmly its bit of azure sky, and crimson or golden cloud. Presently we came to where, at the foot of a spruce-tree, our spring lay like a fire-opal, with that one spark down among its haunting shadows. A cool green darkness fell into it from the over-hanging boughs, velvet mosses growing close rimmed it with a brighter emerald, grey of trunk, branch, and twig melted into it, milky little flowers nodded over at their milky little twins below, and in the midst burned that live coal of the sunset. When we plunged our tin pail into this spring, it was as though we were going to dip up jewels. But instantly we touched the water, it whitened all over with a silvery-rippled mail, the colours disappeared, and we brought up only crystal clearness. The next moment, though, the throbbing waters subsided, and the many-tinted enchantment stole tremulously back again. When we went to bed that night, a shower was prowling about the horizon, and over on Spruce Mountain the wolves were howling back defiance to the thunders.

What a lovely, savage week it was that followed! Somewhere in it was dissolved a Sunday; but we were scarcely aware of it, there was so little to mark the day.

In that week we learned one fact that was new to us, and that was the profound melancholy that reigns in the woods. Looking back, we could recollect that the impression had always, though unconsciously, been the same. Is it that in the forest Pan alone is the chosen god? and that there is still mourned that day when

"The parting genius was with sighing rent?"

Or is the sadness because He who once came down to walk among the trees, and call through the dews, comes no more? Whatever may be the reason, melancholy is enthroned in the forest.

CHAPTER IV.

A DIAMOND-WASHING.

ON one of those days, Blanch and I, after a severe dispute on the subject with Sally, did a washing. Sally said we shouldn't; but wash we would, and wash we did.

We rose at early white dawn, kilted up our wrappers, shouldered our clothes-bag, took soap, matches, and kindlings, and started. A path led us past the new frame-house, and a grove beyond it to the wash-room. This was a noble apartment, about forty rods long by thirty wide, and was walled in by cedar and pine columns, with the branches and foliage left on, a great improvement on Solomon's building. The cornice was delicately traced against a pale-blue ceiling frescoed with silver, the most beautiful ceiling I have ever seen. The carpet was a green velvet pile, thickly diapered with small gold-coloured and white flowers in an irregular pattern, and beaded all over with crystals. Near the door by which we entered was one of the most charming imitations of rustic scenery to be found at home or abroad. A huge granite boulder, broken and hollowed roughly, had a thread of sparkling water bubbling up through a rift in it, and overflowing its basin in a rivulet. Near this stood two forked poles with a large copper kettle suspended from a cross-pole. Underneath the kettle were the ashes of more than one fire. Countless birds flew about, singing as well as if they had been sent to Paris. On the whole, it was a picture which would have drawn a crowd at any exhibition.

Wood was there, covered from the dew with green boughs. We placed our kindlings, lighted them with a match scraped inside Blanch's slipper, and soon a blue column of smoke was rising straight into the morning air, and the flames were growing.

Then we filled the great kettle with water from the fountain of Arethusa, and, as soon as it was warm, began to wash. For one hour there was nothing but silence and scrubbing; then a loud war-whoop through Sally's hands announced that breakfast was ready. By that time our clothes were all washed and bubbling in the boiler. Looking about then, we saw that every cedar pillar had a golden capital; cloth of gold was spread here and there in long stretches, and the frescoes had changed their shape, and, instead of silver, were rosy and golden.

Poor Sally, looking at us ruefully when we went in, asked to see our hands. They were worth looking at, all the skin being off the backs of them, and the insides puckered up into the most curious and complex wrinkles. We ate with glorious appetites, though, had another engagement with Sally, who wanted us to lie down and rest, and have our hands bandaged, and went back to find our clothes wabbling clumsily, but quite to our satisfaction. We upset our tubs and rinsed them, then set them up and filled with cold water again. Next we took each a clothes-stick, fished something from the kettle with it, ran with it boiling hot at the stick's end, and soused it into one of the tubs. We had to run a good many times, probably a mile in all. We squeezed the clothes out of this pickle, called by the initiated "boiled suds;" refilled our tubs, and performed that last operation of rinsing, which took the puckered insides quite out of our hands, leaving them almost innocent of cuticle.

"My dear," said Blanch, as we spread our washing out on the green, "all women on earth ought to do one washing. It would do their souls good, though it should temporarily damage their bodies. My laundress is a new being to me from this day. I mean to double her wages."

"Oh!" she exclaimed suddenly, and held up a bleeding finger of her left hand. "My ring! I have lost it; it is washed away."

The poor child looked distressed, and no wonder! for the missing cluster was a *souvenir.*

We set ourselves to search, but in vain. On each side of our grassy bench, three tubs of water had been spilt, and had wandered in devious ways, and to some distance. We sawed our sore fingers on the notched edges of the grass-blades, to no purpose.

"It was careless of you, Blanch," I said austerely. "You should have recollected that the ring was loose—"

A twinkle appeared in Blanch's eyes, if not on her finger. I followed the direction of her significant glance, and behold! where the lambent *solitaire* had burned on my hand, was an aching void!

"My angel," said Blanch sweetly, "did you ever hear of diamond-washings?"

CHAPTER V.

A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A MILE.

WHEN Sunday came round a second time, we were aware of it. Every day had been to us like a crystal brimming cup overflowing to quench the day's thirst; but looking out into this Sunday we saw only a golden emptiness.

Tears hung on Blanch's long eyelashes. "Think of all the blessed open church-doors," she said. "It makes me home-sick. I want to go to Mass. Even a fiddling, frescoed, full-dress Mass would be better than none."

I quoted my friend, Sir Boyle Roche, "'Can a man be like a bird, in two places at once?' Besides, little one, if you were in

town, it is not unlikely that you might stay at home all day because of the hot sun, or the east wind, or the mud, or the dust."

The dear child blushed. "But then one likes to know that one can go," she said meekly.

Sally and her husband were going five miles to meeting that day. They started early; and we watched them go soberly off in single file till the trees hid first the large brim of Sally's preposterous bonnet, then the crown of Mr. Smith's antique hat. Then we went in and prepared a little altar, with a crucifix, a statuette of the Virgin, candles and flowers, and, lifting up our hearts in that wild solitude, assisted at some far-away mass. There was no interruption, only a group of deer stood without, at the distance of a stone's-throw, as motionless as grey marble statues, and watched us with soft, intent eyes. After we had got through and were sitting silently, the candles still burning, some Roman Catholic humming-birds dashed in and sucked the honey out of the wild roses we had given our Lady, but left a sweet thought instead. When the buzz of their wings was gone, we heard robins and a bobolink outside, and a chorus of little twitterers singing a *Laudate*. "Amen!" said Blanch. The unclouded sunlight steeped the surrounding forest in sultry splendour, and clouds of perfume rose, like incense, from pine, and fir, and hemlock, from thousands of little blossoms, from plots of red and white clover, heavy with honey, from censers of anemones, and, threading all these sweets of sound, perfume, and sight together, was the bubbling voice of a brook murmuring Paters and Aves over its pebbles.

Blanch smiled, and repeated softly:

> The waters all over the earth rejoice
> In many a hushed and silvery voice;
> "In Jordan we covered Him, foot and crown,
> While the dove of the spirit came fluttering down.

"We steadied His keel at the crowded beach,
When the multitude gathered to hear Him teach;
The feet of our Master we smoothly bore,
And He walked the sea as a paven floor.

"When the tempest lashed each foamy crest,
At His 'Peace be still!' we sank to rest.
And we laughed into wine, when He came to see
The marriage in Cana of Galilee."

The stars that fade in the growing day
Have each a tremulous word to say;
"We sang, we sang, as we hung above
The lowly cradle of Infinite Love."

The low winds whisper, "We fanned in his hair
The flame of an unseen aureole there."
And the lily, pallid with rapture, cries,
"I blanched in the light of His fervent eyes!"

Voices of earth and air unite,
Voices of day and voices of night,
Flinging their memories into the way
Of the coming in of the dear Lord's day.

O Christ! we join with them to bless
Thy name in love and thankfulness;
And cry as we kneel before thy throne,
We are all thine own! we are all thine own!

When Sally and Mr. Smith came home that afternoon, they were accompanied by a tall, stiff, severe man in black, at the first sight of whom Blanch and I got our hats for a walk. It was Elder Samson, come up to convert the idolators. We knew well what hydra-headed discourse he had prepared to devour our patience, our charity, our civility even. Discretion was the better part of valour, we concluded, and fled, leaving, alas! the

statuette of our Lady, with the candles burning beside her, and the wild roses clinging about and kissing her feet. If we had but known! But we did not then, nor till long afterwards. When we came back, everything was, apparently, as we had left it. But, when Sally came to town in the fall, she told how, the moment the elder saw our graven image, he flew into a holy rage, flung it, roses and all, out of the window, and would have flung the candles after it, if she had not rescued them by main force. The result was an illustration of the church militant, in which rather high words passed between Sally and the elder. Mr. Smith, feebly interposing to take the part of his clerical visitor, was routed utterly.

But meantime, in happy unconsciousness, Blanch and I walked down the road, and down and down the road, a mile, and another mile, and again a mile, through the green and flowery solitude, flecked and flickering with sunlight and shadow, the silence only softly stirred by a multitudinous rustling of leaves. Now and then we saw a deer by the roadside; and far away in the woods the foxes snarled and barked. Our walk ended on a long log that bridged a brook, and there we stood and looked up to see the waters come down to us. Presently, instead of their flowing down, we seemed to float up. We were going up to the cradle of this dancing stream, to some enchanted land where the baby rivulet first saw the sun. We were going back, also, to our own childhood, floating up and up to careless days, leaving the heavy years behind.

When we came back from that far-away country, a little sea-sick with our journey, I turned to see Blanch looking at me with great attention.

"My dear," she said, "you are the most absurd figure I recollect to have seen in the whole course of my life. If it were not deplorable that human taste should be so perverted, I should find you ludicrous."

"So you have found it out," I replied, highly edified. "I have

been thinking the same of you this week past. Of course any one with eyes can see that Sally in her straight gown and big apron, with her hair in a pug, is better dressed than we."

Blanch had brought Mr. Smith's pistol with her. She always took it when we went into the woods ; for she considered herself a pretty good shot. She had at home a pasteboard target full of little holes, the best one about six inches from the centre, all made by shots fired by her at a distance of twenty feet. She felt safer to take the pistol, she said ; for if any animal were to attack us, she could be sure to wound if not to kill it. "No animal," she argued very sensibly, "could be dangerous at a distance of twenty feet or more. And if he should come within that, I could not fail hitting pretty near his head or heart. You see, I missed only six inches in the shooting-gallery, and a bear or a wolf would be much larger than my target."

When you want to convince others, always speak as though your proposition were unquestionable. Everybody knows that the majority of persons in the majority of cases find it troublesome to think for themselves, and that if you are positive enough, you can make them believe anything. If Blanch had been a shade less logical and decided, I might have submitted that a pasteboard target does not pounce upon you and hug you to death, or tear you into inch pieces while you are taking aim, and that with a wild live creature to glare back with two great threatening eyes into her one blue eye looking at him, like a murderous violet, over the pistol-barrel, her nerves might be shaken to the extent of another six inches from the mark. But her air was one of such perfect conviction that my subjunctive case expired without a sigh.

The tree-tops were still full of sunshine when we started to go home, but the road was shaded. Blanch seemed a little uneasy.

"I believe we'd be awfully good to eat," she said apprehensively.

Even in speaking, she stopped short, I stopped, we stopped

all two, as the French say. Directly in front of us and not far away, sitting with an air of deliberation in the middle of the road, was a large, clumsy, shaggy beast that looked at us with an inexplicable expression. I had never had the pleasure of an introduction to this animal, but none was needed. I had seen his portrait on the outside of hair-oil bottles. The resemblance was striking.

Blanch turned very red, and raised her pistol.

"Shall I fire?" asked the little heroine in a stage-whisper.

"Fire!"

Her hand was trembling like a leaf in the wind; but she took beautiful aim, and I am bouud to confess that her pasteboard target could not have received the attention with more unmoved tranquillity. The pistol went hard, though, and the pull she had to give the trigger brought the muzzle down, so that instead of the shot striking within six inches of the bear's heart or brain, it struck up a little puff of dust, and took off the devoted head of a buttercup about five feet from us.

"Have I hit him?" she asked breathlessly, opening her eyes. She had shut them very tight on firing.

She had not hit him; but he took the hint, and got himself clumsily out of the way. I thought he acted as though his feelings were hurt.

I have forgotten whether we ran. I am inclined to think that we did not. But we were not long in getting home, and then the elder was gone.

CHAPTER VI.

HOMESICK.

A PATHETIC little incident happened that week, which suggested many thoughts to us. Passing by a cleared space in the woods one afternoon, Mr. Smith saw a deer family quietly grazing there. Plentiful as these creatures were in that region, they never suffered a near approach; but this group looked at the intruder peacefully and showed no sign of alarm.

Is there on earth an animal more fierce and cruel than man in deed if not in intention? This man did not deliberately mean to perpetrate a fiendish act; but no otherwise could what he did be characterised. He did not want the venison, the skins, the graceful antlers; but he fancied it rather a fine thing to have that bounding target still for a moment. His rifle was over his shoulder; he lowered it, and took aim at the stag's stately front. There was a report; the creature gave one leap into the air, then fell, shot through the forehead.

Not even then did the others fly. While he loaded his rifle again, they bent over their prostrate companion, touching him, moved by what mute, incredulous grief, who can say? The marksman gleefully took aim again, and the doe fell with a bullet through her heart, and sobbed her life away. When Mr. Smith saw the young one put its head down to the mother's, for the first time some compunction touched his coarse, unsympathetic soul. But he had gone too far to retreat, and in a few minutes the fawn lay dead beside its mother.

Sally reproached her husband passionately when he told her the story of his wonderful feat. "If dumb creatures were like men," she said, "the wild beasts would get up a mob to-night, and come here and lynch us; and not be to blame either!"

Blanch and I left Mr. Smith meekly taking his castigation, and went out to see his victims.

They lay where they had fallen, on the greensward, poor creatures! a sad blot upon the peaceful scene, their innocent, happy lives quite ebbed away. We stood by them a little while in the sunny silence, and it seemed as though every thing living shrank from us. We had never before been out without seeing some form of that wild animal life with which the woods were teeming. But now there was no sound of skittish steps evading us, no glimpse of shadowy figures among the trees. All was silent and dead.

We went to the roadside, and, seating ourselves on the moss under an aspen-tree, mourned silently.

Blanch half reclined, leaning on her elbow, and her face looked like a pale flame in the flickering shadow of the tree above us. She stretched her hand, and touched tenderly a lovely spray of partridge berry that trailed over the moss, but did not break it. Then she looked up.

"Minnie," she said, "I'm homesick."

"So am I."

"When shall we start?"

"To-morrow."

M. A. TINKER.

Paganini's First Love.

A MAY day under Italy's brilliant, cloudless sky has a magic the natives of northern climes can but faintly picture to themselves even in their dreams. The earth laughs, radiantly decked as she is with her brightest gems, while, like an ardent bridegroom, the sun enfolds her in his warm embrace, and the air is full of a nameless enchantment. Under such conditions, the human heart expands early, and human eyes wear a look as joyous and impassioned as the gaze of the sun. Seldom does one see a melancholy expression in the faces of the children of this land; but on this bright May day of 1793 there was sadness in the eyes of a boy sitting on the shore where beautiful Genoa rests on the Mediterranean Sea. He was not more than twelve, with a slender figure, clear cut, pale features, dark hair, and thick eye-lashes shading the most expressive dark eyes, which were one moment full of a proud light, and the next were sad as death.

As he was musing, looking weary and unhappy, a clear, childish voice called his name, and a pretty girl about his own age threw her arms round his neck with the words: "Oh, you bad Nicolo! where have you been hiding all the afternoon? Everywhere have I been seeking you!" and she kissed him again and again before emptying into his lap her white apron full of roses, myrtle, and orange blossom.

Nicolo put his arm round the young prattler, and stroking her thick black locks, answered: "I have slipped away from father, Gianetta, to dream a little in peace and quiet by the beautiful water; but you know well I love to be here."

"Your father is cruel!" she answered, vehemently; "he will

work you into the grave. My mother says Nicolo is not strong and hearty like other boys, his weary fiddle-playing and his hard-hearted father will kill him outright, and I know she is right."

"Do not believe it!" cried Nicolo; "I shall not die, I cannot die; I must first become a great man; and see! I am not weak;" and he sprang to his feet, and seizing the girl suddenly in his arms, he held her suspended for some moments over the water. Gianetta did not wince, only sighing softly as he put her on her feet again. She looked at him shyly, and sat silently leaning against him.

But, child-like, she soon recovered her spirits, and laughed and chatted about her flowers and her doves; and if she saw the shades of sadness gathering over Nicolo's face, her innocent kisses and the soft little hand stroking his hair soon chased away all clouds. So they sat happily together on the shores of the beautiful blue sea; and, with the sunlight falling on the two dark heads, they looked the perfect embodiment of the poet's ideal of Love and Spring.

When darkness fell, they wandered home, with arms twined round each other, through the stately streets of Genoa, till they reached two little neighbour-houses overgrown with vines. Gianetta's mother was anxiously looking out for her child, who rushed into the loving arms, and Nicolo, sighing, entered his father's door, and climbed up to his lonely attic under the roof. Then he opened the little casement set in the vines, and taking up an old violin, he kissed it passionately before beginning to play. Wonderful was the voice and strange the song that little hand drew from the strings. It was an improvisation—tender, triumphant, a musician's inspiration. As he played, the boy looked out of the open window, and smiled when a large spider (known as the Cross spider, being marked with a white cross on the back) appeared upon the sill. "Welcome, Silver Cross," whispered Nicolo, as he took up the creature and placed it on

the bridge of his violin, where it remained motionless, as if overpowered by the rush of sound around it. The boy played till his arm sank exhausted, and his eyelids were heavy with sleep, and the dewy day broke upon him. Then he laid down his beloved fiddle and took the spider to the window, where it disappeared amongst the vines. It was a whimsical companionship that of the spider and the lonely boy. Night after night, at the first stroke of his bow it appeared, drawn by the music, and only those who have experienced the same heart-loneliness can imagine the attraction this had for Nicolo, deprived as an infant of his gentle mother's love, and entirely dependent upon his strict and morose father. Boys of his own age either teased or avoided him; only Gianetta kissed and consoled him during the day, and the spider was the sole companion of his vigils, and no one knew the depths of love the boy felt for these two, so different beings, who alone seemed to care for him. It was a drawback that Gianetta neither liked nor could understand his feeling for Silver Cross. "It is a witch," she would say, shuddering, and Nicolo never placed the spider on his violin when Gianetta was there, but if, on these occasions, he looked out of the window, he would see it sitting motionless on one of the leaves. When he was tired of playing, Gianetta would coax him to tell her wonderful stories, and all the plans of what he would do when he had achieved greatness were confided to the faithful little maiden, who would clasp his feverish hand in her own, and gaze at him with clear, wondering eyes, which lighted up under his enthusiasm.

He would tell her of the great German tone-master, Mozart, who had composed a Concerto in his sixth year, and had been as a planet in the heaven of Music, and tears would burst from his eyes as he cried: "Ah! I am but a miserable bungler compared to such as he," and all Gianetta's endearments would fail to console him.

One hot day Nicolo had been playing dreary exercises for

hours under his father's supervision, till his arms ached, his head burned, and all strength and life seemed exhausted, when Gianetta's mother entered in haste with the news that the child was attacked by fever, and kept crying out for her play-fellow and his music.

Nicolo seized his violin and hastened to the girl's bedside; she looked at him long and earnestly, and then signed to him to play. "Yes," he cried, "I will play you a slumber song, then you will sleep and get well." She smiled faintly as the boy drew forth from the strings the most marvellous lullaby that had ever rocked mortal to sleep, and when he had ended Gianetta raised herself up and held out her arms to him. With a cry he hid his face on her breast and began to sob convulsively—"Thank you, my dearest," she whispered, "now I shall sleep sweetly, Nicolo—but you must not rest yet, you must shine upon earth. Go away from here to distant lands, but do not forget me," and laying her cheek upon his bowed head, she breathed out her soul with a soft sigh.

All night long Nicolo watched by the side of his little sweetheart, and the next day he wandered about aimlessly, as if seeking her in their old meeting places. Late in the evening he returned to his dark silent attic, from the open window of which he could plainly see into Gianetta's death chamber.

Tapers were burning there, and the child lay on her bier, clothed in white, and almost buried in flowers, only her calm pale face was visible; beside her knelt a monk praying for the little soul which had so early left its beautiful earthly dwelling.

"Farewell, farewell, sweetheart," whispered the heart-broken boy, as the tears stream from his eyes, "yes, I will go away—as far away as I can; no one cares for me here, lonely and unloved as I am," and he fell sobbing upon his knees. At that moment something touched his hand, he started and lifted his head, it was Silver Cross. "Ah! is it you, my old companion?" he cried as he gazed for a moment at the little animal; then he

seized his violin. "One farewell to Gianetta." The strings began to sing in notes of pain and longing, which were borne across on the soft night air to the girl in her last long sleep; the dead lips seemed to smile, the odorous flowers trembled, and the praying monk unclasped his hands, while he dreamed wonderful dreams. When the morning arose in all its splendour it saw a fainting boy lying on the narrow attic floor, his violin upon his breast, and to its strings clung a dead spider.

Was Gianetta's prophecy fulfilled?

The boy was Nicolo Paganini.

ELISE POLKO.

Leech and Viper.

(From the French.)

"BOTH of us prick," said the viper one day
To his cousin the leech;
"Yet thee people seek, and from me get away!
That is odd. I beseech,
Tell me the reason." "Tis easy to give—
They know that when I
Prick them, I heal them: *thy* prick few outlive;
Men hate thee and die!"

MORAL.

Prick with benevolence; never be hyper-
Sarcastic nor venomous. Leech be, not viper!

W. H. ANDERDON, S.J.

Gesta Romanorum; or, The Pulpit of Merry England.

OF CONFESSION.

A CERTAIN king, named Asmodeus, established an ordinance, by which every malefactor, taken and brought before the judge, should distinctly declare three truths, against which no exception could be taken; or else be capitally condemned. If, however, he did this, his life and property should be safe. It chanced that a certain soldier transgressed the law and fled. He hid himself in a forest, and there committed many atrocities, despoiling and slaying whomsoever he could lay his hands upon. When the judge of the district ascertained his haunt, he ordered the forest to be surrounded, and the soldier to be seized, and brought bound to the seat of judgment.

"You know the law," said the judge. "I do," returned the other: "if I declare three unquestionable truths, I shall be free; but if not, I must die." "True," replied the judge: "take then advantage of the law's clemency, or undergo the punishment it awards, without delay." "Cause silence to be kept," said the soldier undauntedly. His wish being complied with, he proceeded in the following manner. "The first truth is this. I protest before ye all, that from my youth up, I have been a bad man." The judge, hearing this, said to the by-standers, "He says true?" They answered, "Else, he had not now been in this situation."—"Go on, then," said the judge; "what is the second truth?"—"I like not," exclaimed he, "the dangerous position in which I stand."—"Certainly," said the judge, "we may credit

thee. Now, then, for the third truth, and thou hast saved thy life."—"Why," he replied, "if I once get out of this confounded place, I will never willingly re-enter it."—"Amen," said the judge, "thy wit hath preserved thee; go in peace."

My beloved, the Emperor is Christ. The soldier is any sinner; the judge is a wise confessor. If the sinner confess the truth in such a manner that not even demons can object, he shall be saved —that is, if he confess, and repent.

OF TOO MUCH PRIDE.

When Jovinian was Emperor, he possessed very great power; and as he lay in bed reflecting upon the extent of his dominions, his heart was elated to an extraordinary degree. "Is there," he impiously asked, "is there any other god?" Amid such thoughts, he fell asleep.

In the morning, he reviewed his troops, and said, "My friends, after breakfast we will hunt." Preparations being made accordingly, he set out with a large retinue. During the chase, the Emperor felt such extreme oppression from the heat, that he believed his very existence depended upon a cold bath. As he anxiously looked around, he discovered a sheet of water at no great distance. "Remain here," said he to his guard, "until I have refreshed myself in yonder stream." Then, spurring his steed, he rode hastily to the edge of the water. Alighting, he divested himself of his apparel, and experienced the greatest pleasure from the water's invigorating freshness and coolness.

But, whilst he was thus employed, a person, similar to him in every respect—in countenance and gesture—arrayed himself unperceived in the Emperor's dress, and then mounting his horse,

rode off to the attendants. The resemblance to the sovereign was such, that no doubt was entertained of the reality; and straightway command was issued for their return to the palace. Jovinian, however, having quitted the water, sought in every possible direction for his horse and clothes, and to his utter astonishment could find neither. Vexed beyond measure at the circumstance, he began to reflect upon what course he should pursue. "Miserable man that I am," said he, "to what a strait am I reduced! There is, I remember, a knight residing close by; I will go to him, and command his attendance and service. I will then ride on to the palace and strictly investigate this extraordinary conduct. Someone shall smart for it."

Jovinian proceeded, naked and ashamed, to the castle of the aforesaid knight, and beat loudly at the gate. The porter, without unclosing the wicket, inquired the cause of the knocking. "Open the gate," said the enraged Emperor, "and you will see who I am." The gate was opened; and the porter, struck with the strange appearance of the visitor, replied, "In the name of all that is marvellous, what are you?" "I am," said he, "Jovinian, your Emperor; go to your lord, and command him from me to supply the wants of his Sovereign. I have lost both horse and clothes." "Infamous ribald!" shouted the porter, "just before thy approach, the Emperor Jovinian, accompanied by the officers of his household, entered the palace. My lord both went and returned with him; and but even now sat with him at meat. But because thou hast called thyself the Emperor, however madly, my lord shall know of thy presumption." The porter entered, and related what had passed. Jovinian was introduced, but the knight retained not the slighest recollection of his master, although the Emperor remembered him. "Who are you?" said the former, "and what is your name?" "I am the Emperor Jovinian," rejoined he: "canst thou have forgotten me? At such a time I promoted thee to a military command." "Why, thou most audacious scoundrel," said the knight, "darest

thou call thyself the Emperor? I rode with him myself to the palace, from whence I am this moment returned. But thy impudence shall not go without its reward. Flog him," said he, turning to his servants, "flog him soundly, and drive him away." This sentence was immediately executed, and the poor Emperor, bursting into a convulsion of tears, exclaimed, "Oh, my God, is it possible that one I have so much honoured and exalted should do this? Not content with pretending ignorance of my person, he orders these merciless villains to abuse me! However, it will not be long unavenged. There is a certain duke, one of my privy-councillors, to whom I will make known my calamity. At least, he will enable me to return decently to the palace."

To him, therefore, Jovinian proceeded, and the gate was opened at his knock. But the porter, beholding a naked man, exclaimed in the greatest amaze, "Friend, who are you, and why come you here in such a guise?" He replied, "I am your Emperor; I have accidentally lost my clothes and my horse, and I have come for succour to your lord. Inform the duke, therefore, that I have business with him." The porter, more and more astonished, entered the hall, and communicated the strange intelligence which he had received. "Bring him in," said the Duke. He was brought in, but the Duke too did not recognise the person of the Emperor. "What art thou?" was again asked, and answered as before. "Poor mad wretch," said the Duke, "a short time since, I returned from the palace, where I left the very Emperor thou assumest to be. But, ignorant whether thou art more fool or knave, we will administer such remedy as may suit both. Carry him to prison, and feed him with bread and water." The command was no sooner delivered than obeyed; and the following day his naked body was submitted to the lash, and again cast into the dungeon.

Thus afflicted, he gave himself up to the wretchedness of his untoward condition. In the agony of his heart, he said, "What shall I do? Oh! what will be my destiny? I am loaded with

the coarsest contumely, and exposed to the malicious observation of my people. It were better to hasten immediately to my palace, and there discover myself—my wife will know me; surely, my wife will know me!" Escaping, therefore, from his confinement, he approached the palace and beat upon the gate. The same questions were repeated, and the same answers returned. "Who art thou?" said the porter. "It is strange," replied the aggrieved Emperor, "it is strange that thou shouldest not know me; thou, who hast served me so long!" "Served *thee?*" returned the porter, indignantly, "thou liest abominably. I have served none but the Emperor." "Why," said the other, "thou knowest that I am he. Yet, though you disregard my words, go, I implore you, to the Empress; communicate what I will tell thee, and by these signs, bid her send the imperial robes, of which some rogue has deprived me. The signs I tell thee of are known to none but to ourselves." "In verity," said the porter, "thou art specially mad: at this very moment my lord sits at table with the Empress herself. Nevertheless, out of regard for thy singular merits, I will intimate thy declaration within; and rest assured, thou wilt presently find thyself most royally beaten." The porter went accordingly, and related what he had heard. But the Empress became very sorrowful and said, "Oh, my lord, what am I to think? The most hidden passages of our lives are revealed by an obscene fellow at the gate, and repeated to me by the porter. On the strength of which he declares himself the Emperor, and my espoused lord!" When the fictitious monarch was apprised of this, he commanded him to be brought in. He had no sooner entered than a large dog, which couched upon the hearth, and had been much cherished by him flew at his throat, and, but for timely prevention, would have killed him. A falcon also, seated upon her perch, no sooner beheld him, than she broke her jesses and flew out of the hall. Then, the pretended Emperor, addressing those who stood about him, said, "My friends, hear what I will ask of yon ribald. Who

are you? and what do you want?" "These questions," said the suffering man, "are very strange. You know I am the Emperor and master of this place." The other, turning to the nobles who sat or stood at the table, continued, "Tell me, on your allegiance, which of us two is your lord and master?" "Your majesty asks us an easy thing," replied they, "and need not to remind us of our allegiance. That obscene wretch cannot be our sovereign. You alone are he, whom we have known from childhood; and we entreat that this fellow may be severely punished as a warning to others how they give scope to their mad presumption." Then turning to the Empress, the usurper said, "Tell me, my lady, on the faith you have sworn, do you know this man who calls himself thy lord and Emperor?" She answered, "My lord, how can you ask such a question? Have I not known thee more than thirty years, and borne thee many children? Yet, at one thing I do admire. How can this fellow have acquired so intimate a knowledge of what has passed between us?"

The pretended emperor made no reply, but addressing the real one, said, "Friend, how darest thou to call thyself Emperor? We sentence thee, for this unexampled impudence, to be drawn, without loss of time, at the tail of a horse. And if thou utterest the same words again, thou shalt be doomed to an ignominious death." He then commanded his guards to see the sentence put in force, but to preserve his life. The unfortunate Emperor was now almost distracted; and urged by his despair, wished vehemently for death. "Why was I born?" he exclaimed; "my friends shun me; and my wife and children will not acknowledge me. But there is my confessor, still. To him will I go; perhaps he will recollect me, because he has often received my confessions." He went accordingly, and knocked at the window of his cell. "Who is there?" said the confessor. "The Emperor Jovinian," was the reply; "open the window and I will speak to thee." The window was opened; but no sooner had he looked out than he closed it again in great haste.

"Depart from me," said he, "accursed thing: thou art not the Emperor, but the devil incarnate." This completed the miseries of the persecuted man; and he tore his hair, and plucked out his beard by the roots. "Woe is me," he cried, "for what strange doom am I reserved?" At this crisis, the impious words, which in the arrogance of his heart he had uttered, crossed his recollection. Immediately he beat again at the window of the confessor's cell, and exclaimed, "For the love of Him who was suspended from the Cross, hear my confession." The recluse opened the window, and said, "I will do this with pleasure;" and then Jovinian acquainted him with every particular of his past life; and principally how he had lifted himself up against his Maker.

The confession made, and absolution given, the recluse looked out of his window, and directly knew him. "Blessed be the most high God," said he, "now do I know thee. I have here a few garments: clothe thyself, and go to the palace. I trust that they also will recognise thee." The Emperor did as the confessor directed. The porter opened the gate, and made a low obeisance to him. "Dost thou know me?" said he. "Very well, my lord!" replied the menial; "but I marvel that I did not observe you go out." Entering the hall of his mansion, Jovinian was received by all with a profound reverence. The strange emperor was at that time in another apartment with the queen; and a certain knight going to him, said, "My lord, there is one in the hall to whom everybody bends; he so much resembles you, that we know not which is the Emperor." Hearing this, the usurper said to the Empress, "Go and see if you know him." She went and returned greatly surprised at what she saw. "Oh, my lord," said she, "I declare to you that I know not whom to trust." "Then," returned he, "I will go and determine you." And taking her hand, he led her into the hall and placed her on the throne beside him. Addressing the assembly, he said, "By the oaths you have taken, declare which of us is

your Emperor." The Empress answered, "It is incumbent on me to speak first; but heaven is my witness, that I am unable to determine which is he." And so said all. Then the feigned Emperor spoke thus, "My friends, hearken! That man is your king, and your lord. He exalted himself to the disparagement of his Maker; and God, therefore, scourged and hid him from your knowledge. But his repentance removes the rod; he has now made ample satisfaction, and again let your obedience wait upon him. Commend yourselves to the protection of heaven." So saying, he disappeared. The Emperor gave thanks to God, and surrendering to him all his soul, lived happily and finished his days in peace.

My beloved, the Emperor represents any one whom the pride and vanity of life wholly engross. The knight to whom Jovinian first applied is Reason; which ever disclaims the pomps and fooleries of life. The duke is conscience; the savage dog is the flesh, which alarms the falcon, that is, Divine Grace. The wife is the human soul; the clothes in which the Emperor was at last arrayed are the virtues that befit the true sovereign, that is, the good Christian.

OF AVARICE AND ITS SUBTLETY.

A certain king had an only daughter, remarkable for the beauty and dignity of her person. She was called Rosamond; and at the early age of ten years, she proved so swift a runner, that she invariably attained the goal before her competitor had proceeded half way. The king caused it to be proclaimed that whosoever should surpass his daughter in speed should marry her, and succeed to the throne; but in the event of failure he

should lose his head. This latter clause was wisely annexed; for the lady being so beautiful, and the reward so vast, an infinite crowd of rivals would have eagerly presented themselves. And even with the heavy penalty before them, numbers permitted themselves to be buoyed up by the hope of success to attempt, and to perish in the attempt. But it happened that a poor man, called Abibas, inhabited that country, who thus communed with himself: "I am very poor and of a base extraction; if I may overcome this lady and marry her, not only shall I be promoted myself, but all who are of my blood." The incitement was too powerful for his resistance, and he determined to make the trial. But wiser than the rest, he took the three following precautions. First, he framed a curious garland of roses, of which he had ascertained that the lady was devotedly fond. Then he procured a zone of the finest silk, from a conviction that most damsels were partial to this sort of clothing. And, lastly, he bought a silken bag, in which he deposited a golden ball, bearing the following inscription: "Whosoever plays with me shall never satiate of play." These three things he placed in his bosom, and knocked at the palace gate. The porter inquired his business; and he stated his wish in the usual form.

It happened that the princess herself stood at a window close by, and heard Abibas express his intention to run with her. Observing that he was poor and his attire threadbare and rent, she despised him from her very heart. However, she prepared to run; and everything being in readiness, they commenced the race. Abibas would soon have been left at a considerable distance; but taking the garland of roses from its repository, he skilfully pitched it upon her head. Delighted with the odour and beauty of the flowers, the young lady paused to examine it, and Abibas took advantage of her forgetfulness and advanced rapidly toward the goal. This awoke her to a recollection of what was going forward, and crying: "Never shall the daughter of a prince be united to this miserable clown," she threw the

garland from her into a deep well, and rushed onward like a whirlwind. In a few moments she overtook the youth, and extending her hand, struck him upon the shoulder, exclaiming: "Stop, foolish thing; hopest thou to marry a princess?" Just as she was on the point of repassing him, he drew forth the silken girdle, and cast it at her feet. The temptation again proved too strong for her resolution, and she stooped to gather it. Overjoyed at the beauty of its texture, she must bind it round her waist; and whilst she did this, Abibas had recovered more ground than he had lost. As soon as the fair racer perceived the consequences of her folly, she burst into a flood of tears, and rending the zone asunder, hurried on. Having again overtaken her adversary, she seized him by the arm, striking him smartly at the same time: "Fool, thou shalt *not* marry me," and immediately she ran faster than before. But Abibas, springing forward, threw at her feet the bag with the golden ball. It was impossible to forbear picking it up; and equally impossible not to open it and peep at its contents. She did so; but reading the inscription, "Who plays with me shall never satiate of playing," she played so much and so long that Abibas came first to the goal and married her.

My beloved, the king is Christ; the daughter is the soul, and Abibas is the devil, who provides various seductions to draw us from the goal of heaven.

OF REFLECTION.

The Emperor Claudius had an only daughter who was incomparably beautiful. As he lay in bed, he reflected seriously upon the best mode of disposing of her. "If," thought he, "I should marry her to a rich fool, it will occasion her death. But if I

bestow her upon a wise man, although he be poor, his own wit will procure him riches." *

Now it happened, that there dwelt in the city a philosopher called Socrates, whom the king very greatly esteemed. This person was sent for, and thus addressed, "My good friend, I design to espouse you to my only daughter." Socrates, over-joyed at the proposal, expressed his gratitude as he best could. "But," continued the Emperor, "take her with this condition; that if she die first, you shall not survive her." The philosopher assented; the nuptials were solemnized with great splendour, and for a length of time their happiness was uninterrupted.

But at last she sickened, and her death was hourly expected. This deeply afflicted Socrates, and he retired into a neighbouring forest and gave free course to his alarm. Whilst he was thus occupied, it chanced that King Alexander hunted in the same forest; and that a soldier of his guard discerned the philosopher, and rode up to him. "Who art thou?" asked the soldier. "I am," replied he, "the servant of my master; and he who is the servant of my master is the lord of thine." "How?" cried the other, "there is not a greater person in the universe than he whom I serve. But since you are pleased to say otherwise, I will presently lead you to him; and we will hear who thy lord is." Accordingly, he was brought before Alexander. "Friend," said the king, "concerning whom dost thou say, that his servant is my master?" The philosopher answered, "My master is reason; *his* servant is the will. Now dost thou not govern thy kingdom according to the dictates of thy will? Therefore, thy will is thy master. But the will is the servant of my master. So that what I said is true, and thou canst not disprove it." Alexander, wondering at the man's wit, candidly answered in the affirmative, and ever after ruled both himself and his kingdom by the laws of reason.

* It was a maxim of Themistocles, that his daughter had better marry a man without an estate, than an estate without a man.

Socrates, however, entered farther into the forest, and wept bitterly over the expected decease of his wife. In the midst of his distress he was accosted by an old man who inhabited that part of the wood: "Master," said he, "why art thou afflicted?" "Alas!" answered the other, "I have espoused the daughter of an Emperor upon the condition, that if she die I should die with her: she is now on the point of death, and my life therefore will certainly be required." "What!" said the old man, "grievest thou for this? Take my counsel, and thou shalt be safe enough. Thy wife is of royal descent; let her besmear her breast with some of her father's blood. Then, do thou search in the depths of this forest, where thou wilt find three herbs: of one of them make a beverage and administer it to her; the other two beat into a plaster, and apply it to the afflicted part. If my instructions are exactly attended to, she will be restored to perfect health." Socrates did as he was directed; and his wife presently recovered. When the Emperor knew how he had striven to find a remedy for his wife's disorder, he loaded him with riches and honours.

My beloved, the Emperor is our Lord Jesus Christ; the daughter is the soul, given to man on condition that should it be destroyed by sin, he also should lose eternal life. The forest is the church, where health and safety may be found. The old man is a wise confessor, and Alexander is the world.

OF THE BEAUTY OF A FAITHFUL MIND.

When Salus was emperor, there lived a very beautiful woman whose name was Florentina. She was so remarkably handsome that three kings sought her love, by one of whom she was abused. This occasioned a war between them, and great numbers of men

fell on both sides. But the nobles, unwilling to see so much waste of blood, interfered, and addressing the emperor, bade him observe, that unless a stop was put to the virulent animosity which divided them, the whole kingdom would be annihilated. The emperor, duly considering what had been said, directed letters, impressed with the royal signet, to be sent to the fair occasion of the war; by which, without delay, she was commanded to appear before him. A herald bore the mandate, but before he could deliver it, she died. The herald, therefore, returned, and the emperor, very much regretting that he had lost sight of so beautiful a woman, caused all the best artists in the kingdom to be summoned into his presence. When they were assembled, he spoke as follows: "My friends, the reason that I have sent for you is this. There was a very beautiful woman named Florentina, for whose love a great number of men have lost their lives. She died before I had an opportunity of seeing her. Do ye go, therefore; paint her to the life, as she was in all her beauty. Thus shall I discover wherefore so many were sacrificed." The artists answered, "Your majesty wishes a thing which is very difficult to execute. Her beauty was so surpassing that not all the artists in the world, save one, would be able to do her justice; and he hides himself amongst the mountains, but he alone can perfectly fulfil your desires." On receiving this information, messengers were despatched in pursuit of him. He was soon found, and brought before the curious monarch, who commanded him to paint Florentina as she appeared when living; and if he did it, his reward should be royal. "Your request is extremely difficult," said the painter, "nevertheless, cause all the beautiful women in your kingdom to come before me for an hour at least, and I will do as you desire." The emperor complied, and made them stand in his presence. From these the artist selected four, and permitted the rest to return home. Then he commenced his labours. First, he laid on a coat of red colour; and whatever was exquisitely beautiful in the four women, *that*

he copied in his painting. In this manner it received its completion; and when the emperor beheld it, he said, "Oh, Florentina, had you lived to eternity, you ought to have loved that painter who has represented you in so much beauty."

My beloved, the emperor is God; the beautiful Florentina is the soul. The three kings, the devil, the world, and the flesh. The nobles are the patriarchs and prophets, who were the mediators between God and man. The painters are the angels and men, amongst whom there was found no one who would rescue the soul from death. The artist who came from the mountains is Christ. The red colour is blood; the four women are existence, growth, feeling, and understanding.

OF THE PLEASURES OF THIS WORLD.

The Emperor Vespasian had a daughter called Aglaes, whose loveliness was greater than that of all other women. It happened that as she stood opposite to him on a certain occasion, he considered her very attentively, and then addressed her as follows: "My beloved daughter, thy beauty merits a loftier title than thou hast just received. I will change thy name: henceforward, be thou called the LADY OF COMFORT, in sign that whosoever looks upon thee in sorrow, may depart in joy."

Now the emperor possessed, near his palace, a delicious garden, in which he frequently walked. Proclamation was made, that whosoever wished to marry his daughter, should come to the palace and remain in this garden the space of three or four days; when they quitted it, the ceremony should take place. Immense crowds were allured by the apparently easy terms of the notice; they entered the garden, but were never again seen. Not one of them returned. But a certain knight, who dwelt in some

remote country, hearing of the conditions by which the daughter of a great king might be espoused, came to the gate of the palace and demanded entrance. On being introduced to the emperor, he spoke thus: "I hear it commonly reported, my lord, that whoever enters your garden shall espouse your daughter. For this purpose I come." "Enter then," said the emperor; "on thy return thou shall marry her." "But," added the knight, "I solicit one boon of your majesty. Before I enter the garden, I would entreat an opportunity of conversiug a short time with the lady." "I have no objection to that," said the emperor. She was called, and the knight accosted her in these words: "Fair damsel, thou hast been called the *Lady of Comfort*, because every one who enters thy presence sorrowful, returns contented and happy. I therefore approach thee sad and desolate —give me the means to leave thee in happiness: many have entered the garden, but never re-appeared. If the same chance happen to me—alas! that I should have sought thee in marriage." "I will tell thee the truth," said the lady, "and convert thy unhappiness into pleasure. In that garden there is an enormous lion which devours every one who enters with the hope of marrying me. Arm thyself, therefore, cap-a-pie, and cover your armour with gummy flax. As soon as you have entered the garden the lion will rush towards you; attack him manfully, and when you are weary, leave him. Then will he instantly seize you by the arm or leg; but in so doing, the flax will adhere to his teeth, and he will be unable to hurt you. As soon as you perceive this, unsheath your sword and separate his head from his body. Besides the ferocious animal I have described, there is another danger to be overcome. There is but one entrance, and so intricate are the labyrinths, that egress is nearly impossible without assistance. But here also I will befriend you. Take this ball of thread, and attach one of the ends to the gate as you enter, and retaining the line, pass into the garden. But, as you love your life, beware that you lose not the thread."

The knight exactly observed all these instructions. Having armed himself, he entered the garden; and the lion, with open mouth, rushed forward to devour him. He defended himself resolutely; and when his strength failed he leapt a few paces back. Then, as the lady had said, the lion seized upon the knight's arm; but entangling his teeth in the flax, he did him no injury; and the sword presently put an end to the combat. Uuhappily, however, he let go the thread, and in great tribulation wandered about the garden for three days diligently seeking the lost clue. Towards night he discovered it, and with no small joy, hastened back to the gate. Then loosening the thread, he bent his way to the presence of the emperor; and in due time the LADY OF COMFORT became his wife.

My beloved, the emperor is Christ; the lady of comfort, is the kingdom of heaven. The garden, is the world; the lion, the devil. The ball of thread, represents baptism, by which we enter into the world.

OF THE INCARNATION OF OUR LORD.

A certain king was remarkable for three qualities. Firstly, he was braver than all men, secondly, he was wiser; and lastly, more beautiful. He lived a long time unmarried; and his counsellors would persuade him to take a wife. "My friends," said he, "it is clear to you that I am rich and powerful enough; and therefore want not wealth. Go, then, through town and country, and seek me out a beautiful and wise virgin; and if ye can find such a one, however poor she may be, I will marry her." The command was obeyed; they proceeded on their search, until at last they discovered a lady of royal extraction with the quali-

fications desired. But the king was not so easily satisfied, and determined to put her wisdom to the test. He sent to the lady, by a herald, a piece of linen cloth, three inches square; and bade her contrive to make for him a shirt exactly fitted to his body. "Then," added he, "she shall be my wife." The messenger, thus commissioned, departed on his errand, and respectfully presented the cloth, with the request of the king. "How can I comply with it," exclaimed the lady, "when the cloth is but three inches square? It is impossible to make a shirt of that; but bring me a vessel in which I may work, and I promise to make the shirt long enough for the body." The messenger returned, with the reply of the virgin, and the king immediately sent a sumptuous vessel, by means of which she extended the cloth to the required size, and completed the shirt. Whereupon the *wise* king married her.

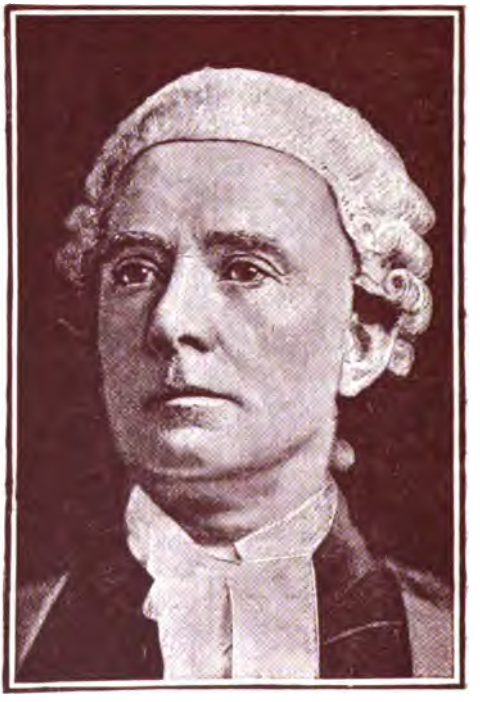
My beloved the king is God; the virgin, the mother of Christ; who was also the chosen vessel. By the messenger, is meant Gabriel. The cloth is the Grace of God, which, by proper care and labour, is made sufficient for man's salvation.

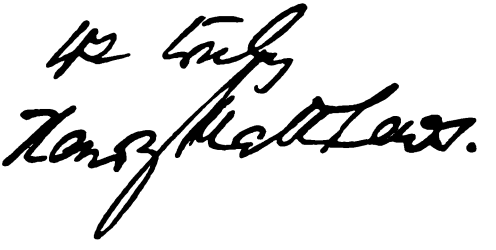
OF THE CURE OF THE SOUL.

A king once undertook a journey from one state to another. After much travel, he came to a certain cross, which was covered with inscriptions. On one side was written, "Oh, king, if you ride this way, you yourself will find good entertainment, but your horse will get nothing to eat." On another part appeared as follows: "If you ride this road, your horse will be admirably attended to, but you will get nothing for yourself." Again, on a third place was inscribed: "If you walk this path you will find

entertainment both for yourself and horse; but before you depart, you will be miserably beaten." On a fourth part of the cross it was said: "If you walk this way, they will serve you diligently, but they will detain your horse, and oblige you to proceed the rest of your journey on foot. When the king had read the inscriptions, he began to consider which of the evils he should choose. He determined at length upon the first; "For," said he, learnedly, "I shall fare very well myself, though my horse starve; and the night will soon pass away." On this, he struck the spurs into his horse; and arrived at the castle of a knight who entreated him courteously, but gave his steed little or nothing. In the morning, he rode on to his own palace, and related all that he had seen.

My beloved, the king is any good Christian, who journeys for the safety of his soul. The horse which he rides is the body, composed of the four elements. The cross is conscience, which points out the way, and explains the consequences attending it.





MERRY ENGLAND

SEPTEMBER, 1886

The Home Secretary's Father Abroad.

IF man's days are as grass and as the flowers of the field, and his numbered years are three score and ten, who shall venture to set limits to the life of a book? The fingers of children are turning to-day leaves that told their message before ever the English had landed in Britain. Nay, have we not now, and ministering to our deepest needs, words that were written down when Rome was only one among the Latin cities, and even before Israel had crossed over Jordan? Books have their thousands of years, and their hundreds of years, and sometimes die in a day. The little lives of men beat out, and the books upon their shelves, that tell of all the fretting and the fuming, stay there in eternal calm, knowing no change and laughing at time, or only fading a little in colour. There are vicissitudes in the story and the fortunes of books for which we have no adequate philosophy. Their why and their whence and their whither are wrapped from us away in a cloud of mystery. Why is it that some books, rapturously hailed in their time, are the wonder and the warning of ours? And why is it that those we care for as masterpieces were often slighted by the generation of the men who painfully penned them? Nowhere else shall we find such contrast and variety of fate. Some seem to enjoy a sort

of eternal youth—in favour at the first, and essential at the last; others flash across the world of thought like a meteor, blinding and dazzling a generation, and then die out like a spent squib; others hardly seem to see the light at all. For one book there is the single hour of glorious, crowded life, and for another there is a multitude of days—as a book of reference.

There is difference even in immortality. For some there is an actual, pulsing life, the life that speaks across the ages, trumpet-tongued, the life that still feeds men's hopes and fears, and stirs their blood to action—the life of the great poems of our race; and for others there is the immortality of a name, the fate to be not read but known as the book of an epoch, to be the sign-post of a century. And how speak of that exceeding great crowd who hardly live at all, whose life is briefer and baser even than that of the generation whose breath is in their nostrils? Take fiction alone. Consider that there is a three-volume novel published to every day in the year, and two for the Sundays. What breeds all these?—is it the demon of hunger or the devil of boredom? *Ennui*, perhaps, is father to most—a desire to live through, if only in thought, the dramatic situations and far-sounding deeds denied to the sameness of days spent in idle motiveless ease, and without purpose or ideal. But the novels that come and go, that are and are not, are nothing compared to the books of divinity. Zeal for souls, and the ancient vanity of the preacher, combine to produce these in the reckless profusion which is to be observed in no other line of thought; and how many of them, except as unsaleable stock lumbering a warehouse, ever see a single anniversary?

But of all the books which by their nature seem doomed to be ephemeral, the book of travel seems least like to survive: last year's Bradshaw hardly seems more utterly useless than a work giving an account of a country which has come to be familiar to every tourist. And yet it is to such a book that we would invite the reader's attention just for a moment. "The Diary of an

Invalid," by the Hon. Henry Matthews, is known to old men as a work that was once in most men's hands and in all men's mouths; middle-aged men know of it as a book which long ago they were supposed to have read, while to the younger generation it is hardly more than the rumour of a literary doubt. And it is an instance of the irony of literary fame that the work of the father is likely to win a new lease of life from the achievements of the son. The white light that beats upon the new Home Secretary has revealed to many that somewhere in a forgotten corner in their libraries is the once famous book by his father, and so "The Diary of an Invalid" is again taken down from its resting-place. Nor is it at all difficult to see why this little, most unpretending book of travel, mere jottings of impressions of men and things without any care or striving for literary form, should have run through so many editions, and in its day been the centre of such a world of talk. The record of a leisured journey through Portugal, Italy, and France, in the years 1817, 1818, 1819, this Diary is written with such a freshness and freedom, and sincerity, that it is still delightful reading even to those who are most familiar with the places of which it tells. Mr. Matthews was at that time in a very weak state of health, and went abroad, as he somewhere sadly phrases it, "to kill time, till time killed him." In fact, he was running away from consumption; but never assuredly did a patient use his time of waiting for a recovery to a better purpose. Written throughout in a spirit of cheery satisfaction, the book is valuable as showing the sort of way in which a clever, gifted, highly educated Englishman, with a keen eye to all national peculiarities, within that decade of Waterloo looked out upon the world.

The war of Hougoumont had left the English the mightiest people under Heaven, and, to do our fathers justice—they knew it. A scholarly, wide-minded man, Mr. Matthews has many a sly hit at his countrymen, and many a wonder at their complacent assumption that they are so certainly the salt of the earth. He

is at times severe upon the characteristically school-boy behaviour which then, as now, was affected by the Englishman abroad. And it is very interesting to see how thoroughly, in spite of this judicial frame of mind, our author himself was a man of his generation, and judged all the world by the standards of English taste—standards warranted correct, with the stamp of Waterloo. Summing up his conclusions at the end of his long travel, Mr. Matthews delivers himself in this way: "It would seem that a man's head was like a bowl, and that he came into the world with a certain bias infixed by the hand of nature herself. This bias in an Englishman's head disposes him to dislike everything belonging to a Frenchman. I confess, till I had resided in France, I used to think that this prejudice was carried much too far; but I leave it with a most devout wish that it may never be my misfortune to reside in it again; and a very strong hope that the national feeling, which has so long kept us a distinct people in all our habits, feelings, and principles, may long continue to be cherished; and that the sound and sufficient sentiment of love of country may never be laughed out of countenance by the vain and visionary nonsense of universal philanthropy."

One of the things which struck him painfully was the want of gratitude towards Englishmen displayed by the Portuguese, who, but for this country, would have been eaten up by Napoleon; and quite early in the Diary we find this entry: "They dislike us mortally. How is this to be explained? Is it that malicious sentiment of envy, which seems to have overspread the whole continent at the prodigious elevation to which England has arisen? or is it the repulsive unaccommodating manners which an Englishman is too apt to carry with him into all countries?" But the problem is left unsolved. Immediately upon his landing in Italy, we find a remark which to this day will raise sympathetic echo in many an English breast: "Disgusted at the mode of salute in use among Italians; they kiss each other in the street, first on one cheek, then on the other, and lastly, lip to lip."

Even for music, what land is there that can compare with England? After he had been four months in Italy, he records how he spent an evening at the Duke of Bracciano's, and passes judgment in this way: "Rooms hot; music miserable: as to music, I have heard nothing tolerable, vocal or instrumental, since I left England." Nor did the French please any better than the Italians. A year later we find the following: "The French opera is the most splendid theatre in Paris; but protect me from French singing! Arthur Young, in speaking of French singing, describes it as the 'distortions of embodied dissonance,' and Rousseau inveighs against the 'lamentable chant Francais,' as bearing more resemblance 'aux cris de la colique qu'aux transports des passions;' and in their choruses there is a grand roar-royal, as if they all had the colique together." Nor do these unfortunate foreigners fare better in comparison with the countrymen of Wellington in such matters, even, as the elegant foolery of the Carnival. Our author wandered about in the midst of the Carnival at Rome, and says: "I have seen little fun and no humour—except in a few English maskers. All that Corinne says of the skill and vivacity of the Italians in supporting characters of masquerade, I suspect to be greatly exaggerated." And again: "So much for the Carnival of Rome, of which one has heard tales of wonder, from the days of our nursery; and, indeed, it is only fit for the nursery. Nothing can be imagined more childish, and there is very little mixture of wit or humour to make the childishness amusing." In the matter of the picturesque, also, we read that Britain carries away the palm. The great ruins of Rome are doubtless objects of interest, but that is because of their associations, and the memories they revive of the great heroes of antiquity. Looked on as things of beauty apart from their memories, they vie in vain with the crumbling abbeys of England. "If ruins are sought out as mere objects to please the eye, I doubt if there be anything in Italy that could be put in compari-

son with Tintern Abbey." Even in matters of taste, when English excellence might be least suspected, we find that we are incontestably superior to Frenchmen. The result of a tour of inspection over the silk manufactories of Lyons was the discovery that "not only their pocket-handkerchiefs, but their silk stockings are very inferior to our own." Then we find this wider generalization: "In all their stuffs, the inferiority of the French taste in the pattern is very conspicuous, at least it is what we should call staring, flaunting, and vulgar." There are two points, however, in which the national superiority of the French is accepted freely and without the least reserve—cooking and dancing. Naturally, in those good old days, it would not have occurred to so true an Englishman as Mr. Matthews, to enter into any detailed comparisons as to national character. That would certainly have been a work of very high superfluousness. We learn, however, incidentally, what to think of the Italians as a people, and also to form some relative notions as to the value of the French infantry. Of the former, Mr. Matthews was led to entertain a very poor opinion indeed. He sympathises with them sincerely in their wish to be free from the yoke of the Austrian, but feels that the wish will never be translated into deeds. Even in the improbable event of their being able to overcome their own internal feuds and jealousies, there would remain "that softness of character, approaching to imbecility, which seems to incapacitate them from sustaining the perils of such a struggle." As for the French infantry, a casual inspection of them at Montpellier led to the following remark in the Diary: "The troops in this quarter are small, slight, and scraggy; and, if I am not mistaken, there is more muscle and sinew in one Englishman than in half a score of them." The same day there is this remarkable entry: "Went to the theatre for the first and last time. The actors were worse than I ever saw in England."

And these strangely insular judgments are the judgments of one of the wittiest and keenest and most cultivated Englishmen

of his day. Indeed, their whole interest for us, the one thing which makes them worth recording here, is this very fact. They are to be found scattered over the pages of a book that is full of wise and profound sayings and singularly accurate thought. Indeed, in no way does Mr. Matthews' superiority to the prevailing sentiment of his time come out so clearly as in his views upon the political situation in France. He had grasped in those days what so many English Tories have never been quite able to apprehend even in ours—that the French Revolution, in spite of all its attendant horrors, was a permanent blessing to France. Though living at a time when the terrible cruelties of the Paris mob were still painfully fresh in the memory, and when England for nearly a quarter of a century had spent her whole strength in combating the principles of the Revolution, Mr. Matthews never loses sight of the evils it had swept away, and never speaks as though he forgot the hideous inequalities it got rid of, or that the *ancien régime* meant a people's oppression. "The direct power of the monarch," he says, "was the least evil of which the French had to complain, and the rule of a single despot in the person of Napoleon, must have seemed light to those who remembered all the grievances of the *ancien régime*—namely, the partial and oppressive imposts of the *taille* and the *corvée*, and the *capitaineries*, by which a sort of *free-warren* was conferred over the lands of others, taking away the rights of the proprietors themselves, and vesting the farm of a whole district—with the power of *preserving* deer and wild boars—in any single Nimrod whom the king might appoint. Last, and worst of all, were the feudal claims, and oppressive expedients by which the seigneur might extort money from his vassals. But these and all the other sufferings of the people seem to be forgotten by all but themselves; and nothing now is remembered of the French Revolution but the crimes and excesses by which the cause of liberty was disgraced." Any one familiar with the literature of

that period will recognise in these words, not only a just, but also a most independent and individual judgment.

After spending some months in Rome, where he was chiefly struck with the Coliseum and the Roman Forum, the *Campo Vaccino,* Mr. Matthews journeyed to Naples and thence through Switzerland to France. He is fond of lingering upon the contrasts between the present and the past. Thus he writes of the Forum: "Here Horace lounged; here Cicero harangued; and here, now, the modern Romans count their beads, kill their pigs, cleanse their heads, and violate the sanctity of the place in every conceivable way." On such subjects as brigandage we here and there get interesting glimpses, telling of the state of civilization in the country. Two gentlemen who had preceded him on the road to Naples were seized and kidnapped and taken off into the mountains. The friends of one sent almost the whole of the required ransom, the other was friendless. The robbers settled the affair in the true spirit of that cold-blooded savage disposition that has leisure to be sportive in its cruelty. They sent the first man back without his ears, detaining these as a set-off against the deficiency in the ransom; and the other poor fellow was returned in *eight pieces.*

Among the sights at Naples was the great *Golgotha* at the *Campo Santo.* "It is situated on a rising ground behind the town, about a mile and a half from the gate. Within its walls are 365 caverns; one is opened every day for the reception of the dead, the great mass of whom, as soon as the rites of religion have been performed, are brought here for sepulture. There were fifteen cast in while we were there, men, women, and children—without a rag to cover them; literally fulfilling the words of Scripture: 'As he came forth out of his mother's womb, naked shall he return, to go as he came!' I looked down into this frightful charnel-house; it was a shocking sight —a mass of blood and garbage, for many of the bodies had been opened at the hospitals. Cockroaches, and other reptiles

were crawling about in all their glory. 'We fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots; that's the end!' We made the sexton of this dreary abode, who, by the way, had been employed in this daily work for eleven years, open the stone of the next day's grave, which had been sealed up for a year. The flesh was entirely gone; for, in such a fermenting mass, the work of corruption must go on swimmingly. Quicklime is added to hasten the process, and nothing seemed to remain but a dry heap of bones and skulls. What must be the feelings of those who can suffer the remains of a friend, a sister, a mother, or a wife, to be thus disposed of? Indifferent as I feel to the posthumous fate of my own remains, Heaven grant that I may at least rest and rot *alone*,—without being mixed up in so horrible a human hash as this!

"There were some women saying *Ave Marias*, within the square, for the departed souls of their friends; but our arrival took them from this pious work, and set them upon some calculations—connected with us, and our carriage, and the number of it—to direct them in the selection of lucky numbers in the lottery, upon their return to Naples."

At Naples Mr Matthews lodged with the Bishop, and gives the following narration of Napoleon's celebrated interview with Pius VII.:—

"He tells me that he was in attendance upon the Pope during his captivity in France, and was a witness of the scene between Napoleon and his Holiness, at which it has been erroneously stated that Napoleon, in the heat of anger, was brutal enough to strike him. The Bishop describes it as an altercation, in which Napoleon exhausted all his efforts in endeavouring to overcome the Pope's objections to signing the treaty, which he, Napoleon, had dictated. The Pope remained firm, declaring that he could sign no treaty but in his own palace at Rome. Irritated by this inflexible opposition, Napoleon burst out with a *sacré Dieu* at being thwarted *par un petit Prêtre*, and with ruffian violence, for-

getting what was due to the age and character of the venerable Pius, he did, according to the Bishop's account, lay hold of the Pope's garments, but without striking him.

"The little Bishop, it seems, had a great curiosity to see England, and begged hard of Napoleon for permission to make a visit to London for a few weeks. Napoleon, however, would never consent; but used to pull him playfully by the ear, and tell him that he would be corrupted, and converted, in our Island of Heretics."

We must now bring our notice of this most interesting, original, and unconventional book to a close; but, before doing so, we may note that on one point, at least, Mr. Matthews' opinions underwent a change during his travels—upon the subject of religion. Staunch Protestant as he was, his first view of Catholic ritual and observances shocked him exceedingly, and he used language of the most violent bigotry. When he first lands at Lisbon, he writes: "By-the-by, I have not yet mentioned the priests; and, for aught I know, they are more numerous than the dogs. Doghood and priesthood are certainly the most thriving trades in Lisbon. It is an humiliating spectacle to see the abject superstition in which the people are sunk and brutified. As the best things by being corrupt become the worst, so here Christianity exhibits a system of idolatry much more revolting than the old Pagan worship. The religion of the heathens was as superior to this as the statues of Phidias excel in beauty the tawdry and disgusting images to which these poor creatures bow down with such humble prostrations."

But that sentence represents the high-water mark of insular intolerance and disgust—the first shock of the contact of the British and Protestant mind with Catholic and continental worship. All through the rest of the volume there is a gradual softening of tone and a growing willingness to make allowance for natural tastes and idiosyncracies, and we come across repeated tributes to the underlying reality of a religion which is not for Sunday

only, but every hour of the day shapes and gives all their colouring to men's lives.

But at last the long sojourn is over. On the 7th of June, 1819, we read, "Dieppe. Labor ultimus! Ascended the cliff to snuff up the gale that comes from Old England. 'Oh, England! England! thou land of liberty—thou climate of good sense—thou tenderest of mothers, and gentlest of nurses,' how I long to embrace thee again!" Then, in the heat of the day, comes the final entry: "On board. The cliffs of Dieppe are as white as those of Albion. This similarity of materials strengthens the notion that, at some remote period, the sea burst through the straits and divided us from the continent—a thought which is well expressed by Mason when he makes old Ocean tear Britannia

> 'From reluctant Gaul,
> And bid her be his queen.'

Long may she retain her sceptre! and long may she continue to inspire such feelings as now rise within me in approaching her shores, and make me exult in the reflection that I was born an Englishman." Perhaps we cannot better take leave of "The Diary of an Invalid" than by quoting those true words of Strauss: "Wer von seiner Nation nichts wissen will der wird damit nicht Hosmopolit, sondern bleibt egoist."

STEPHEN LINCOLN.

On the Use and Misuse of Light.

THE title of these pages might indicate a paper of grave moral import. For what is conformity to good inspirations, but a faithful use of light? And so of its converse. Whereas, the end and object of what will be here set down, is simply to advocate the due adjustment of light in buildings, especially in churches. A literary contemporary has defined *Merry England* as being a Catholic organ of thought on literature and art. As, then, architecture is undoubtedly one of the fine arts, it does not seem foreign to these pages to point out, however briefly, one special defect to which Catholic architecture seems to be exposed.

Architects are known, who have been colour-blind. Their perception of form and its proportions may indeed have been intensified in a corresponding degree, by that law of compensation which endows the deaf with so quick and keen a sense of sight, and the blind with great acuteness of hearing. Nevertheless, such colour-blindness must leave the artist in stone, almost as much as him who works in oil, with a "wisdom at one entrance quite shut out." Now architects, in still greater numbers, would seem to be light-blind, if the word may be coined. The forms in which they mould their work are good; "the lines," to use an architectural phrase, "come in well," the proportions leave nothing to be desired. It is when they distribute their light, that they fail. Is this from a want of first principles? The painter tells us of laws which guide him in filling his canvas. He has his pyramidal arrangement, his centre or culminating point; he is careful to avoid cross-lights, except where, in special

cases, they heighten the effect of his subject. Is there no such leading principle in the architectural treatment of light?

There is such a thing as being "blinded with excess of light." It is only the eagle that can gaze unblinking on the sun in its strength; and for us, poor mortals, weak-sighted often in proportion to our other weaknesses, the more light you turn upon us, in the physical order, the less you sometimes enable us to see.

> . . . "Opinor
> Omnibus hoc lippis notum et tonsoribus esse."

How, then, can light offend? Obviously, by confronting the eye. In the open air, where it generally descends from above, we see it given back to us from the objects it touches and rests upon. That is, we see it as derived, not in the source itself. "In his collateral light must we be comforted, not in his sphere." Now, the walls of a church or of a room of course exclude this general light, and all is poured in through the windows. The eye should perceive what is shown by the light, and the showman (so to say) must himself be hidden. You cannot at one and the same glance see both cause and effect; the agent and the exhibition. The one excludes the other; and forasmuch as, in the case supposed, the purpose of lighting church, hall, or apartment is to see not the light let in upon it, but the objects it contains, you must remove all direct light from the eye, or the objects vanish in the same proportion.

This principle was perfectly understood in the ages and the countries we term classical. Take a Grecian temple, or a Roman house. Go to the Acropolis, to Pæstum, to Pompeii, and reconstruct in thought those various buildings. In the ruined house or villa, you will have to restore no windows; the architect knew better. He gave an *impluvium*. In the shattered temples, when you have put on the imaginary roof again, by the same effort of fancy you will simply leave the open space, through which the light of Heaven streamed down upon the image in the shrine,

with the marble altar at its feet. Solemn, and yet attractive, must have been the sight. Imagine an Athene by Phidias, hewn from the purest Pentelican. The helmet on the smooth brow lends a severe majesty to the perfect lineaments, yet cannot detract from the grace of feature, or form; while the patron-goddess, full-armed daughter of Jove, looks down benignly upon her votaries, sprung* (so they fondly believed) from her favoured Attic soil. The first glimmer of morning light, the broader day, as the sun climbs the heavens; the steadfast afternoon, the growing dusk, then the deep azure of the star-lit or moon-lit vault above—each phase invests that form with its own variation of beauty, and makes a fresh appeal to the soul through the eye. Whether it be "a dim religious light," in the truest sense, or the sparkle of the pure atmosphere† caught on the marble; whether light or shadow, in a word—a "visible presence makes itself felt." It needs the voice of an Apostle on the opposite hill of Areopagus, to proclaim with superhuman truth that "we must not suppose the divinity to be like unto gold or silver, or stone, the graving of art and device of man." This only can disenchant us, and dissolve the spell.

Yes; there is another, and if not a readier, yet a ruder way. Come in with your modern intrusive window; break a hole through the wall behind the image, as our architects break it behind the Christian altar and its adornments. This is iconoclasm with a vengeance. What have you done? You have virtually destroyed the image, by shattering its power over the soul. You have been as the unthinking children of whom Wordsworth complains, when they went a-nutting among the leafy bowers;

* And therefore binding in their hair the golden grasshoppers, the armorial bearings of their claimed ancestry—the very earth itself. How was it, Darwin never hit upon this illustration of his theory?

† "Radiant," or "sparkling" Athens was the favourite epithet given by the citizens to their loved city; and Aristophanes reminds them how they sat erect on the benches of their theatre when any allusion was made to the title they were so fond of hearing rehearsed.

the place has "given up its quiet being." Athene has become a dark outline, and nothing more. You have to shade your eyes from the aggressive rays, in order to recognize the meaning of the marble mass that rises before you. And then this improver, this window-maker and glazier, satisfied with his work, carries off his tools to employ them for the same purpose, and with the same disastrous effect, in the next church for which he contracts.

It will be answered, that our Catholic forefathers have left, in the parish churches of this land, the large east windows that witness emphatically against the view here maintained. It is true; and, in their present aspect, we insist that often they offend the eye. In proof, let any one first look eastward through the building, and observe how much he can really see of all that stands beneath that glaring window. Be it altar and tabernacle, if the place is in Catholic hands: be it communion table, if the church has been desecrated to the established worship—he sees little enough. Then let him shade his eyes with hat or hand, or with the hand-camera sometimes used in a picture-gallery. We will abide by his verdict. Does not altar or table, as the case may be—do not tabernacle-veil and statues of Saints in the one case, do not puffy velvet cushions in the other, start into reality before him?

But, as a plea for our ancestors in the Faith, we must remember that in many instances the light was probably veiled, where the glass itself was not tinted. What made the architects of the middle-pointed and perpendicular styles enlarge the east window to such an extent, it is hard to say; but ecclesiologists might very likely find records to show that hangings or drapings of some kind were applied to remedy the evil by diminishing the glare. This, to be sure, would seem like breaking a hole in order to fill it in again: but we are trying to invent a theory for what appears otherwise unaccountable. The orientation of mediæval churches does not sufficiently explain it. Nay, the

very fact of the great window being always turned eastward, would involve the celebrant being half-blinded at the early mass in summer months by that "excess of light" we have spoken of, and thus increase the probability of his having been protected for the occasion. This might have been by a tapestry afterwards removed for the remainder of the day, in churches where the same purpose was not effected by a lofty reredos in wood or stone, annihilated by iconoclasts at the "change of religion."

Again, it must be considered that the special function which is interfered with, as far as mere æsthetics go, by a large east window, is of later introduction, and leaves therefore our ancestors blameless in their day. Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament, and, still more, exposition, would seem to *demand* the exclusion of any external light behind the altar. Ever since the darkness of the catacombs necessitated them, waxen tapers, the *opus apis*, have been the light with which the Church has surrounded and accompanied her solemn offices. Their genial golden ray harmonizes with her festivals of joy and triumph, while, in more scant supply, it is not out of harmony with the wailing of her *Tenebræ*. But, whether in larger or smaller measure, the waxen light is a jealous thing, and pales before a rival. The mere work of man, or of bee and man in conjunction, it is powerless to contend with the great sun, that giant running his course in the heavens, though he may run it with shorn beams in our northern climate. The insect and the biped, as joint candle manufacturers, hide their diminished heads under his power. So, if the east window is decreed to maintain its place, where we long to see a rich drapery or a mosaic and cheerful fresco enhance the blaze of our candles, we must perforce yield to the despotism. It will perhaps continue to dazzle and offend by day; in darker hours, it will still loom black and forbidding, with all its leaden intersections and iron bars, frowning upon our flowers and lights, our gold, embroidered silk curtains, and burnished candelabra. Architects may continue to

decree this (we had almost said) intrusion of the skeleton upon our spiritual banquet of joy, while we remain powerless to relegate it to the cupboard and shut it in with a skeleton key.

Let us now take an example on the other side, which may show that a devotion to mediæval architecture is far from implying so intrusive and disfiguring a detail. No one to whom either of our ancient Universities, on Isis or Cam, has been personally an Alma Mater, can have forgotten the beautiful disposition of the light in his college chapel. Facing him, as he entered, stood a blank wall; blank and eyeless, as to window, but sculptured with ranges of crocketted niches (now empty) which filled the whole space to the apex, where it met the roof. All the light in the place streamed in from side or west windows; and so, as was said above, the eye was confronted, not by the light, but by what the light revealed. The whole east end of the chapel stood out in delicate *chiaroscuro*, as though carved in ivory. Each portion and detail combined to a mingled impression: beauty and repose. The meaning of this arrangement may have been the accidental one that the architect had designed the college hall to stand east of the chapel, and thus made the west end of the former conterminous with the altar end of the other. But, more probably, it was from that instinctive sense of beauty which determined so many of the mediæval structures, and which here, at least, decreed that an east window should be not only absent, but impossible.

If, finally, we turn from that style of church architecture which, in Britain and Gaul, supplanted gradually the less aspiring forms of the Roman basilica, we find, in this latter, one beauty with which the mediæval is unable to compare. The Gothic has, undoubtedly, its own features of excellence. By its interlacing arches and mysterious aisles it leads the eye away from what is final or definite in form, and thus supplies to the imagination more than it withdraws from the sight. "Religious," and "richly dim," are the terms by which the poet has truly

described the effect. The distribution of light is its weak point, as at present exhibited. Not, surely, that such defect is inherent in the style itself, but that—if it may seem not presumptuous to say it—some modern architects can hardly have grasped or wielded its true capabilities. If ever a great mind shall arise, alive to the higher beauties of the style, untrammelled by a slavish adoption of detail, one of his first instincts will probably be, the development of the clerestory, the courageous abolition of the lower windows, and thus the gaining of his light from the heavens, not from the horizon.

A brief and final question. Who that has been privileged to wander, awed yet thankful, in the vast basilica where reposes the Prince of the Apostles, will not own to a thrill at his heart on every fresh remembrance of that unrivalled place? How majestic the silence, and what a sublime repose! Is it the vastness, the richness of detail, the proportion of every part, conducing to the great whole? All this it is; but one thing more. It is the marvellous way in which the light floats down from the cupola in shafts of dusky gold, blending in the sombre magnificence with kindred rays from the numerous lamps that have burned through eleven centuries round St. Peter's tomb. There you have all that man can bring as homage to the supreme. There is colossal size, subdued and beautified by the comeliness of proportion; there are colour and bronze and gold, mosaic and marble; and these, not rudely hidden away, not bid to vanish by the powerful enchanter, Light, but displayed, interpreted, glorified, by that "offspring of Heaven, first-born," itself the most beautiful of creations, where "a creature not too great and good" to feed and to inform the human eye.

W. H. ANDERDON, S.J.

Angustam, Amice.

Translation from "Horace," Book III. Ode II.

ROME, teach thine offspring to sustain
Stern poverty: to wield the spear,
To spur the war-horse o'er the plain,
And smite the Parthian foe with fear;

To watch beneath the frosty skies,
To face the tempest and endure;
The bed and banquet to despise,
In doubt and danger still secure.

The royal maid, the princely dame,
Shall mark him from the rampart high,
Shall track his course through blood and flame,
And thus in faltering accents sigh:

"My King, my gracious lord, forbear
To brave yon warrior's fatal wrath;
Untrained to warlike arms beware,
Nor cross the raging lion's path."

Blessèd who for his country dies,—
Blessèd and honoured! Pitiless death
Spares not the coward slave who flies,
The trembling limbs, the panting breath.

Virtue self-centred, fearless, free,
Shines with a lustre all her own,
Nor takes, nor yields, her dignity
When fickle nations smile or frown:

Through realms unknown she wings her flight,
  Spurning the sordid clay beneath,
And lifts into celestial light
  The spirit that has conquered death.

Silence and secrecy not less
  The gods reward: never may he
Who dares their mandate to transgress,
  Revealing Ceres' mystery,

Abide beneath my roof, or steer
  My fragile shallop o'er the main;
Jove hurls his bolts, by law severe,
  Alike on guiltless and profane.

Justice with silent footstep slow,
  With steadfast eye, but halting gait,
The felon tracks, and on his brow
  Stamps the remorseless doom of Fate.

STEPHEN DE VERE.

John.

IN beauty, not above criticism; in courage, undaunted; in love, most generous and most forgiving; in patience, rivalling Job; in constancy, unswerving; in humility, without an equal.

After the above enumeration of qualities, it should be superfluous to add that John is a dog. It would be ridiculous to expect so much in a man. He is, moreover, a Skye-terrier, well-born and well-bred. To announce to John's acquaintances that one was about to eulogize him would be to incur and deserve some such reply as that made by the Spartan to a rhetorician who announced his intention to pronounce an eulogium on Hercules: "An eulogium on Hercules?" repeated the Spartan. "Who ever thought of blaming Hercules?" Our reply would be that we write, not for those who deny, but for those who never heard. There is no shifting of scenes in our little drama. The unities are preserved with almost Grecian strictness—the writer, however, as chorus, claiming the privilege of being occasionally discursive.

Scene.—A suburban summer residence in New England and in that most magnificent of seasons, autumn, "in that month of all months in the year," October; furthermore, the most perfect of Octobers. The stone-coloured house is the only neutral bit in the landscape; all else is a glow of colour. The fresh greensward recedes under flower bosses of solid brilliancy. A flower carpet, gayer than any loom of Turkey, Brussels, or France ever wove, lies under the clump of evergreens in a far corner of the estate. Tapestries of woodbine hang over balconies, and porches, and bay-windows; and the noble trees that stand, two and two, in

stately pairs, all about the place, and up the avenue, are a torch-light procession, which sunshine, instead of quenching, fires to a still more dazzling blaze. It is that picturesque time when ladies throw gay wraps over the summer dresses they still wear; when the sky shakes out her violet mists to veil the too divine beauty of earth; that season of exquisite comfort when one has open windows and open fires; that delicious season when fruit is brought to the table still warm with the sunshine in which it finished ripening five minutes before. Above all, it is that season when people who are at all sympathetic are inclined to silence.

Mrs. Marcia Clay was not at all sympathetic. She was simply herself, a frivolous woman, with a strong will, and a Chinese wall of selfishness and self-complacence built on all sides of her. The soft "Hush!" on the lips of the Indian summer, when the soul of Nature plumes her wings for flight, she heard not. The suspense, the regret, the melancholy, the fleeting rapture of the season she perceived not. To her it was merely the fall of the year, when people get ready for the winter, lay in coal, buy new clothes, and go back to town.

Flounced to the waist in rattling silk, her fair hair furbelowed all over her head, and, apparently, pounds of gold hanging from her ears, thrust through her cuffs, dangling at her belt, strung about her neck, and fastened to the pin that held her collar, this lady sat in one of the pleasant parlours of her house, and talked as fast as her tongue could run.

The woman who listened was of another kind, one who might have come to something if she had been possessed of will and courage, but who, having a small opinion of herself, was only somebody by little spurts, which did no good, since they were always followed by unusual self-abasement. She was not without a despairing sense of this incongruity, and had more than once bewailed in her own mind the fact that she was neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, but inclined to each in turn; had little wings which, as she spread them, changed to little fins, which, as she

moved them, became little feet, that, when she would have walked, collapsed utterly, and left her floundering—a woman without moral vertebræ, who had been all her life the prey of people in whom the moral vertebræ were in excess. She was nothing in particular, physically, either, being greyish, oldish, tallish, weakish, and dressed in that time-honoured, thin, plain, black silk gown which is the infallible sign of genteel poverty, and which, at this instant, adorns the form that owns the arm that moves the hand that holds the pen that writes this history.

Mrs. Marcia Clay.—"It is very provoking, my dear, but it can't be helped. If I should intimate to him that our trunks are all packed to go to town, he would leave instantly. He is the most touchy of mortals. To be sure, I have invited him here again and again, but I expected him in summer-time, not when we were on the point of moving, and had our very beds half made in the city. There's nothing for it but to unpack, and pretend to be delighted. Fortunately, he amuses himself."

The uncertain person in the black silk gown ventured to suggest that Mr. Bently might accompany them to town, and was met by a little shriek which made her jump.

"Fancy him in my blue satin or pink satin chamber! Why, my dear, he smokes, and—*chews! chews*, dear! Between you and me, he is a bear in his habits, a positive bear. If you will believe me, I have seen him wear slipshod shoes and crumpled linen. You should see him at home, in his den. An inky dressing gown that he wipes his pens on, old slippers with holes in them, books piled all about, and dust that you could write your name in! In that state he sits and writes hour after hour."

Ah! Mrs. Clay & Co., who look at littleness through magnifying glasses, are blind to all true greatness; the sole of this man's slip-shod shoe is cleaner than your tongue. There is no dust on his thoughts; there are no holes in the fabrics his brain weaves; and when he writes, far-away lands that know you not, and kin-

dred greatness nearer by, feel the electric spark that slips from his pen's point.

"What a shocking person he must be!" says Miss Uncertainty, meaning to please. "I don't wonder you won't have him in town."

"Goodness gracious, Miss Bird!" cried the lady colouring up. "What can you be thinking of? Why, Mr. Bently is famous. He can afford to be eccentric. It is an honour to have him in one's house. People have turned and looked at me when they heard that I am his cousin; and his name opens to me places that—well, everybody can't enter. Then it is a very fine thing to have a gentleman in one's parlours who can talk to those lions whom one doesn't know what to say to, and who can tell what one's pictures, and bronzes, and marbles mean, and translate from every language under the sun. I well remember a time when he won for me a perfect triumph over Mrs. Everett Adams. It was delicious. Mrs. Everett Adams is always picking up lions, especially learned and scientific ones; and, when Professor Porson came here, she monopolized him at once. You cannot conceive how odiously she behaved, nor what airs she assumed. One heard nothing but Porson, Porson, till I was sick of the name; and it was impossible to go anywhere, to theatre, opera, or concert, without seeing her sail down to the most conspicuous place, after everybody was seated, with Prof. Porson in her train. Well, one evening she brought him to our house, just to plague me, and we had half-a-dozen or so persons to meet him. It was an evening of torment, my dear. The professor was in the clouds, with Mrs. Everett Adams fluttering behind him, like a tail after a kite, and all the rest were in raptures, except me—I was extinguished. The professor knew what every bronze and marble was, and who made it, and if it was an original or a copy; and, in short, everything I had seemed as common as possible. As a last desperate resort, I brought out some old books in foreign languages that poor dear Clay had picked up. He was always collecting things

of that sort. The professor turned them over with the tips of his fingers, and read a word here and there. Oh! he knew all about them. Yes; he had read them when he was a boy. But I had begun to suspect him. My poor husband used to say that, when a man will not own that there is anything he doesn't understand, root and branch, he was always sure that that man was an impostor. So I took up two of the books that I saw he had passed over, and asked him to translate a passage for me. They looked about as much like a printed language as the figures on my carpet do. To my joy, he had to own that he couldn't. They were Chaldaic, he said, and he had but made little study in that language. Mrs. Adams glanced angrily at me, and I smiled. Just at that moment, as good luck would have it, the door opened, and in came Cousin Bently. I flew at him with the books. Triumph, my dear! Never did I have such a rapturous moment. Cousin took the books in his slow way, put up his eye-glasses, looked them over in such a superior manner that really my hopes rose. They were Arabic, I've forgotten what about, and he read out some passages, and translated them, all the company looking on. My dear, the Porson and Adams stock sank to less than one per cent. in an instant. The professor was red, and Mrs. Adams was pale. I could have hugged Cousin Bently on the spot, though his boots were not blacked, and his collar was in a positively shocking state."

"How charming it must be to have him visit you!" says Miss Bird, wheeling about as the wind veered. Poor thing! She did not mean to be insincere. She merely wanted to say the right thing, and didn't care a fig about the matter, one way or the other.

"Charming!" repeated Mrs. Clay, with emphasis. "It gives a *tone*. Besides, it draws some people one likes to know. You should see Madame de Soi, the most exclusive of women, flutter round him like a butterfly round a—round a—well, really, I am at a loss for the word. It is impossible to call Cousin Bently a

flower, unless one should make a pun about the seedy contents of his valise. I studied botany once, and I know a pun can be made of it. Madame knows no more and cares no more about his learning than a cat does, but she has tact, and does contrive to smile at the right time. I never could do that. When I smile, Cousin Bently is sure to push out his under lip, and stop talking. But she will look and listen with such rapture that you would positively think he was describing the dress the empress wore at the last ball; and sometimes she even says something that he will seem pleased with. That very evening of the Porson collapse, she talked with him half an hour of *molecules*, whatever they are. I actually thought they were speaking of people. Fancy being called a molecule! Yes, Cousin Bently is a great credit, and a great convenience to me. Why, but for him I couldn't have gone to those stupid exclusive lectures of Mr. Vertebrare's, where I yawned myself to death among the very cream of society."

The lady paused for breath, and her companion, feeling obliged to say something, faltered out that she always feared those very clever persons.

"I should think you would after the experience you had with that dragon," replied Mrs. Clay significantly.

Miss Bird coloured, and was silent. "That dragon" was a rather difficult old lady, a Miss Clinton, with whom she had lived and suffered many years, and who had lately died.

"And so," Mrs. Clay summed up, "I have Cousin Bently on my hands for a week or ten days, and must make the best of it. And"—suddenly lowering her voice—"speak of angels—ahem! Cousin Bently, allow me to make you acquainted with Miss Bird, an old schoolmate of mine."

Miss Bird rose with a frightened air, dropped her eyes, blushed deeply, half extended her hand, and half withdrew it again, and stammered out, "Good-morning, sir!" which was not a very felicitous greeting, the time of day being near sunset.

Mr. Bently acknowledged the introduction with rather a stately

bow, gave the person before him a calm and exhaustive glance, protruded his under lip very slightly, without meaning to, and walked to the further end of the room.

"Why need people be such fools?" he muttered, half philosophical, half impatient. He had been, as all learned and even merely clever people must be, too much looked on as an ogre by the simple. It was rather provoking to see people shaking at his approach, as if he were going to compel them to talk Greek and calculus, or have their lives.

As the gentleman seated himself in an arm-chair before a delightful bay window, and facing the window, there was another addition to the company, and—enter our hero!

Reader, John!

A longish, curly-haired quadruped with bright dark eyes full of merriment and kindliness, and teeth so beautifully white and even that it would be a privilege to be bitten by them. Of course he has undergone those improvements which man finds it necessary to make on the old-fashioned plan of the Creator, and his clipped ears stand up pointed and pert, and his clipped tail is indeed less a tail than an epigram. But the bounding grace of his motions no scissors can curtail.

Do not imagine that John has entered the room properly, and stood still to be presented and described. Far from it. He bounced in through the window, as though shot from a mortar, and, while we have been writing this brief sketch of his person, has flown into the learned gentleman's arms, kissed him enthusiastically a dozen times, pawed his hair into fearful disorder, made believe bite his nose and hands, with the utmost care not to hurt him in the least, pulled one end of his cravat out of knot, and threatened to overturn him, chair and all, by drawing back and rushing at him again like a little blue and yellow battering ram. His manner was, indeed, so overpowering that Mr. Bently had half a mind to be vexed, and could not help being disconcerted. His affection for dogs was entirely Platonic, and he had a theory

that bipeds and quadrupeds should have separate houses built for them ; but this creature had struck him as being the most honest and sensible being in the house, and had, moreover, taken to him.

Miss Bird looked askance at the scene in the bay-window, and Mrs. Clay looked askance at Miss Bird, and wondered at her impudence and folly. Miss Bird had blushed and dropped her eyes when she was introduced to the gentleman, and she was now watching him out of the corners of her eyes. Bird was an old maid, with a moderate annuity ; Mr. Bently was an old bachelor, with next to nothing besides brains and a name. Bird must be set to rights. So much the lady's actions told of her thoughts.

" I wish I dared send for Marian Willis here," she whispered confidentially, watching the effect of her words. " Nothing would please me better than to bring those two together again. But Cousin Bently would suspect my drift, and, as likely as not, start off at once. Nothing annoys him so much as to see that any one is trying to get him married. Marian is in every way suitable, and between you and me, dear, I think they would both be glad to have a mediator, only they are too proud to own it. Everybody thought about ten years ago that they were engaged, and they certainly were in a fair way to be, when some lovers' quarrel occurred, and they parted. You have never seen Miss Willis, have you ? "

Yes ; Miss Bird had seen her at Miss Melicent Yorke's wedding, and she was the grandest looking lady there. She wore a black velvet dress, buttoned up high with diamonds, and not another jewel about her. She had a pink half-open camellia in her bosom, and a wide-open one in her hair. Clara Yorke said that the beautiful plainness of Miss Willis' toilet made everybody else look all tags and ends. She gave the bride a rare engraving of some picture of The Visitation, which Miss Melicent didn't half like, because the S. Elizabeth was on her knees, and because

there was a crown carved in the frame just over the Virgin's head. But the bridegroom had reconciled her to it, saying that motherhood is a crown to any woman. Mrs. Edith Yorke, Carl's wife, who is now abroad, was very fond of Miss Willis, and used to call her "Your Highness."

"Oh! their intimacy was because Mr. Carl Yorke was a Catholic," interposed Mrs. Clay rather abruptly.

When Bird got talking of the Yorkes, she never knew when to stop; and the subject was not pleasant to her listener. Mrs. Clay had tried to be intimate with the family, and had signally failed. They were always kind and courteous, but there still seemed to be an invisible crystalline wall between them and her.

"Marian's religion is her one fault. It may be possible that she and Cousin Bently disagreed about that, though it would be hard to find out what he believes, or if he believes anything. He defends every religion you attack, and attacks every religion you defend."

"But do you think she would marry him?" asked Bird incredulously; and her glance toward the window became depreciatory and critical, instead of awful.

Mr. Bently, as a learned man, was to be regarded with fear and admiration; but as a bridegroom—that was another thing.

"Why, she is handsome and rich."

"What if she is?" asked the other tartly. "It only makes her more suitable. But she is not rich though she lives with a rich old uncle, who may leave her something. She is in every way suited to Cousin Bently. He would never marry an inferior woman."

This last assertion Mrs. Clay made very positively, for the reason that she was mortally afraid it was not true. Her private opinion was that Mr. Bently must have been very lonely in his bachelor lodgings before he came to visit her, and that he might easily be induced to marry even Miss Bird, rather than live alone any longer.

Meantime, the object of their conversation, having put the vociferous John away, and induced him to lie at his feet, instead of pervading his neck and face, sat gazing out through the window. He certainly was not an eminently beautiful man, neither was he the pink of nicety in his dress, though he abhorred untidiness in others, particularly in women. His form was rather fine, but his features were too strong for grace, his hair was growing grey, and his teeth were discoloured by his odious beloved tobacco. There was a something a little neglected in his appearance. Evidently he needed some one with authority to remind him, when occasion demanded, that his cravat was horribly awry, that he had forgotten to smooth his hair down since the last time he combed it up with his ten fingers, and that, really, that collar must come off. In fine, he needed an indulgent wife, who would look out for him constantly, but with discretion, never intruding the cravat and collar question into his sublime moments.

Was he conscious of something lacking in his life, that his expression was less the gravity of the man of thought than the sadness of the lonely man? Something ailed him—physical sickness, no doubt, for his face was flushed, and his eyes heavy—but some trouble of the mind also. He looked across the lawn, that was bounded by a dense line of autumn-coloured trees, with a sky of brilliant clearness arching over. Betwixt sapphire and jasper the low purple dome of a mountain pushed up, making a background for a shining cross that might be suspended in air for any support visible to him who gazed on it. But he had seen that cross before, and his mind leaping over the few intervening miles, followed down from its sunlighted tip and touched a slim grey tower and a vine-covered church, and, looking through the gay rose-window over the chancel, saw a tiny lambent flame floating in and fed by sacred oil of olives. Mentally he stood before the church door, saw the grove of beeches that hid it from the road, saw through those heavy boughs the green slope of a

lawn near by and the mansion that crowned its summit. But in one respect the eyes of the seer were less true to the present than to the past, for they beheld roses, instead of autumn colours, wreathing pillar, porch, and balcony.

In this house Marian Willis lived. He sat and recollected all his intercourse with her, from the first pleasant dawn of friendly regard and sympathy, growing up to something brighter and closer, yet scarcely defined, to its sudden extinguishment. His acquaintance with her had been like a day that breaks in silent and cloudless light, and is shut in by a cold and smothering fog before its noon. What had been expressed to her of all that sweetness he found in her society? What to him of the pleasure she seemed to feel in his? Nothing that had other utterance than silent looks and actions. What had separated them? A mist, a fog, an impalpable yet irresistible power. Some tiny wedge had been inserted that gave a chance for pride to rush in and thrust their lives apart. There had been a slight reserve that grew to coldness and thence to alienation. Who does not know how those many littles make a mickle? Possibly a certain gallant officer, just home from the wars, with his arm in a sling, and a sabre-scar across his temple, had had something to do with the trouble. Certainly the last mental picture Mr. Bently had carried away from his last visit at Mr. Willis' was of this same officer walking in the garden with Marian Willis leaning on his sound arm, and listening to the tale of his adventures as women always do and always will listen to soldiers who bring their wounds to illustrate their stories.

On that occasion, Mr. Bently had returned to his cousin's house and behaved in what he considered a very reasonable manner. He locked himself into his chamber, let in all the light possible, placed himself before the mirror, and critically examined the reflection he saw there. There was no glorious sabre-wound across his temple, showing where he had once wrestled with death, and come off conqueror; but, instead, there were long, faint,

horizontal lines beginning to show on his forehead—mementoes of the silent combat with time, and of anxious quest in search of hidden truth. There were no crisp, fair curls shining over his head; the brown hair was straight and short, and here and there a white hair rewarded the search for it. The soldier's large violet eyes flashed like jewels; but these eyes in the mirror were no brighter than wintry skies, a calm steady blue that a planet might look through, perhaps, but that were not used to lighting. The soldier was clad in a trim uniform that set off well a form of manly grace, the stripe that glimmered down the leg, the band, like a lady's bracelet, that bound the sleeve, the golden eagle outspread on either shoulder, all helping to make a gallant picture; the raiment reflected with pitiless fidelity by the mirror before him was decidedly neutral. No one could call it picturesque nor even elegant of its kind. It was simply calculated to escape censure.

Having made a full survey, and, as he thought, a fair comparison, this self-elected judge then pronounced sentence on the person whose reflection he gazed at.

"You are a fool!" he said, with a conviction too deep for bitterness. "What is there in you that a fair and charming woman could prefer? Bah! She prizes you as she does those vellum Platos and Homers that she admires because others do, but cannot read a word of. When she sinks into her arm-chair for that hour of rest before dressing for dinner, does she take with her a book of Greek or of logic? No; she reads the poet or the novelist. You have nothing to do with her more intimate life."

Thus had the scholar decided, gazing at his own reflection in the mirror, seeing there only the shell of the man, and that not at its best, at its worst rather. The kindling of intelligence, the scintillating of sharp intellectual pursuit, the soft radiance which dawning love gave him when he was shone upon by the beloved object—those he saw not. He saw only a fool.

So far, so good. But he had not finished the work. A fool may be miserable, may be ruined by his folly, even while owning it. He must prove not only the vanity of hoping, but the vanity of loving. He must remove the halo from his idol's brow, not rudely, but with all the coolness and gentleness of reason. What, after all, were beauty and grace, a sweet voice and smile, and gracious speaking? He set himself to analyze them, physiologically, chemically, and morally. So the botanist analyzes a flower, and when he has destroyed its ravishing perfume, and that exquisite combination which constituted its individuality—a combination which man can separate, but which only God can form—he points to the fragments, and says, "That is a rose!"

But suppose that, even while he speaks, those withering atoms should stir and brighten, the anthers should gather again their golden pollen, and hang themselves once more on each slender filament, the petals blush anew, and rustle into fragrant crowding circles, and a most rosy rose should rise triumpantly before him!

Some such experience had Mr. Bently when he had finished his work of demolition. Turning coldly away from the ruins of what had been so fair, he walked to the window to take breath, and saw there before him the living woman complete, her soul welding with immortal fire every characteristic and mood into a being irresistibly lovely, baffling, and—disdainful. She stood in the garden where Mrs. Clay had purposely detained her beneath his window, and she stood there unwillingly. Only a social necessity had brought her to the house, and she had determined that she would not, if it could be helped, meet that gentleman who, from being a daily visitor of her own, had suffered three days to pass during which he had once or twice talked with her uncle over the gate, but had never approached her.

Since that hour when, looking from his window, he had seen her sail past without raising her eyes, Mr. Bently had been haunted at times by two antagonistic visions—the rose dissected,

which he viewed with indifference, succeeded by the rose full-blown, triumphant in unassailable sweetness.

He thought it all over now as he sat looking out of Mrs. Clay's eastern bay-window. And having thought it over once, it began to go through his mind again, and still again. The various scenes passed, one by one, slowly, like persons in a procession, and he gazed at them from first to last; and there was the first again! He had had enough of it, but it would not stop. His head was aching, and feeling somewhat light besides. He pressed his forehead with his hands, and tried to think of something else, even if it were no more pleasant subject than the cold he must have taken to make him so sore from head to foot. But still that procession moved with accelerating speed. He spoke to John, tired and annoyed himself a little with the creature's antics, then leaned back in his chair, and let his brain whirl.

Certainly he was ill; but nothing else was certain. Whether to go or stay, to speak or remain silent, he could scarcely decide. When dinner was announced, instinct kept him conventional. He ate nothing, but he went through all the proper forms, with no more abstraction than might be attributed to his intellectual oddities. But dinner, with its inanities, over, he made haste to escape to his own room.

"Going out for a walk, cousin?" asked Mrs. Clay, as he passed her.

How the trivial question irritated him! He bowed, afraid to utter a word, lest it should be an offensive one. His nerves felt bare, his teeth on edge. Miss Bird looked more deeply than her friend had done, and in the one timid glance she gave the gentleman saw a painful trouble underneath his cool exterior.

"I hope he didn't hear what we were saying of him before dinner," she remarked apprehensively.

"No, indeed!" was the confident response. "He scarcely hears what you say to him, still less what is said of him."

Mr. Bently walked upstairs slowly, dreading to be alone, and

shut himself into his room; and, when there, desolation settled upon him. It is not pleasant to be ill in one's own home, with loving and solicitous friends surrounding one with their cares, and taking every task from the weak hands; it is still less pleasant when, though friends are near, they are powerless to lift the burden which only those helpless hands can carry; but how far more miserable, how far more cruel than any other desolation on earth, is it when sickness falls upon one who must work, and the sick one is not only oppressed by the burden of duties unperformed, but is himself a burden, coldly and grudgingly tended, or tended not at all? Mr. Bently knew well the extent of his cousin's friendship, and the worth of her Chinese compliments, and he would far rather have fallen in the street, and been left to the tender mercies of strangers, than fall ill in her house.

Morning came, and it was breakfast-time, by no means an early hour. Mrs. Clay had put off the meal half an hour on her cousin's account. "He has at least one polite habit—he does not rise early," she said. "But then he is as regular as a clock in his late hour." He was not prompt this morning, however, for they waited ten minutes after breakfast was on the table, and rang a second bell, and still their visitor did not appear.

Miss Bird suggested that he had looked unwell the evening before, and might be unable to come down.

"Really, how thoughtful you are!" Mrs. Clay said with cutting emphasis. "I had quite forgotten. Perhaps, my son, you will go up and see if Miss Bird is right."

"My son" objected to being made a messenger of. "If the old fellar wanted to sleep, let him sleep. Don't you say so, Clem?" Clementina always agreed with her brother; the two prevailed, and the "old fellar" was left to sleep, or toss and moan, or be comsumed with fever and thirst, or otherwise entertain himself as he or fate should choose, while the family breakfasted at their leisure.

It is scarcely worth while to put Clementina and Arthur Clay in print. They are insignificant and, in a small way, disagreeable objects, and their like is often met with to the annoyance of many. The mental ignorance and lack of capacity which we lose sight of when they are overmantled by the loveliness of good-will, in such as these become contemptible by being placed on pedestals of presumption and ill-nature, and hateful when they are set as obstacles and stumbling-blocks in the way of souls who would fain walk and look upward.

Breakfast over, and no Mr. Bently appearing, Mrs. Clay felt called on to make inquiries, and, accordingly, dispatched a servant to her cousin's door, while she herself listened at the foot of the stairs. She heard a knock, but no reply, then a second knock, followed by the servant's voice, as if in answer to some one within.

"Paper under the door, sir? Yes, sir!"

She was half way up the stairs by this time, and snatched the slip of paper which the man had found pushed out under Mr. Bently's door. "What in the world can be the matter? Where are my eye-glasses? Cousin Bently is such a frightful writer that, really—"

While the lady is adjusting her glasses, and her children and companion are gathering about her, we will read this document, for there will be no time afterwards. It is short, and is strongly scented with camphor.

"I am ill, and, it is possible, may have small-pox. It has been where I was a fortnight ago. Keep away from me, and send for a doctor."

Confusion ensued. Screams resounded from the parlour; orders and counter-orders were given, only one fixed idea penetrating that chaos—to get away from the house as quickly as possible. Carriages were got out, silver and valuables piled into them by Bird, who alone would go upstairs, and who was made to do everything, and in less than half an hour the whole family

started for the city. The servants, all but the gardener, had already fled.

"But who is to take care of Mr. Bently?" Miss Bird asked, pausing at the carriage door.

"I shall give the gardener orders to get a doctor and nurse," Mrs. Clay said impatiently, fuming with selfish terror.

"But I'm not afraid," Bird hesitated. "I've been vaccinated. And it's hard to leave him alone."

'Nonsense!" cried the lady. "I shall allow nothing of the sort. It is not necessary, and, besides, it is not proper. Do get in, if you are going to town. It really seems to me, Miss Bird, that you are altogether too much interested in Mr. Bently."

Then, at last, Bird perceived what was in the speaker's mind, and, as most women would in such circumstances, laid down her better impulses at the feet of meanness. Crushed and ashamed, and, at the same time, weakly and despairingly angry, she took her place in the carriage, and listened in silence to the lamentations and complaints of her companions.

"How could Cousin Bently do such a thing? How could he come to me when he knew he had been so exposed?"

That Mr. Bently had only learned from the paper of the evening before to what he had been exposed, and had only thought during the night what might be the meaning of his illness, the lady did not inquire into.

At the garden gate stood James, the gardener. Mrs. Clay stopped long enough to give him hurried directions to get a doctor and nurse, and do all that was necessary for the invalid, then ordered the coachman to drive on.

"I hope John isn't with us," one of the young ones said presently. "He was round Cousin Bently all day yesterday."

No; Miss Bird, recollecting that fact also, had shut John into one of the chambers, and left him there. She ventured to hope that he would not be left to starve, but no one responded to her merciful wish.

The cause of all this terror and confusion had seen the departure of the family without being surprised at it. He had not undressed, but had lain on a sofa all night, and, when morning came, had written the warning which proved so effectual, and then sank into an arm-chair near the window, longing for air. He expected the family to keep away from him, and was neither sorry nor indignant that they had removed themselves still further. Of course a doctor would be sent, and of course there was some one to take care of him. He sat and waited for that some one to enter. Perhaps it was James. He saw the gardener shut and fasten the gate after the carriage went out, and he heard the locking of the stable door. He waited, but no one came. Well, the house must be attended to first, and he would be patient, though thirst, and alternate fever and chills, and racking pains were tormenting him. He was annoyed, too, by John's efforts to escape from the next room, and would have gone to release the creature but for the fear of spreading contagion.

A distant door opened and shut; he heard a distant heavy step, and thanked God that relief and companionship were at hand. But the sounds ceased, and no one came near him. He saw James, the gardener, laden with packages, hurry down the avenue, and disappear into the public road, and a thrill of fear shot through him. The scene outside swam before his eyes, and grew dark for a moment. Could it be that they had all gone away, and left him to die alone? No; he could not believe it! James had perhaps gone to bring the doctor. He would wait patiently, since wait he must.

M. A. TINCKER.

(To be concluded next month.)

To a Widowed Mother.

THE night Death's Angel hovered in his flight
We felt the dread of unembodied things;
He with the winnowing of his fateful wings
Extinguished gently that dear flickering light
Which thou hadst tended with true wifehood's might.
That loss might well have broken thy heart's strings;
But, stunned by all that dereliction brings,
We, tearless, watched till dawn gave sorrow sight.

A mother only, with a wife's regret,
Thou livest know; the change profound that came
Upon that night is known to none but thee:
Whether thou smilest or thine eyes are wet
We see a mother who is not the same;
Thy thoughts are searching through eternity.

BERNARD WHELAN.

Everingham in the Olden Time.

IT has often occurred to me how little notice is taken by people of the records of the neighbourhood in which they live. Generations pass away and are forgotten ; the history of the past is obscured or lost ; and the old charters and papers and correspondence, which might convey to our minds the occurrences of olden days and the long-forgotten traditions which belong to our homes, are allowed to remain on dusty shelves and in obscure corners, unlooked for and uncared for. And yet the study of the past is an agreeable occupation ; it often explains much that we see around us, and it enables us to form a correct judgment on many questions which are brought before us in the exercise of our daily occupations. My object then, in this paper, is to try and give some information about Everingham as it was in the days gone by, and to recall the lives and customs of those who have lived and died centuries ago.

Everingham can boast of an antiquity of over 1200 years, and it was founded by a Saint of the name of Everilda. She was a contemporary of the great St. Hilda of Whitby, that famous Abbess whose seminary was the nursery which produced some of the greatest scholars of the age, amongst others that illustrious Yorkshireman, Alcuin, the founder of the University of Paris, and Charlemagne's teacher. It was he who wrote to Charlemagne and advised him to send over some of the young nobility of France to that part of England, "where they might receive a more polite, liberal, and learned education than could be given at that time in France, and whence they might transplant the Flowers of Britain (meaning books), that their fragrance might no longer be confined to Yorkshire."

St. Everilda's Office is to be found in the York Breviary, an Office-book which was in general use by the clergy in the Archdiocese of York before the Reformation. The first six lessons of her Office give a short but very clear account of her life. She was a Virgin of noble lineage, and the report of her sanctity spread throughout the whole of Northumbria. She secretly adopted the habit of a nun and left her father's house, committing herself to the care of Our Lord, and singing the Canticle of Zachary. God recognised her good intentions, and sent her two companions, Bega and Waldreda. They travelled together until they arrived at a spot which had hitherto been the property of the Archbishop of York. St. Wilfrid, then Archbishop of York, allowed them to settle there, and from that time it was called the Manor of Everilda (in English, Everildesham). They were joined by many holy women, so that at one time there were as many as eighty nuns in the convent.

Everilda was distinguished by her great sanctity, and her life was given up to the contemplation of Divine things. She died the death of a Saint, surrounded by her nuns, on the 9th of July. The year of her death is not known. Her Feast was formerly kept on that day, and the village Feast always takes place at Everingham on the Sunday immediately following the 9th of July. I have a deed in my possession, of the date 1500, in which this village is called Everildesham, and tradition has always called the village well, St. Everilda's well. So you see, this place is clearly identified as once hallowed by the residence of St. Everilda.

I am afraid I cannot give any information as to what occurred in Everingham during the next 400 years. I will, however, endeavour to describe the probable condition of the township in Saxon times. Ham, in Saxon, meant manor or a private estate, with a village on it. Everingham, or Everildesham, was therefore inhabited, and almost certainly a village community was settled here under a manorial lordship. As was the case in other Saxon

manors, it was divided into two parts, one of which was the demesne of the Lord of the Manor, and the other was divided among the villeins or villagers who held land on condition of certain services, and cottagers who also had a share in the common land. They lived in the principal street of the village, and had enclosures immediately round their houses.

The enclosed village was called the tun, hence township, from the enclosure by a wattled fence of gyrds or roads. As there is no stone in the neighbourhood, the houses were built, as described by Professor Thorold Rogers, "of timber built in a frame, the spaces being either lathed and plastered within and without, or filled with clay kneaded up with chopped straw. The wood fire was on a hob of clay. Chimneys were unknown." ["Six Centuries of Work and Wages."] These villagers had allotments in the open fields, which were common fields. Here as elsewhere there would be three open fields, and these fields were arable. I have a plan of the parish in the eighteenth century, also a survey of 1632, which show how little change there must have been in the distribution of land in the parish up to the time of the enclosure. The villagers had strips of land in each of the open fields, usually ten strips of an acre each. These strips were separated by green balks of unploughed turf. In Germany, whence the Saxons came, the word for these balks of unploughed turf is *rain*. The strips of land that surround some of the fields in Seaton Parish are called *rains*. The German or Saxon word is therefore used in its original signification in Seaton even in the present time.

The strips were an acre, as it was supposed to be a day's ploughing. The acres were a furlong long; for a furlong is a furrow long, and a rood is as many furrows as make a rod in breadth. Thus many of our measurements date from Saxon times, and give us some information as to the method of cultivation in those days. But there is another curious circumstance connected with the measurements, viz., they show by such names

as rods and poles that people who made the earliest use of them probably belonged to a forest country. In some places the strips were only half an acre in extent. Thus here, Havaker Lane is the lane leading to the half acres, and the half acres were the allotments of the villagers. Where the grass land was let in allotments, the field was called Bawker. As late as 1635, every tenant or cottager seems to have had what was called a dale of land, extending to nearly two roods in the Bawker meadow. In Saxon times the villagers had to pay gafol, and give boones, and perform services; apparently these duties were performed by the tenants in the 17th century. For much of this information, I am indebted to that very interesting work on the "English Village Community" by Mr. Seebohn.

Probably when the Saxon chiefs came to this country at the time of the Saxon invasion, they made settlements by clearing away the forest and building long huts for themselves and their followers. These, no doubt, introduced their Saxon customs, at the same time acknowledging their chief, who became the Lord of the Manor. He would take part of the land, and the rest would be divided among his followers, who became his geburs or servants. It could not be expected that the villagers or geburs could each possess teams of oxen to cultivate their share of the open field; for, in those days, land was not ploughed by a couple of horses as it is at present, but by a team of eight oxen. The oxen were the property of different members of the community. In Germany, whence most of the customs of our Saxon forefathers were derived, the community managed the ploughing; and each member had to provide the proportion of the oxen—it was co-operative ploughing. In return, he would receive certain strips of land interspersed in the different open fields. These village communities were then independent; but as the earliest records of Saxon times in this country show the village community to have been under a chief or lord, it is probable, as Mr. Brodrick says, that "these Lords of the Manor were legally, if

not lineally, descended from the stronger members of these Saxon townships." ["English Land and Landlords."]

As all these fields were open and unenclosed, disputes would arise, and frequently one neighbour would injure his neighbour's land. To settle these disputes, and to guard the common rights of the community, courts existed, such as Courts Leet, and Courts Baron. These have continued to the present day. I shall have more to say about them presently. I am trying to picture to you Everingham as it existed in Saxon days. Then came the Norman conquest, which possibly did not make as great a change in the institutions of the country as has been generally supposed. Everingham was at that time a manor with the Archbishop of York as its superior. That was an advantage as it was saved from confiscation, and from being presented to some Norman Baron.

A few years later William the Conqueror caused a survey to be made of all the lands in the country, with the owners, and value, and extent. This was the great Domesday Book, and in the returns given in it, we find the following entry relating to Everingham :—

"In Everingham with its berewick, Londesborough, Foulthorpe, Goodmanham, they are liable to be taxed 17 carucates—there are seven ploughs. It was held by Archbishop Eldred as one manor. Now, under Archbishop Thomas, there are two clerics having arable land, and one knight. They own between them three carucates—two mills with ten acres. The entire manor is one mile in length and half a mile in breadth. In the time of Edward the Confessor it was valued at £14, now £6, a year."

A carucate of land was the average extent of land that could be ploughed by one team in a year, about 120 acres. A Knight is mentioned as living at Everingham at the time of the survey, but we have no information who he was; most likely he was a member of the Everingham family who owned the manor until the middle of the 15th century. The Archbishop had probably

made over the manor to him on condition of his performing the military service due from the manor. There was an Adam de Everingham, Lord of Everingham, in the time of William Rufus, and later the Everinghams did homage to the Archbishop of York, as owners of what was called the Knight's fee of Everingham. The head of the family would have to provide a Knight properly equipped, to attend upon the King in his wars. In the reign of Edward I., Sir Robert de Everingham was returned as owner of the Park. The record is as follows :—

"The jury say that Robert de Everingham held, the day that he died, of the Archbishop of York the Manor of Everingham by the service of half a Knight's fee, and suit at the Court of Wilton. There is a park, the herbage of which is valued at 40 shillings, and a windmill at 40 shillings, and a certain rent of 31 shillings, given by Sir Adam de Everingham 15 years before, to two Chaplains to celebrate for his soul and the souls of his ancestors—and that Adam, his son and heir, was 7 years old in 1289."

This mention of the Park tells us that the Park is at any rate 600 years old. Sir Adam de Everingham, in addition to his Yorkshire estates, held ten Knight's Fees in Nottinghamshire of the King *in capite*, and was bound to send a forester for the Forest of Sherwood at his own cost. I have numerous charters referring to exchanges or purchases of land in Everingham during the next century, so probably the Lords of the Manor were seizing every opportunity of enlarging their property in the parish. The representative of the family, as owner of the Knight's fee, accompanied King Edward in his wars in Scotland and in France. Sir Adam de Everingham, who lived about 1380, must have been a great soldier.

In 1305, there was a controversy between the Scrope and Grosvenor families as to which had the right to bear certain arms, viz., a Bend d'Or on their shields. When the Duke of Westminster, the representative of the Grosvenor family, gave the

winner of the Derby this name, it would be, no doubt, in memory of this controversy. Many Knights gave evidence in this dispute, and amongst others, Sir Adam de Everingham, who was at that time 79 years old, and who related how he had seen the Scropes bear these arms at the siege of Berwick, at the battle of Halidon Hill, at the siege of Tournay, at the battle of Scluses, and again in the march upon Paris ; also on that great occasion when Edward Baliol gave up his rights to the throne of France. This gives us a very clear account of how his life was spent.

Of what occurred in the parish during the next century, there is not much to relate. I have not been able to ascertain which side the family took in the Wars of the Roses. The property descended to several heiresses and thus, through the heiress of the Suttill family, to the second son of Sir Marmaduke Constable, of Flamburgh. Sir Marmaduke was a distinguished soldier, and commanded a division in the army of the Earl of Surrey at Flodden Field. In the words of the old Ballad, amongst others that were there, were

> "Sir Marmaduke Constable stout,
> Accompanied with his seemly sons,
> Sir William Bulmer with his rout,
> Lord Clifford with his clapping guns."

For the services of Sir Marmaduke on this occasion, he received a special letter of thanks from Henry VIII., and his three sons were knighted on the battle-field. It is curious that while I am descended from Sir Marmaduke Constable, and Lady Herries from the Earl of Surrey, both leaders on the English side, I also represent two families, the Lord Maxwell and Lord Herries, whose chiefs were killed on Flodden Field, fighting on the side of the Scots. It is fortunate that blood feuds do not extend to this country, as it would be difficult to know how to act under these circumstances. Not many years after this, Henry VIII. determined to suppress the Religious Houses throughout the kingdom, and more than ten thousand monks were turned out

of doors. This naturally occasioned a great ferment. In consequence, thirty thousand men assembled on Market-Weighton* Common, under the leadership of Robert Aske and Sir Robert Constable. This was the famous Pilgrimage of Grace; and as the people met near here, under the guidance of Sir Robert Constable, no doubt many Everingham people joined. They all took an oath "that they engaged in the Holy Pilgrimage, for the love they owed to Almighty God, His faith, and to Holy Church Militant. They had banners in the field, whereupon was painted Christ hanging on the Cross on one side, and a Chalice on the other. Embroidered on the soldiers' coats was the similitude of the wounds of Christ, and in the midst of it the name of Our Lord." ["Grafton's Chronicles."] This was the first insurrection in defence of the old religion. There was another in the North in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Robert Aske belonged to Aughton in this neighbourhood. As Froude says, "he was something more than a remarkable iusurgent leader." A short entry tells us, "that six or seven days after his arrest, his servant did cast himself upon his bed, and cried—'Oh my master! they will draw him, and hang him, and quarter him!'—and therewith he did die with sorrow." The Duke of Norfolk met the in-

* Not far from Everingham stands Market-Weighton with its admirable Catholic Reformatory School, under the care of the Fathers of Charity. Originally founded (under the invocation of St. William of York) by Sir Edward Vavasour for a colony of Irish Franciscan Monks, it passed, on the death of Sir Edward, in 1856, to its present uses, being certified by the Home Secretary as a Reformatory School. Additions to the building have been since made from time to time, so that there is now accommodation for two hundred and twenty boys. Employment is found for these on the farm (of about 400 acres), and as tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, bakers, printers, and bookbinders. The smaller boys are engaged in match-box making; and the farm boys on wet days and on winter afternoons, chop and tie up firewood which is sold in the neighbourhood. Printing and bookbinding have recently, at great expense, been started. For all these trades the patronage of the public is earnestly solicited; and it is to raise, if possible, a wider than local interest in the fortunes of the Institution and the invaluable labours of the Fathers, that Lord Herries publishes this lecture on "Everingham in the Olden Time."

surgents at Doncaster, and persuaded them to return to their homes by making certain promises. But these promises were not fulfilled, so they rose again. But the day on which there was a chance of success had passed; the rising resulted in half measures which ruined those who undertook them. Poor Sir Robert Constable and Aske were arrested and executed. Sir Robert Constable's estates were confiscated. He was the elder brother of Sir Marmaduke Constable of Everingham. By his attainder no less than fifty-one Manors in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire were forfeited; among them such manors as Scarborough, Bridlington, Driffield, and Holme-on-Spalding Moor.

I have a list of ten towns feasted at Christmas in 1653. It shows the hospitality of those days.

Christmas Day: Everingham
St. Stephen's Day: Weighton, Shipton, &c.
St. John's Day: Melbourne, Harsewell, Seaton, &c.
Innocents' Day: Holme, Bubwith, Laytham, &c.

From a list of "Waiters at ye entertainment of ye Queen Elizabeth," it would appear that Sir Marmaduke Constable entertained her in 1573. He was in that year High Sheriff of Yorkshire. The history of the 17th century, as far as it concerns Everingham, is but a record of persecutions and hardships endured by the Constable family, for their adherence to the old religion. Absence from the Parish Church was punished by a fine of £20 a month, equal to at least £80 of our money. Two Royal pardons are in my possession, one a coronation pardon of King James I.; the other of Charles I. to Sir Philip Constable for his absence from church. These pardons did not, however, affect the future, as there are copies of two convictions of Sir Philip Constable for not attending church in the 17th year of the reign of Charles I. There is also permission to Sir Philip, in 1632, to go beyond five miles from his house, except to London, as he was paying a composition of £250 a year for

having refused to acknowledge the supremacy of the King in spiritual matters. So those were hard times for Catholics.

Fine after fine seems to have been paid, and during the Commonwealth the estates were compulsorily sold, but were saved by the purchase being made by a friendly lawyer, Mr. Rushworth. He purchased the estates, and then, with Sir Philip's son, joined in granting a lease of them for 99 years to Mr. Sherburn, Mr. Weld, and Lady Osborn. They in return made a lease of the lands back to Mr. Rushworth and Sir Philip Constable's eldest son for 98 years, eleven months. By this means a great part of the estates were saved for the family. To effect this purchase £10,000 was raised by means of loans from friends and others.

About this time Sir Philip presented a petition to the Parliament, which sets forth at some length his misfortunes :—

"That your Petitioner being aged 72 years before these troubles, lived with his wife and family at his house in Lincolnshire (West Rasen) until, by the plunder and violence of the soldiers, he was driven thence to his house within the city of York, whither your Petitioner was constrained to carry his wife for her health—she having by flight contracted a disease whereof she soon died. And afterwards to increase your Petitioner's afflictions, his houses were made uninhabitable, and his goods taken from him to the value of £4000 and upwards, also his estates sequestered for the space of 9 years last past, by which your Petitioner hath been driven to great exigencies and necessities ; being innocent as to the acting the least of injury against the Parliament in his whole time ; and never contributed to the late King and his party the least of supply, either by money, plate, horse or otherwise to any value whatsoever, nor even encouraged or stirred up any of them. May it please your Honour your Petitioner hath sustained all those losses for no other fault but being a recusant, for your commissioners in the country have several times professed they knew no matter of delinquency against him, yet, notwithstanding, your Petitioner is informed he is lately put again into the Act for the sale of Delinquents'

Estates, your Petitioner having but an estate for life, and his son and heir apparent being neither recusant nor delinquent."

In 1655 the Constable of Everingham made the following return, in answer to a warrant from the High Constable directing him to report Papists, delinquents, and others, and to seize all arms within his constabularie:—

"1st for delinquents, there are not any. Sir Philip Constable was esteemed both Papist and delinquent, who formerly lived here, but he hath been absent ever since about the latter end of May or beginning of June last past, and so far as I can be informed hath not so much as a servant resident here, nor any Papist delinquent that I can inform myself of—for arms there are not any, what there were, were taken by the soldiers before Sir Philip left these parts; for Papists I directly know of none here in my constabularie. Some servants and poor people there are, who do not frequent the church, but what their opinions are I know not, besides most of them are women. This is all I know of my own knowledge. Signed, Alexander Thornton."

This return was probably dictated by some friend of the Catholics in the township.

When Charles II. succeeded, the Catholics thought that, in return for their loyalty to his father, they would be protected, and the penal laws would be relaxed. But in the East Riding proceedings were taken by the Justices against the Catholics for not attending church. Let me give their warrant in 1663:—

"By virtue of an order of his Majesty's Justices, you are required to give notice to all the churchwardens and constables within your division, that they be personally present at the Quarter Sessions to be held at Pocklington the 6th of October next, to present to the Justices the monthly absence from church of all manner of Papist recusants within their towns and parishes."

It appears that 400 Roman Catholics were presented in Pocklington as liable, and this though many petty constables refused to present them, and were fined in consequence John Bell, who

was the Everingham constable, answered "that there were no recusants in his constabularie that he could, upon his own knowledge, return as recusants; and for such as may forbear the church upon Sundays, His Majesty that now is, in his declaration touching ecclesiastical affairs, dated the 20th of April, 1660, 'that no man shall be disquieted or called in question for difference of religion, in matters of religion, which would disturb the peace of the Kingdom' with regard to his other articles, these are neither inquirable or punishable in the Court Leet, within my constabularie."

Now this was rather a bold letter for a parish constable to write, and rather a clever one too for a man who could not sign his name. But it is explained by a letter I have found from Mr. Sherburn, who was apparently trustee, or agent, for the property, and who was, I think, brother-in-law to Sir P. Constable. He writes, alluding to the fine:—

"For the 12d. per Sunday, that is intended against all absentees from the Church, it will fall heavy I confess on poor Catholics, but for others it will signify little. At Easter Sessions be sure your constable make the same presentment he made last time, and give the King's word in his declaration, concerning ecclesiastical affairs, and that no man be troubled for matters of religion; you have the words at large in the pages I left you, let him give this bill to the High Constable, and not appear unless forced by constraint, and if so, then let him boldly say, he knows no Papist or recusant of his own knowledge, nor can make other presentments than what he has already done; let him stick to this answer, stand and fall with it. If they threaten him with imprisonment they dare not do it, but if a hare-brained Justice do it, bid him not fear, I will fetch him off with more credit than he went in disgrace; and will recover him 5s. the hour for every hour he is prisoner; and if they fine him I will pay that."

This letter shows that the parish constable adhered strictly to

his instructions, when he made the return I have read. I do not know the result—probably they were all fined.

Let us now consider the state of the tenantry and village community, whose condition and method of cultivating the lands or the township in Saxon times I have already attempted to describe. It is curious how little change had taken place, up to the 17th century. The study of the customs and constitution of the township is very interesting, especially at the present time, when proposals have been made to restore the independence of the townships and to give them a more complete management of their affairs. I have said that the Courts Leet and Courts Baron had for their object, originally, to guard the rights of the community, and to preserve order. By the Saxon Constitution the whole neighbourhood were mutually pledged for their good behaviour, and this was called "frank pledge." The Courts Leet were kept for the purpose of ensuring this. These Courts are still held here and at Seaton every year, but merely that the drains may be viewed in case those whose duty it is to keep them open, may have omitted to do so.

I have a copy of a speech made at a Court Leet here, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, which I will read, as it indicates clearly how order used to be kept within the township; it is as follows:—

"I shall not trouble you with a long tedious history of this court, but only tell you the design of it, which is the preservation of the public peace, and also the private tranquillity of every one of you and your posterity, who shall be subject to it. It is for the keeping of good order amongst you, that equity be administered to every one of you at home and at an easy expense, and the prevention of your addressing to the courts at Westminster, where these proceedings are sometimes so serious and expensive that your impoverishment is oftentimes the consequence. There are many things inquirable of and presentable by you here but not punishable, such as high treason, petty treason and felony, which are against our Sovereign Lords, Queen, &c., &c., &c.

There are many things inquirable of and presentable by you, you are to introduce them into the writing indented and sealed by you and deliver the same to the duries of the next assizes. What is punishable by you is, if your constables have been remiss in executing their office upon vagabonds, rogues, sturdy beggars, that have come within this liberty, if any one sustain and feed them, if your stocks be in good repair, whether hue and cry after thieves and robbers have been duly pursued, if any one set up or pull down anything that may tend to a public annoyance as a levelling or cutting of ditches or hedges, if walls houses or pales be erected or thrown down, or gates opened or stopped to the damage of the people, if any water be diverted out of the right course, if any encroachment be made upon the Queen's Highway, or any carrion or unwholesome thing be cast upon the same, if your common pound be in good repair, if any break the pound."

This speech tells us what were the duties incumbent on the members of the Court Leet. It was necessary, with so complicated a system of cultivation as existed at that time, when so many interests had to be considered, and when in consequence of the unenclosed fields an individual might easily do much damage to his neighbour, that a local government should exist whose business it was to redress grievances and keep order in the community. I have the return of the presentments of the Jury for many years in the 17th century; as an example I will give you a few of the presentments in 1652.

"Thomas Blackburn for keeping company in his house at unlawful times of the night, 3s. 4d. Tom Sothern for keeping more sheep in the field than permitted between Lady-day and May-day, 6d. Mrs. Alice Constable for taking cattle into the common, and threatening the officials of the town when they desired their removal, 6s. 8d. John Halliday, for an assault upon John Bentley, 1s. 8d. John Bentley, for the like upon John Halliday, 1s. 8d." In 1625, there were presented:—"Tom Atkinson, for a hog trespassing in a cornfield; Robert Bell for breaking the

bawker and rating it with his goods, 2s. 6d. Robert Bell for going with his draught through the cornfield, 6d. Planton for brewing ale, 1s. Thomas Fallowfield, for selling ale, 1s." In 1638, several people were fined for their houses "lacking thatch."

Among the officials of the court were ale finders, whose business it seems to have been to control the sale of beer. (A precedent for local option !)

According to the survey of 1635, the demesnes farmed by the Lord of the Manor consisted of the Hall quarter, the park 378 acres, the old flats 49 acres, a close called the Butler's Ings, &c. Part of the demesnes were let to tenants who had allotments in the open fields; they paid rent and gave boones and service. The boones consists of hens, capons, geese, &c. The service is put down as draughts (I presume of oxen). Each tenant had one or two, or in one case, three ox-gangs of land. An ox-gang of land comprised a certain number of acres, the tenant of which, in early Saxon times, was understood to furnish an ox to the manorial team. According to a memorandum attached to the survey: 1. An ox-gang of land at Everingham is held to contain 14 acres of arable and meadow. 2. One half of these arable lands is sown with corn and the other half is fallow. 3. They may sow yearly on every ox-gang 20 bushels of all sorts of grain. 4. Two bushels of rye will sow an acre. 5. On every ox-gang on the common they may keep eight beasts of all sorts (horses and mares and cattle) and 20 sheep. 6. If they have not beasts of their own then they cannot let their gates to another by the custom of the town. Every cottager had commons in the carrs for five beasts and twenty sheep. Each cottager seems also to have had 1 rood, 17 perches in the Bawker meadow.

Let me give an example of a holding. John Gibson held at will a messuage, and a quarter of one acre. In land leas and meadow, 40 acres. In Bawker meadow, 1 rood, 17 perches.

The gates belonging to this holding are 23 beasts and 70 sheep. Yearly rent £6. Boones, 2 hens, 2 capons, 1 goose draught. In 1832 there was a wind-mill rented at £2 per year, the same as in 1300. Also a horse-mill rented at 4s. per year. There were 29 cottages with common land attached, some of them rented as high as £1. Also 27 holders of tenements each with one or more ox-gangs of land. There were four freeholders and the glebe. I have tried from the survey to trace the land of Widow Wilson in the arable common fields. She had 35 acres in 40 strips. We can realize how difficult it must have been properly to cultivate these strips lying in different parts of the manor, and the waste of time and labour in passing from one to the other. If some of those gentlemen who condemn enclosure acts were forced to farm a holding of 35 acres in 40 different strips scattered through open fields, I think they would soon change their opinions.

And now let us return to the family of the Lords of the Manor. Towards the end of the 17th century the Constable family continued to be troubled on account of their religion. Sir Marmaduke Constable was compelled to fly on account of it, and died at Antwerp. In 1678 his son Sir Philip and his servants were committed to York Castle for having refused the oath acknowledging the king's supremacy in spiritual matters. These were not the only sufferers.

"Father Pollard relates of the President of North Huntingdon how he imprisoned all the gentlewomen and ladies in the counties, some in one castle, some in another, and especially how in Sheriff Hutton Castle were enclosed my Lady Constable, my Lady Babthorpe, my Lady Ingleby, my Lady Lawson, Mrs. Metham and Mrs. Hungate, how they were locked up everyone in several vast great chambers, nor one permitted to see or speak with one another, or to have a maid of their own, but such as was put to them; how their husbands were not allowed to come to them, but with what suit and difficulty; how one of them travailing with child was not permitted to have the company of the rest, either before or after her travail, but only for the time

present, when she was called; what shifts the poor gentlewomen used to get to one another, what devices they had to open locks and break windows, and to make passages not only one to another but for a priest to come to them," &c. [Foley's "Records of the English Province."]

In 1690 a petition was presented to the Council from Sir Philip, accompanied by doctors' certificates, in which it is stated that a continuance of confinement will occasion his death in a very short time. In 1696 he was committed to the Tower on suspicion of High Treason. Here is an account taken from his own handwriting of his journey to London:—

"Upon a Thursday, March 12 in the year 1695, came to Dilston in Northumberland, John Hill, a messenger of the Council with a warrant for suspicion of High Treason, so being forced to submit I was forced to send my man to York to hire a coach. From March 25th until 30th with much good words I prevailed with the messenger to stay at York, upon which day I hired a bycoach from York in which were Charles Fairfax and Thomas Braithwaite, Esq., all under several messengers' hands, &c. &c. I was prisoner in the Tower from April 20 1696 until 22 May 1696. Paid for two little pitiful rooms in ye tower £1 10s. a-weeke, as also to a warder to attend me by week ten shillings, besides making my bed, cleaning my room, and washing my linen, all included in the sums on the other side."

His expenses for the four weeks came to £97, so that in those days there was no economy in living in the custody of the State.

He was succeeded in possession of the estates by Sir Marmaduke who lived much abroad. He collected many of the books and pictures now in the Hall. Sir Marmaduke, in his younger days, kept hounds, and was a friend of Squire Draper of Beswick, a well-known sportsman. Foxes seem to have been scarce here in those days from a bill sent to him for foxes imported into the country in 1732:—"For 9 foxes that came out of Lincolnshire £1 2s. 6d. For a fine fox at Holme 9s. For an old bitch fox

and 3 cubs that came out of Holderness 5s. For two young foxes at Seaton 4s." Sir Marmaduke's agent wrote to him in 1726:—"Mr. Draper sent word to John (Sir Marmaduke's huntsman) to come over to him. That gentleman is very desirous to know your resolution as to joining packs of hounds, and told him in case you did, if he came over to you he would leave his young hounds at home and expects the same from you, judging it enough for young hounds to be wanted once a week. John would know if he is to hunt about home or not, Mr. Cutler having begun and killed a brace of foxes in Holme wood. He says you have seventeen couple of running hounds in the kennel." He goes on to say there were 60 head of deer in the park. In the early part of last century many gentlemen kept hounds, but there was no distinction of hunting countries. They could hunt foxes in all parts of the country on the invitation, I presume, of the owners of coverts.

There are many interesting letters from Sir Marmaduke whilst residing on the Continent between 1730 and 1740 to Mr. Potts, who must have been a Benedictine Priest in charge of the Everingham Mission. In one of them he writes with reference to a proposed enclosure of land in Sancton, "I am glad to hear that land in Yorkshire gives 28 years' purchase." It is curious how careful Sir Marmaduke was to avoid the mention of any circumstance that might incriminate Mr. Potts as a Catholic Priest. Even in those days, he was liable to prosecution. Sir Marmaduke died unmarried, and his property descended through his sister to my family.

I have now come down to almost modern days. In 1765, at the request of Mr. Haggerston Constable and Mr. Plumpton, the Rector of the parish, an Act of Parliament was obtained, and the common lands of Everingham were enclosed. There was not much difficulty in this as there were no other freeholders. The enclosure has been an immense benefit to the Parish. In former days the tenants had land in each of the three common

fields, and as I have already shown, their holdings were much scattered in consequence. Their houses seem to have been all situated in what was called the town. Since the enclosure, the houses and farm buildings have been built in different parts of the parish, and it would be difficult to estimate the amount of capital that has been laid out upon them. The late Lord Herries built or rebuilt nearly every farm house and cottage in the parish. It can be truly said of him that his life was devoted to the welfare of those around him. In looking back to the history of the Manor in by-gone ages, it is a pleasure to know that the family of the Lords of the Manor have almost always resided upon the estate, and that both in adversity and prosperity they have lived on terms of friendship and mutual good will with their tenants, which I trust may ever continue between them.

HERRIES.

Tichborne: Midsummer, 1886.

TICHBORNE, dear to memory, calmly nestles
In the moody vale of Itchen river,
Whose bright waters interlace and sparkle
All around; and at each turn the cascades
Make a dreamy music; streams of crystal
Glaze their bed of pebbles garnished over
With the water-fern and grasses stretching
In the currents; blossoms white or golden
And the blue Forget-me-not abounding.
Here the garden where white pinks in thousands
Reign supreme and dominate in perfume.
There the meadows heavy in luxuriance,
Crowned and flanked with trees of giant stature—
Long-lived monarchs of an age departed.
There rich lawns in shamrocked velvet vesture—
Chosen leaf, who says you love not Albion?
Where's a spot in Erin fair so teeming
As this gentle slope in sunny Hampshire?
Is't perchance the ancient creed persisting
Makes the symbol trefoil of Saint Patrick
Spread and cleave, and hold in jealous keeping,
Soil that braved the times when Faith was hunted
Unto rack and death or loathsome dungeon?
On they run, clear waters, while the lazy
Trout seem scarce to know how thin their veil is,
Still they rest beneath the longest gazes,
But a movement makes them dart as lightning
Down the stream or into wavy shadows
Of o'erhanging foliage. See yon fir tree

Towering high aloft, encased in ivy,
Which, in turn, is wreathed with curling woodbine:
At the summit waves the dark plume-foliage
O'er the shaft embossed with glistening leafage,
Whence fall fronds of bloom in perfumed ringlets,
Swaying honeyed balm to zephyr's whispers.
Quaint old-fashioned hamlet, couch of day-dreams!
Sound of clock ne'er tells the hour that's passing.
Time might be forgot till evening shadows
Warn mankind a day of life is ending.
Ye from town, take rest to spirit wearied—
Dream you're carried back to old-time England—
Steam Goliath unknown, and roar and rumour,
And unease of heart, unrest of spirit.

EDWARD BADGER,
Ord. Carm.

Gesta Romanorum; or, The Pulpit of Merry England.

OF AVARICE, WHICH MAKES MANY BLIND.

A CERTAIN king of Rome decreed that every blind man should annually receive a hundred shillings from the Emperor. It happened that twenty-three associates came into the city and entered a tavern to drink. They remained there seven days, both eating and drinking; but when they would reckon with the tavern-keeper, they had not sufficient money to defray the expense of what they had consumed. "Friends," quoth mine host, "here I want a hundred shillings. I tell you, of a certainty, ye go not hence till ye have paid the uttermost farthing." This rather startled the revellers, who, turning to one another, exclaimed, "What shall we do? We cannot pay so large sum." At length one of them observed, "Listen to me; I will give you the best advice. The king of this country has decreed that whosoever is blind shall receive from his treasury one hundred shillings. Let us then cast lots, and upon whomsoever the lot falls, we will deprive him of sight, and send him to the king for the promised benevolence. Thus we shall depart in peace." They all agreed that the counsel was excellent; and casting lots, the chance fell upon the contriver of the expedient; whose eyes they immediately put out. He was then led to the palace. Arriving at the gate, they knocked and were admitted by the porter, who inquired their business. The blind man answered, "I am one entitled, from my deficiency of sight, to the benefit of the royal donation." "Well," said the porter, "I will inform

the seneschal." He went accordingly; but the wary sensechal first determined to examine his exterior before he delivered the money. He did so, and then asked what he wanted. "A hundred shillings," replied he, "which the law gives to every blind man." "My friend," said the seneschal, "if I am not greatly mistaken, I saw you yesterday in a tavern with both eyes perfect. You misinterpret the law. It relates to those who, by some natural infirmity, or by accident, become blind—against which there is no defence. Such the law protects and relieves. But you, who voluntarily surrendered your eyes to liquidate a debt incurred by the most unwarrantable gluttony, can have no claim or pretence to the royal munificence. Seek, therefore, consolation and relief elsewhere." The blind man, cursing his folly, retired in great confusion from the palace.

My beloved, the law in the story is the law of God. He who errs by natural infirmity, or through the temptations of the devil, and repents, is forgiven. But if any one, from pure malice, shall commit sin, and fall into despair, he can scarcely, if at all, be pardoned. The tavern-keeper is the devil.

OF FORESIGHT AND CARE.

A king had an only son, whom he tenderly loved. He caused a golden apple to be made at an immense expense; and shortly after its fabrication he sickened. Finding his end approach, he called to him his son, and spoke after the following manner: "My dear son, if it please God that I should not recover from the sickness under which I suffer, on my blessing I charge you, travel through town and country, and take with you the golden

apple which I caused to be made ; find out the greatest fool, and deliver to him that apple from me." The son faithfully promised to execute his parent's wish ; and the king, turning himself toward the wall, resigned his spirit. A splendid funeral was prepared, and after the interment, the son set out upon his travels, with the apple in his possession.

He traversed many countries and kingdoms, and found abundance of fools, but none whom he thought quite worthy of the apple. At last he entered a certain province, and approached its principal city. Observing the king, very magnificently attended, riding through the streets, he asked various questions respecting the person he saw ; and especially of the institutions of the country. He was answered that according to their custom the throne was annually vacated ; and that the late possessor, deprived of every honour, was driven into banishment where he died in obscurity and poverty. The traveller, hearing this account, exclaimed, " This is the man ; I have found him whom I sought ; " and immediately hastening to the palace, he bent his knee, and cried, " Hail, oh king ! my deceased father bequeathed to you this golden apple in his last will." The king received the gift, and said, " My friend, how can this be ? Your royal parent knew nothing of me, nor have I ever performed any service to him. Why then hath he left me so valuable a present ? " " The king, my lord," replied he, " bequeathed it not more to you than to another ; but on his blessing, he charged me to bestow it upon the greatest fool that I could find. And I have now travelled through various kingdoms and countries, but nowhere have I discovered so exquisite a fool and madman. Therefore, according to my sire's command, I resign the apple to your most gracious majesty." " But," said the king, " on what account do you take me for a fool ? " " I will tell you, my lord," returned the other. "You are king for one year ; and then, doomed to poverty and exile, you perish most miserably. I declare to you, I do not believe that there is in the whole world

such an instance of egregious folly. For would any but a fool' choose so short a time of splendour for an end so calamitous? ' "Why," replied the king, "you are doubtless right; and therefore, while I yet reign, I will prepare for my future existence. I will send the greater portion of my wealth into a remote land, upon which I may live in comfort when I am driven into exile." He did so; and for a number of years enjoyed great prosperity, and ended his life in peace.

My beloved, the king, who bequeathed a golden apple to fools, is God. That apple is the world. The king who reigned for a year, is any man who lives in this world (considered with respect to futurity) but as a single hour. Let us then make provision for the future.

OF WORLDLY ANXIETY.

There formerly lived a king who had three fair daughters. He married them to three dukes; but, unhappily, all their husbands died in the space of one year. The king, being made acquainted with this circumstance, would have had his daughters marry again, and calling the first into his presence, he said: "My dear daughter, your husband is dead; I will therefore unite you to another." But she would by no means consent, and assigned for it this reason: "If I marry again, I should love my second husband equally with the first; perhaps more, or it might be less. This ought not to be; for my first husband possessed my earliest affection—my virgin troth. Therefore the second ought not to be loved so well. But I might love him more, and this would increase the evil: on the other hand, if I loved him

less, there would exist only contention between us. So that I resolve never to be espoused again." The king, satisfied with what he heard, called another of his daughters, and proposed the same thing to her as to her elder sister. She replied, "My lord, I also decline this matter. For should I comply, it must be either for riches, or power, or beauty. Now of riches I have quite enough; my friends are sufficiently numerous to defend me; and as for beauty, I do not believe there was so beautiful a person in the world as my late husband. Therefore, I too resolve upon a single state." The king then applied to the third daughter, and she gave the following reasons for refusing his request: "If," said she, "I marry, my husband must desire me either for my beauty or my wealth. Now it cannot be for the former, because I am not beautiful; then it must be for the latter, and true love never existed which was founded upon mercenary feelings. When wealth flies, love flies with it. Therefore, I would on no account marry again. Moreover, the Sacred Writings say that a husband and wife are one body but two souls; therefore the body of my husband is my body, and the converse. Every day I visit the sepulchre of my deceased lord, and he is ever present to my mind. For all these causes, I determine to remain as I am." The king, pleased with the virtuous resolutions of his daughters, solicited them no more.

My beloved, the king is God. The three daughters are the soul, which images the Holy Trinity. For God said, "Let us make man in *our image;*" therefore the Trinity in unity is typified by the soul, and the soul represented by three persons. The three dukes are the devil, the world, and the flesh; when they die—that is, when the soul repents of her sins, they do not again be united to them.

OF CONCORD.

Two physicians once resided in a city, who were admirably skilled in medicine; insomuch, that all the sick who took their prescriptions were healed; and it thence became a question with the inhabitants which of them was the best. After a while, a dispute arose between them upon this point. Said one, "My friend, why should discord or envy or anger separate us? Let us make the trial, and whosoever is inferior in skill shall serve the other." "But how," replied his friend, "is this to be brought about?" The first physician answered, "Hear me. I will pluck out your eyes without doing you the smallest injury, and lay them before you on the table; and when you desire it, I will replace them as perfect and serviceable as they were before. If, in like manner, you can perform this, we will then be esteemed equal, and walk as brethren through the world. But, remember, he who fails in the attempt shall become the servant of the other." "I am well pleased," returned his fellow, "to do as you say." Whereupon, he who made the proposition took out his instruments and extracted the eyes, besmearing the sockets and the outer part of the lids with a certain rich ointment. "My dear friend," said he, "what do you perceive?" "Of a surety," cried the other, "I see nothing. I want the use of my eyes, but I feel no pain from their loss. I pray you, however, restore them to their places as you promised." "Willingly," said his friend. He again touched the inner and outer part of the lids with the ointment, and then, with much precision, inserted the balls into their sockets. "How do you see now?" asked he. "Excellently," returned the other, "nor do I feel the least pain." "Well, then," continued the first, "it now remains for you to treat me in a similar manner." "I am ready," said the latter. And accordingly taking the instruments, as the first had done, he smeared the upper and under parts of the eye with a peculiar ointment, drew out the eyes and placed them upon the table.

The patient felt no pain; but, added, "I wish you would hasten to restore them." The operator cheerfully complied; but as he prepared his implements, a crow entered by an open window, and seeing the eyes upon the table, snatched one of them up, and flew away with it. The physician, vexed at what had happened, said to himself, "If I do not restore the eye to my companion I must become his slave." At that moment a goat, browsing at no great distance, attracted his observation. Instantly he ran to it, drew out one of its eyes, and put it into the place of the lost orb. "My dear friend," exclaimed the operator, "how do things appear to you?" "Neither in extracting or in replacing," he answered, "did I suffer the least pain; but—bless me!—one eye looks up to the trees!" "Ah!" replied the first, "this is the very perfection of medicine. Neither of us is superior; henceforward we will be friends, as we are equals; and banish far off that spirit of contention which has destroyed our peace." The goat-eyed man of physic acquiesced; they lived from this time in the greatest amity.

My beloved, the two physicians are the new and the old law. Thus the Jews and Christians contend: the extracted eyes denote those parts of the old law which Christians retain. The crow is the devil; and the goat's eye typifies those ceremonies of the Jews to which they attach so much importance, and by which they are not able to discern the truth.

OF EXCUSES WHICH ARE NOT TO BE ADMITTED IN EXTREME CASES.

The Emperor Maximian was renowned for the wisdom of his government. In his reign, there lived two knights, the one wise and the other foolish, but having a mutual regard for each

other. "Let us make an agreement," said the wise knight, "which will be advantageous to both." The other assented, and by the direction of his friend, proceeded to draw blood from his right arm. "I," said the latter, "will drink of thy blood, and thou of mine; so that neither in prosperity or in adversity shall our covenant be broken, and whatsoever the one gains shall be divided with the other." The foolish knight agreed; and they ratified the treaty by a draught of each other's blood. After this they both dwelt in the same mansion. Now the lord of that country had two cities, one of which was built on the summit of a lofty mountain. It was so ordered that no man could dwell there unless he possessed great wealth; and having once entered, he must remain for life. The path to this city was narrow and stony, and about mid-way three knights with a large army were stationed. The custom was, that whosoever passed should do battle, or lose his life, with everything that he possessed. In that city the emperor appointed a seneschal, who received without exception all who entered, and ministered to them according to their condition. But the other city was built in a valley under the mountain, the way to which was perfectly level and pleasant. Three soldiers dwelt there, who cheerfully received whomsoever came, and served them according to their pleasure. In this city, also, a seneschal was placed, but he ordered all who approached to be thrown into prison, and on the coming of the judge to be condemned.

The wise knight said to his companion, "My friend, let us go through the world as other knights are wont to do, and seek our fortune." His friend acquiesced; they set out upon their travels, and presently came to a place where two roads met. "See," said the wise knight, "here are two roads. The one leads to the noblest city in the world, and if we go thither, we shall obtain whatsoever our hearts desire. But the other path conducts to a city which is built in a valley; if we venture there, we shall be thrown into prison, and afterwards cruci-

fied. I advise, therefore, that we avoid this road, and pursue the other." "My friend," replied the foolish knight, "I heard long ago of these two cities; but the way to that upon the mountain is very narrow and dangerous, because of the soldiers who attack those that enter; nay, they frequently rob and murder them. But the other way is open and broad; and the soldiers who are stationed there receive passengers with hospitality, and supply them with all things necessary. This is sufficiently manifest; I see it, and had rather believe my own eyes than you." "It is true," returned his companion, "one way is difficult to walk along, but the other is infinitely worse at the end: ignominy and crucifixion will certainly be our doom. But fear you to walk the straight road, on account of a battle, or because of robbers? You, who are a soldier, and therefore in duty bound to fight valiantly? However, if you will go with me the way I desire, I promise to precede you in the attack; and be assured with your aid we shall overcome every obstacle." "I protest to you," said the other, "I will not go your way, but will take mine own." "Well," replied the wise knight, "since I have pledged you my word, and drunk your blood in token of fidelity, I will proceed with you, though against my better judgment." So they both went the same path.

Their progress was extremely pleasant, till they reached the station of the three soldiers, who honourably and magnificently entertained them. And here the foolish knight said to the wise one, "Friend, did I not tell thee how comfortable this way would be found; in all which the other is deficient?" "If the end be well," replied he, "all is well; but I do not hope it." With the three soldiers they tarried some time; insomuch that the seneschal of the city, hearing that two knights, contrary to royal prohibition, were approaching, sent out troops to apprehend them. The foolish knight he commanded to be bound hand and foot, and thrown into a well, but the other he imprisoned. Now, when the judge arrived, the malefactors were all brought before

him, and amongst the rest, our two knights—the wiser of whom thus spoke: "My lord, I complain of my comrade, who is the occasion of my death. I declared to him the law of this city, and the danger to which we were exposed, but he would not listen to my words, nor abide by my counsels. 'I will trust my eyes,' said he, 'rather than you.' Now, because I had taken an oath never to forsake him in prosperity or in adversity, I accompanied him hither. But ought I therefore to die? Pronounce a just judgment." Then the foolish knight addressed the judge: "He is himself the cause of my death. For every one knows that he is reckoned wise, and I am naturally a fool. Ought he then so lightly to have surrendered his wisdom to my folly? And had he not done so, I should have returned to go the way which he went, even for the solemn oath which I had sworn. And therefore, since he is wise, and I am foolish, he is the occasion of my death." The judge, hearing this, spoke to both, but to the wise knight first. "Dost thou deserve to be called wise, having listened so heedlessly to his folly and followed him? and, fool that thou art! why didst thou not credit his word? By your own egregious folly ye are both justly doomed. And both shall be suspended on the cross." Thus it was done.

My beloved, the emperor is Christ; the two knights, body and soul; of which the last is the wise one. In baptism they were united. They drank blood; that is, the blood in the veins prevents their separation, and preserves life. The two ways are penitence and the world's glory. The way of penitence is narrow, but the other is broad and alluring. The city on the mountain is heaven; that in the valley is hell. The three soldiers are the world, the flesh, and the devil.

MR. ARCHIBALD DUNN.

MERRY ENGLAND

OCTOBER, 1886

A Contemporary Architect.

ALL rational men desire beauty. Our immediate ancestors, even when they wrought into their carpets impossible cabbage roses, sought her. Our living sisters in their steepest headgear and their highest boots are seeking her. The modern dandy pursues her through improbable paths. Her professed admirers struggle after her through acres of canvas, or through vast quarries of stone and marble. Beauty, having always been married to nature, is not on very good terms with our artificial age; she more frequently gives us her shadow than her real self; she sheds a feather or two from her radiant wings and we have to be content; or she allows an impostor to take her place until we find her out; then we fill the world with revilings. Our own times being in such sad plight, it is not strange that we seek through other ages the works of men to whom beauty was a constant comrade. At no period in the history of the mind of man were there such wistful glances cast upon the past nor such eager searchings after the spirit that possessed it.

It is natural, therefore, that this should be an age of archæology, of reverent study of antiquity and of sketch-books. We analyse, with a curiosity which is almost feverish, the causes of the felicity of the older men. Often, like a botanist who has

nothing to show for his studies but broken flowers, we grasp the form while the spirit eludes us. Mankind seem to have turned back upon themselves, and like a serpent devouring its own tail, strive to live upon their beginnings. An age full of intellectual pride is full of humbleness on the art side. Let us hope that its humility will be its salvation. We have been bewitched by so many impostors that we walk doubtfully. A disastrous century or two, mostly spent on a false scent, has diminished and disorganised the pack. The strongest minds too often give their force to things which seem more attractive to an age of bustle and greed; indeed the spirit of commerce has fought and conquered the spirit of true art, and extinguished the lamp of sacrifice.

Such being our views, we welcome a book which in its studiousness, its wide range of subject and its pervading love of beauty, is suited to the needs and longings of our time. Mr. Archibald Dunn, in his *Notes and Sketches of an Architect*, gives us an insight into the labours of one who pursues the footsteps of ancient beauty in order that he may transform it into forms that fit our modern wants. How successfully this has been done let Downside, Stonyhurst, Ushaw, and a score of other places show. Beset by all the cares involved in a large practice, Mr. Dunn has found time to study the results of the inspiration of the architects of three continents. Asia, Africa, and Europe—though chiefly Europe—have been drawn upon for happy thoughts and fruitful germs of good work to come. The widening of thought, the removal of prejudice, the mollifying of crudities that must come from such a process of study, can only be fully known to those who have had the privilege and the energy to undergo it. While recommending this book of sketches to the notice of our readers, whether they are engaged in adding to the beauty and interest of England or are only worshippers of what is lovely and pure and of good repute, we will emphasise our opinion by giving that of an architectural critic:

"We have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Dunn's collection of sketches is among the most valuable of those which have appeared in our time. They are drawn in a style that sometimes suggests Welby Pugin and sometimes J. L. Petit. But the style is controlled by the desire to secure something that is useful in every case. That breadth of effect which is so often sought, and which is not to be despised, is rarely introduced. In many cases a firm line is given where a lover of the picturesque would insist that a broken line was more suggestive. Mr. Dunn's desire was to make the buildings give him hints, and the qualities which were not capable of aiding him become of secondary importance. Hence we often have small portions of interesting churches and buildings occupying a page, while elsewhere a large building may have only a couple of square inches devoted to it.

There are things in the volume which have been often drawn. The first plate, for example, is the beautiful lantern of St. Nicholas' Church, in Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the last is part of the Hôtel de Ville, in Ghent, which is possibly more generally known. Then we have sketches from Bruges, Caen, Limburg, Nuremberg, Chartres, Oxford, and other places, which must be tolerably familiar to every English and American architect. But in the majority of the sketches, we have reminiscences of scenes that are not on the beaten ground of tourists. Cairo may not be difficult to approach; but as much cannot be said of Spain, which Mr. Dunn has found fertile in subjects.

In his Cairene sketches it is tolerably evident that Mr. Dunn was most struck with the corbelling, and in the notes he jotted down he remarks that it is 'very ingenious, and suggestive of Gothic construction.' He gives several examples, which bear out his idea. The upper part of the doorway from Damascus is also confirmatory of that theory; but such capitals as are seen in that city are unknown in Gothic. The minarets given from Damascus are very beautiful, scientific, and therefore rational, in their construction. A door from Tunis is effectively ornamented, and without any of the profusion that is sometimes seen in Eastern work. Ornament requires a new power if put in its proper position, and not elsewhere; but artists are not always disposed to

recognise this truth. The door has a square framing, with a horseshoe arch. The outer ring of the arch has ornament at intervals, which is executed in nail-heads. In the two upper angles of the spandrels there are two plaques in which there is no correspondence except size—an assertion of liberty which is thoroughly Eastern. The door is sufficiently decorated, but there is no superfluity.

It seems natural that some plates from Spain should follow. The Seville doorway, with the bits of wall and ceiling decoration, shows an affinity with what came first; and in the ciborium and towers at Tarragona we see the desire to express an upward-springing power with one of subordination, which are found in the minarets and domes of Damascus. The buttresses and finials of the ciborium form a masterly composition, and the interior must be no less interesting, for the spaces between the ribs of the groining are pierced through in tracery, besides being coloured and gilt. The upper part of the splendid Rodez tower no longer exists, and Mr. Dunn suggests how it may have been completed. No doubt, he writes, this is taking a liberty, but the excuse must be that the primary object of the sketches was study and improvement. A good many plates follow of towers and spires in different countries, and we suppose Mr. Dunn desires to suggest their Eastern relationship. St. Sauveur, Bruges, shows a more severe type, which is again seen in the Caen examples. In Palermo there is another variation.

The interiors begin with the cathedral of Barcelona: the arches are stilted and the reredos rises almost to the height of the capitals. As it is detached the mass of gilded work must have an imposing effect. The bishop's throne appears to be at the epistle or right side, which is unusual. It is suggested as a model for a Catholic church on a large scale. One feature in it is the enormous thickness of the nave-aisle walls, which are deep enough to be formed into chapels. Another interesting church is the one that belonged to the Dominicans at Toulouse. It is divided by a row of columns down the centre, so that there is no nave. This arrangement is supposed to have been adopted to separate the sexes. There is a series of small chapels around the outer wall in the interior, and for a part of the exterior. In

the east end of the cathedral of Alby we have an arrangement which is also suggestive.

We have next several plates, illustrative of parts of buildings. One is from the cloisters at Tarragona, in which round and pointed arches and traceried circles are well combined. The Tresor at Caudebec shows work of later type. Some beautiful altar tombs from Burgos and Toledo are given, as well as grandiose altars from Spain. Their effect is partly due to the treatment of the pinnacles, and a page of pinnacles from York, Lichfield, Caen, and Rouen does not seem out of place in this part of the book. The triangular porch at Ratisbon, the king's tomb in St. Chiara, Naples, the doors from Burgos, suggest what Gothic was when there was no necessity for the designer to be hampered by finance. Several examples of the 'sacrament house' are also examples of that happy condition of affairs. The skill of the old masons in grappling with difficult problems of stone-cutting is suggested by the stairs of Heidelberg, Stutgard, and Chartres. The cantilevers at Caudebec and the corbelled windows at Marburg bring us once more back to Cairo. Then we have plate after plate to indicate the variety of ways in which roofs are treated in the old German towns. They are followed by examples of fire-places and windows, which may be called variations of the lintel. We have also valuable suggestions for secular buildings from Marburg, Rothburg, Angers, and Louvain. Diagrams are furnished of the tracery in about twenty windows of different types, and the concluding plates of the book are a magazine of interesting 'bits.'

From what we have said it is evident that Mr. Dunn has laboured in an extensive field, and it would be strange if he did not glean much that was overlooked by travellers who went over the ground before him. One of the most marked characteristics of the sketches is their freshness. Representations of the buildings may be found in many volumes, but, so far as we know, the majority of the subjects are given for the first time. Europe is so rich that it is not easily exhausted, and we hope that Mr. Dunn may on another occasion produce a second volume similar to the one that he has given. But every traveller will be ready to acknowledge that sketching is always easier on one's first visit. Afterwards the subjects appear to be familiar, and one is

likely to suppose that they are known to all the world. If Mr. Dunn should not give us more sketches, we hold ourselves indebted for what he has done.

Mr. Dunn's volume of sketches is exactly the kind of book that is useful in helping one out of a difficulty. From the variety and excellence of the subjects, the pages can hardly fail to offer something that will be suggestive whenever they are consulted. The subjects are not indiscriminately taken, but have been selected because they appeared to be worth possessing as materials for practice, and we are confident that not a single page in the volume will be considered superfluous."

We may add that some of the plates probably suffer from their being transferred by the process of tracing from a pencil sketch to the harder forms of black and white. The book, while it is a monument of patient study and a constant reminder of the high ideals of our predecessors, is also an earnest that the work of Mr. Dunn will continue to be worthy of the examples he has studied with so much persistence and enthusiasm.

EUSTACE BROWNE.

Catholicism and Evolution.

THE meaning of evolution is very aptly conveyed by the etymology of the word itself, which is derived from two Latin words, *e* and *volvo*, which signify to unfold or unroll. The theory of evolution is the theory that the history of the universe is not one of being moulded or fashioned from without, but one of unrolling or unfolding by the action of powers contained within itself. The non-evolutionist regards the world as a machine requiring and receiving external interpositions, and considers that it is as incapable of reaching its destination without them as plants are of bearing flowers and fruit without the sun. The evolutionist views the vast spectacle as a drama, the action of which is self-supporting. The characters—the physical forces and the chemical elements—are, he considers, so admirably fitted to their parts, that once they are put on the stage, no prompting is needed, but the play works itself out to its conclusion.

Such is the general nature of evolutionism, and as there are in nature three great departments—inorganic nature, life, and mind,—so there are three divisions or compartments of evolutionary speculation.

The first of these is the theory of Inorganic Evolution, which deals with the evolution of inorganic nature—that is, of the chemical elements and their compounds, of stones, rocks, minerals, the geological strata, seas, continents, mountain ranges, the earth, the sun, the other planets and the satellites. Like the two other divisions of evolutionism, it necessarily demands a basis, and involves a process of development from that basis. Its basis or starting point is the plausible idea of a primordial nebula. It is supposed—and there is much to be said for the

supposition—that the first beginning of the solar system was a widely diffused mist or nebulous mass containing within itself in germ all the chemical substances, and all the physical forces of non-living nature; and the process of development from this basis is gathered by following out what would have happened had the ordinary laws of inorganic matter been left to act on the nebulous mass and comparing the results with the facts as far as they are known. The mass would condense, on account of the attraction of its parts to their common centre of gravity. By condensation it would become heated, even if it were not so originally. It would begin to revolve, since it would be practically impossible that every fall of a particle to one side of the centre in the process of contraction should be exactly compensated by an equal fall of another on the opposite side. The rapidity of its rotation on its axis would increase as the contraction proceeded, and in virtue of what is often called centrifugal force, it would assume a plate-like or disc-like form. By further contraction it would from the same cause leave behind it at various points rings or masses of its own matter; and while the great central mass went to form the sun, these rings or minor masses left behind would condense into lesser spheres, which it can be proved would revolve round the central body and round their own axes in the same general direction as it revolved round its axis.

One of these minor masses, according to the theory, was what afterwards became the earth, which at first was connected with the moon, but left the matter of our satellite behind as it contracted, repeating on a small scale the course of events which had led to the separation of the planets from the sun. The matter of the earth gradually farther cooled and contracted, till from being to a large extent gaseous through heat, it became liquid. The cooling process continuing, scums or crusts solidified on the surface of the molten mass, aud sank into it, till on the substratum thus formed a permanent crust was created, at first thin and hot,

and afterwards thicker and cooler, but still allowing the internal heat slowly to escape. The matter within continuing to contract from this continual loss of heat, the crust necessarily wrinkled over it; and these wrinklings, together with the volcanic action attendant on the fractures of the crust by which they were attended, are, according to the theory of inorganic evolution, the sea-beds, continents, and mountain ranges—the great inequalities of the earth's surface. When the temperature of the surface approached the point at which water boiled, the vapours contained in the heated atmosphere began to fall as rain; evaporation became slower; the sea-beds were filled with water, streams flowed, and tides rose and fell; and the land rose higher or changed its contour as the wrinkling of the crust proceeded. But as yet there was no life. Only the air with its currents and the sea with its waves; the rocks being disintegrated and mud and sand formed, and countless chemical compounds being put together and pulled to pieces again by the ever-varying action of the physical forces of inorganic nature. Such is the theory of inorganic evolution. It is a grasping together, and bringing under the evolutionary formula, of the chief current speculations with respect to the early history of the solar system in general, and with respect to that of the earth in particular, and it may accordingly be divided into two parts, a cosmogony and a geogony.

Now, looking at the theory of Inorganic Evolution by itself, it is patent that it contains nothing in the least degree inconsistent either with natural or revealed religion. If inorganic nature could have evolved itself from a nebular mass prepared and adapted beforehand, or, in other words, just so constituted that it would produce, by mechanical and chemical laws, an earth with an atmosphere respirable by living beings, water to make oceans and seas, and the components in the soil which are needed for the maintenance of life—the changes of day and night, the seasons, and the whole framework and setting in which living

beings exist—no reason can be imagined why Almighty God should not have proceeded in this manner. Such passages of Holy Scripture as "Let there be light, and there was light," "God made a firmament," "Let the waters that are under the firmament be gathered together into one place," cannot be cited against the hypothesis that these things and the like resulted from secondary causes, because, as is well known, Holy Scripture continually represents what is due to natural causes as due to the will of the Creator. Natural causes act only as they are held in the hand of God. He not only created them, but conserves them in their powers and activity. Whatever they do, consequently, He does; and the sacred writers, whose business it was to convey the religious lesson of the world, necessarily expatiate on this feature. As it was not their office to teach the details or mechanism of the system of natural causes, they view them only as agents of divine providence, and pass them by under any other aspect, to reach at once the religious lesson with which alone they have to do.

The difficulties with respect to the theory of inorganic evolution emerge only when it is attempted to make it part of a general and rigid evolutionary system. For on such a system there was no interposition of divine providence either in the formation of the primordial nebula, or in the production from it not only of inorganic nature, but of life and mind. The nebula (on such a system, I mean) was not so designed beforehand that an inorganic world fitted to be the theatre of life would result from the collocation of its parts. It resulted from the dissolution of a preceding universe; that preceding universe resulted from a prior nebula, and so on *ad infinitum*. Now this is, logically, to reduce all things to chance. It is also impossible because in an infinite past time, the forces of the universe would fall into equilibrium. And we cannot regard life and mind as evolved from inorganic nature without falling into unreal and even whimsical ideas either of life and mind, or of inorganic nature itself.

The second division of evolutionism, the theory of vital evolution, deals with the development of living organisms, whether plants or animals. The basis from which it starts in a completely evolutionary view of nature, is the spontaneous generation of some simple initial forms of living beings from which the rest might be produced by a series of modifications. We must beware of the mistake that any notion of causelessness is here intended to be conveyed by the use of the word spontaneous. I do not say that rigid evolutionism does not *de facto* reduce everything to chance ; but, nevertheless—inasmuch as the central idea of evolution is that every state of the universe has grown out of the preceding state according to natural laws by which it could not but be produced—nothing could be farther from the mind of any evolutionist than to represent life, mind, the primordial nebula, or anything else, as due to chance or to accident. By spontaneous generation is meant, merely, that the first living beings originated from non-living matter without supernatural interposition. Spontaneous life-origin, or abiogenesis, as it has been appropriately called, is vital to complete evolutionism. The weakness of the evolutionary theory is that its strength and symmetry are destroyed by the admission of any one supernatural intervention—in the constitution of the primordial nebula, for example, in the origin of life, in its subsequent development, or in the origin or the development of mind. For if there has been one intervention, why not two, why not a thousand? If other factors besides evolution have been operative in the history of the world, how can we tell that they were not at work even where evolution can give an explanation? The principle is broken, and the explanation ceases to be the only one.

It may be said that a supernatural interposition, being in other words a miracle, is improbable, and that the supposition of a merely natural course of events is to be preferred ; but there is a fallacy in that way of putting the matter, for whenever anything is improbable, the meaning is not that it will never happen, but

that it will happen only in a small proportion of instances; not that it will in no case occur, but that it is more likely than not to occur somewhere, if a sufficiently large number of instances be taken; and we have then, if we can, to dissect the instances, and see where it will happen and where it will not. Thus if an event were so improbable that the odds against it were nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine to one, this would mean that on a long average it might be expected to happen once in a million times, ten times in ten million times, and so on. Similarly of higher improbabilities. So that the meaning of saying that a miracle is improbable is not that miracles can never happen, but on the contrary, that they have happened, the number of instances or events in the universe being, practically speaking, infinite. It would not be wise to lay the chief stress on the non-existence of abiogenesis. The spontaneous origin of life has of late years been diligently and repeatedly looked for by countless experimenters, especially in connection with the germ theory of disease. Every device has been employed to tempt, as it were, life to make its appearance. Solutions of the most nutritive materials have been carefully prepared, have been modified in every likely and practicable way that imagination could suggest, and have been kept in circumstances and at temperatures known to be favourable to the growth and multiplication of living beings. But all with no result. No speck of living matter ever appears in them. This, then, is an argument against the spontaneity of life. But it would be easy to make too much of it. For it is only a negative argument. The organisms on which the experiments have been tried, have chiefly been a highly specialised group of fungi, which no one supposes to have been the first of living beings; and from the nature of the case they cannot be tried with respect to the deep sea monera, which apparently stand nearer the beginning. Nor can we reproduce the circumstances under which life first appeared in the world's

retorted, why should we not suppose the ordinary means to have been taken to bring them about? It is argued, again, that the geological succession of living beings, the order in which, as far as we can learn from geological evidence, they appeared on the earth's surface, is what would follow from an evolutionary view of their origin; and it may be replied that divine providence, working gradually up to a pre-determined end, might be expected first to have introduced the lower and simpler forms. But in the long ages which preceded the advent of man, had the temporarily appearing pre-existent forms no other function than, as it were, to kill time? Had they not, the evolutionist insists, any preparatory function? And if they had, what could it be but to be the materials for farther advance? A fourth argument is derived from the fact that the extinct animals in the different regions of the earth—in Europe, for example, Australia, and South America—are, where the fossils of these regions have been examined, precisely those from which the existent species in those regions would have been derived on an evolutionist hypothesis respecting their origin. The reply at once suggests itself that if a given area is favourable to certain animals now, it is not extraordinary that it should have been favourable to similar animals in the past; though with respect to the vast majority of wild species, most of which have been seen only by naturalists, we do not know, and in the nature of the case cannot expect to know, why exactly it is that they thrive in one locality more than in another.

But, again, this reply will not cover the details of the case. And the same may be said of a reply which may be made to the final argument that the higher animals show in their organisation, and show especially when they have not yet reached maturity, rudiments or remnants of organs which in them have no assignable use or purpose—as, for example, the muscles to move the ears or those to move the great toe as the thumb is moved—but which are found in the forms from the like of which the higher

species were derived on an evolutionary hypothesis, and are readily explicable on the theory of descent. It may be retorted that such phenomena may possibly be phenomena of growth independent of inheritance. That an animal which in the course of its individual development passes through simpler to more complex forms, must necessarily resemble the lower members of the animal kingdom more closely at an earlier than at a later period, and must do so whether it was descended from them or not. That the special materials of each kind of tissue may be regarded with respect to the other tissues as a surplus material formed in the processes of nutrition and left over when they have been supplied. That, in fact, if the occult causes which are grouped together under the name of inheritance to explain the phenomena, are called in, they must act in this way, by impressing on the organism a habit of making superfluous tissue in a given situation. That how inheritance is to be chemically or mechanically interpreted is altogether unknown, and that we by no means know, therefore, that it can be the only cause of these apparent physiological superfluities, which may accordingly be necessities of growth arising from the play of molecular forces within an organism which is developing on particular lines, and may be quite unconnected with inheritance. But here, also, the alternative explanation, while possible, is too vague and unsubstantial effectively to detain the mind, and does not enable the facts to be predicated and correlated, and to be more easily remembered by being grouped together.

These considerations, taken together and calmly weighed, show, I conceive, that vital evolution has played a great part in making the world of living beings what it is to-day. But to say that it had done everything, would be to draw an enormous cheque on our ignorance of the details of the past. It is well to remember that no theory which pretended to explain the whole sum of things by any one principle, has ever proved more than a fancy—the hobby of some age of mankind, or the dream of

some philosopher, or school of philosophers. Such speculations were common enough in the infancy of knowledge—referring everything to water or moisture, as Thales did, or to fire, or air, or the indefinite, or love and hate, or the twisting fall of atoms, as the epicureans did. They all fell short of the complexity of nature. We may very reasonably ponder whether too much is not made of evolution when we are asked to accept it as a philosophers' stone or an universal solvent; and asked so to accept it before it has stood any test of time, while it is still in its first enthusiasms, and before it has endured for the allotted span of a single human life. Everything of the same kind, from the physics of Thales to the logic of Hegel, has uniformly turned out to be utterly fallacious. The universe presents not one problem, but an innumerable multitude; and on the mere principles of the calculation of chances, it is indefinitely unlikely that they are all to be solved in just the same way. There is every reason from all past history to suppose that that idea is a dream; though if the patrons of a theory were not enthusiasts in its favour, some at least of its recondite, and at first sight unlikely, applications would be likely to be missed, and the body of human knowledge would be so much the poorer.

I will not now speak of the third and by far the weakest part of evolutionism, the theory of mental evolution. Like the preceding divisions, it supposes a starting point or basis, and a development from that starting point. The development is an evolution of the mental faculties, *pari passu* with those of the bodily faculties of living beings; it is a kind of traductionism. The starting point is a sort of spontaneous generation of mind; leading up to the question, what must be the essence of inorganic nature, if mind can be, not superadded to, but evolved from it? The same question naturally occurs also with respect to the asserted spontaneous origin of life; for the fact of spontaneous life origin, could it be proved, would not determine the problem of life. It would only conduct to the question, "What

is the *rationale* of this production of the living from the non-living? Are we to interpret it as an infusion of life, or as an evolution?" and if an evolution, the significance of that evolution would have to be connected with the alleged evolution of mind from the same source. So that the conclusion of a completely evolutionary theory seems to be that the inorganic world is living and mental, and one test of such a theory would be whether that conclusion is corroborated by or antagonistic to the phenomena of chemistry and physics. It need scarcely be said, that it is in total antagonism to them; but in a general view such as that which has here been sketched, elaboration of this particular point would be out of place.

ROBERT FRANCIS CLARKE.

A Famine of Fun.

ANYONE who casually runs his eyes over a comic paper, or who seeks for relaxation in the "funny" columns of a provincial "Weekly," will perforce come to the conclusion that the British public is easily amused. "Wit and Humour," "Flashes of Fancy," and such like, are the attractive headings to these last mentioned columns, and one prepares to laugh long and loudly at the merry conceits beneath. But the result is very much the same as that which frequently attends the opening of a bottle of ginger-beer at a pic-nic. There are elaborate preparations, everyone prepares for a loud report, immediately followed by a delightful fizz and sparkle—and, after all, *it doesn't pop.* In like manner, to those critically inclined, the quality of the mirth provided for their entertainment must seem occasionally a little disappointing. Tipsy husbands and scolding wives pall on one after a time, and even the sly hits at the school-board, and the latest clever things from Yankeeland have a depressing effect when taken in large doses.

As for Pat—hapless Pat, who is of all others the favourite peg on which to hang small witticisms—nobody who has the slightest acquaintance with the real Irish peasant could possibly consider these caricatures of him either life-like or amusing. The "brogue" for instance is universally considered to be fair game for jokers, but it is strange how seldom the peculiarities of Paddy's diction are represented with any sort of accuracy. Who ever heard an Irishman speak of "the *praist*" for example? He can tell you of a "*quare*" thing if he is put to it—he will admire an "*illigant joke*"—he has even been known to ask for "*a clane*

pleat if ye playse;" but he knows where to draw the line as well as anybody, and with every respect for "his *riverence*," he absolutely declines to acknowledge "the *praist!*" That Pat has a weakness for "bulls" is undeniable (always excepting *John* Bull, I was going to say, but I think it has been said two or three times before—so I won't), but not of the kind with which we are so constantly regaled in print. Anyone who takes the trouble to look into the matter will find that Pat is not so stupid as he seems. There is often a good deal of shrewdness in these queer speeches of his, and his meaning is perfectly clear to himself, though he does not always manage to convey it to other people. I may mention a case in point that came under my own notice some years ago.

I was living in one of the midland counties of Ireland, far from any town or village, and the supplies in the house happening to run short I was informed on competent authority that there would be "nothing for dinner to-morrow." After anxious consultation with the cook, I sallied forth to a certain cottage in the neighbourhood where I was told "they reared beautiful chickens," and ordered a couple to be sent home at once. The owner, a stout thick-set man, with very bright eyes and a somewhat surly expression, listened to my request in silence, and suddenly catching hold of a pair of long-legged, shrieking chickens that were blissfully scratching in the manure heaps, held them up for my approbation.

"Yes, they will do very well," I said, glancing at the poor victims; then my housekeeping instincts getting the better of my compassion, I asked the man to kill them at once so as to ensure their being tender.

"Kill them? Faith an' I won't," he replied. "Sure they can do that at the coort. It isn't my business, so it isn't, to do it at all."

'Oh, do *please!*" I entreated meekly. "We want to eat

them to-morrow, and they won't be fit if they are not killed at once."

He remained obdurate, however, for some time, but at last exclaimed, with the air of one who was making a great concession—

"Well, I'll tell ye what—I'll cut the heads off o' them if ye like, but *that's all the killin'* I'll do on them!"

Here was an Irish bull with a vengeance! Doubtless the above-mentioned little operation would be sufficient for my purpose, and it was not likely that the fowl would require any further finishing off! But that was not in the least what the man had in his mind, and so I knew. He meant to warn me that he did not consider himself bound to pluck, truss, and otherwise prepare the chickens for table, all of which he concluded formed part of the "killin'," and naturally came within the province of the cook and her myrmidons.

To quit this somewhat grisly subject, and to return to the British public, one cannot help admiring the long-suffering patience which it displays towards those who cater for its amusement. Turning from the funny columns aforesaid (which after all only occupy a small place in papers otherwise devoted to matters of general interest) to those exclusively "comic" journals, every line of which is supposed to be provocative of mirth, one is still more forcibly struck with this benevolent forbearance. The respectability of the jokes therein contained is unimpeachable, but it is that respectability which is conferred by extreme antiquity, and therefore like most old fogeys they are apt to be a trifle dull. There are some witticisms, however, of which the public seems never to tire, though they are not overpoweringly funny in themselves, and gain nothing from constant repetition. The collars of the "Grand Old Man," for instance, will they *never* wear out? Apparently the jests about them never will, and no one ever seems to weary of seeing them caricatured in

every comic paper. Before the collars came in, the ex-Premier's trousers were, if I remember aright, inexhaustible funds of mirth for our British humorists, who were wont to depict them of plaid of the largest possible pattern, as being tastefully suggestive of the Right Honourable gentleman's Midlothian career.

Trousers—*celà passe encore*—from time immemorial they have been invested with a certain comicality of their own ; but *collars* —surely that is going too far ! This is indeed a suffering age, and few respect the privacy to which even the most prominent personages are entitled ; but when concerns sacred to a man and his laundress are held up to the prying eyes of the public, surely it is time to draw the line ! If we don't stop at collars to-day, perhaps we sha'n't stop at cuffs to-morrow, and considering the revolutionary spirit of the times there is no knowing where it will end !

Apropos—what endless amusement certain society papers seem to find in ridiculing the Royal Family. Times are changed since "carosse" altered its gender, because of a slip of the tongue of the great Louis. Now if a great personage makes a mistake of any kind, it is chronicled all over the country with comments the reverse of respectful. Royalty cannot smile or frown, have its little joke or give way to its little tempers, without submitting to the jibes of a score or so of jocund spirits. It is not even allowed to grow fat in peace, though the meanest subject is privileged to do so ; but while Mr. Brown and Mrs. Smith may annually add a stone to their weight, " and no notice taken," the Royal rotundity is freely and severely criticised.

However, everyone to his taste. In this free and enlightened country everybody can please himself, and with a commercial spirit that is truly British, those who cater for our relaxation endeavour to suit their wares to the market. Therefore, one cannot help an occasional feeling of surprise, that the matter provided for an entertainment is often so extremely dull. If we

pride ourselves on anything, it is on our sense of humour. In our earliest childhood have we not perceived and appreciated Edward the Second's dreary little joke about his tears being "clean warm water," when he was invited to shave with liquid mud? (Poor, dear man! I wonder if he made many such jests, because, if so, one can almost understand his exasperated enemies putting him out of the way.) 'Arry is nothing if not facetious, and the travelling Englishman may be distinguished among tourists of all countries by his witty remarks at table-d'hôte. Beginning with the salt-spoons, and lightly touching on such pleasing subjects as "rat-pie" and "roast-horse" (for one never knows what may be in these made-up messes), is not the Briton the life and soul of the company?

Since we are thus endowed by nature with such an appreciation of humour, is it not strange that some of our comic papers are such depressing things? Even Mr. Punch himself—with every respect for him—*might* occasionally be a little livelier. Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns is a most estimable female, to whom one wishes every success (and really considering the number of years she has been entertaining duchesses, and sponging on Lady Midas, one would think her social triumph must, by this time, be a "*fait accompli*"), but is she not, on the whole, like Mrs. Wilfer, a little wearing? It is, of course, a matter of congratulation that, through the offices of this well-meaning little person, we are so constantly brought into contact with the nobility. It is something after all to hob-nob with duchesses, and to turn up our noses at self-made millionaires, and therefore we should perhaps excuse Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns's occasional dulness, by saying to ourselves, as a certain Irishman was once overheard to remark at a charity-concert: "We're in the height of society here!"

Of course, I would not dare to assert that there is not always *something* funny, not only in the pages of Mr. Punch, but even in

those of less distinguished humorists; but what I do complain of is, that there is so very much that is not amusing at all. When I buy a comic paper I expect to laugh; and when I *don't* laugh I have the same sense of being cheated that the labourer felt who returned sober from a new public-house. "I've been there a matter of two hours—I've spent over a shilling—and *I'm not drunk yet!*"

M. E. FRANCIS.

John.

THERE was no sound in the house where Cousin Bently had been left, but the occasional whining and barking of the imprisoned John in the next room; no sound outside except when a carriage rolled swiftly by in the road. He saw no person coming. It was impossible to endure that thirst any longer. He went into the bathroom, and wet his hands and face, and drank of the tepid water there. His head reeled at sight of the stairs, and he did not dare to attempt to descend. Returning to his chamber, he fell on to the sofa, and, for the first time in his life, fainted; coming back to life again as though emerging from outer darkness, but not into light—into a sickening half-light, rather. So hours passed, and he knew without a doubt that he was utterly deserted, and that a lonely and terrible death threatened him.

Could he do nothing to avert it? He recollected that Mrs. Clay had a medicine closet in the bath-room. Possibly, if he could reach it, something might be found there to relieve, if not to cure, him. What mountains molehills can change into sometimes! This man, so strong and full of life but a day before, now lay and gave his whole mind to planning how he should save himself a few steps in going to the bath-room again, how he could avoid the stairs, lest he should fall, and whether he could this time cross the corridor to release that troublesome, whining dog. Whenever, weary and confused, he lost himself a moment in a half sleep, that whining and scratching assumed terrible proportions in his imagination, and became the fierce efforts of wild beasts to reach him. He started up now and then, with wide open eyes, to assure himself that he was not in a

menagerie; to fix in his mind the picture of that airy chamber with its clear tints of green and amber, its open windows showing the long veranda outside, and the bright perspective of foliage and sky. But when his eyelids drooped again, and he sank back into half sleep and half fainting, back came the painful phantoms to torment him till they were once more chased away for a time.

Toward evening he roused himself to make that difficult pilgrimage of fifty paces in search of healing and refreshment, bathed eagerly his face and head, and found his cousin's medicine closet. But when he had reached that, his strength was nearly exhausted. He had only enough left to take down the laudanum bottle, and get back to his room with it. Laudanum might dull this pain, and quiet the excited nerves. Once more John must wait. He could not stop to release him.

The room in which the dog was confined had a window on the balcony that ran past Mr. Bently's room. That window was open, but the blind was shut, and John, despairing of escape through the door, had turned all his efforts toward unfastening this blind, and had several times been near success, when the spring flying back, had defeated him.

The invalid's bath of cold water had refreshed him somewhat. He hated to take the laudanum. He had never been an intemperate man, and had always shrunk from swallowing anything which could in the least degree isolate his mind from the control of his will. He would bear the pain a little longer.

He lay there and thought, and visions of happy homes rose up before him. At this hour of early twilight, the lamps were being lighted, or people sat by firelight, and children, grown languid and sleepy with the long day's play, leaned silent on their mothers' laps. At this hour, men of thought, intellectual workers, laid aside the weightier labours of their profession to indulge in an exhilarating contention of wits, so much happier than other workers, in that their recreations do not retard, but

rather accelerate their work. It is but dancing at evening with Terpsichore, or pacing with Calliope along the margin of the same road which he had travelled by day in a dusty chariot, or walked encumbered by his armour. In their lighter intellectual contests, what parts were sometimes struck out to live beyond the moment that gave them birth! What random beams of light shot now and then into seeming nothingness, and revealed an unsuspected treasure!

All these scenes of social comfort and delight rose before the sufferer's mind with tantalizing distinctness, fairer and fuller in the vision than he had ever known the reality to be. He felt like a houseless wanderer who, freezing and starving in the street, sees through lighted windows the warmth and joy of the home circle.

Mr. Bently was not a pious man. He had a deep sentiment of reverence, and a firm belief that somewhere there is an inflexible truth that deserves an obedience absolute and unquestioning. But controversy had spoiled him for religious feeling, which is, perhaps, too delicate for rough handling, and in the clash of warring creeds some freshness and spontaniety had been lost to his convictions. Reaching truth, winning battles for truth, he had been like a traveller at the end of a long journey, when he scarcely cares in his weariness for the goal attained, but must needs eat and sleep. He had spent too much time and strength in wiping away the mire flung on the garments of religion to be any longer quick in enthusiastic homage. "Pity 'tis, 'tis true." The butterfly you would save from the net loses the down from its wings with your most careful handling; the friend you defend from calumny you dethrone even while defending. The feeling that dictated that brutal egotism, "Cæsar's wife must not be suspected," dwells in a less arrogant form in most human hearts, and rare indeed is that soul which sets its love as high, after even the most triumphantly refuted accusation, as it was before.

Desertion and imminent death chilled this man's heart, and he

had no mind to turn to God save in a cold recognition of His power and wisdom. Love entered not into his thoughts, but despair did.

The pain increased, the dizziness came back. He stretched his hand for the glass and vial of laudanum, and tried with a shaking hand to pour out what he could guess to be an ordinary potion. There is no reason why he should suspect that that bottle might have been standing in the house so long as to have made even the smallest dose of its contents deadly. As he measured, and tried to recollect how much he should take, pouring out unknowingly what would have been for him Lethe indeed, a louder rattle and bang at the blind of the next room proclaimed the success of the four-footed prisoner. There was a scampering on the veranda, a dog's head, eager and bright-eyed, was thrust in at the window of the sick-room, then, with an almost human cry of joy, John flew at its occupant.

Away went bottle and glass, breaking and spilling—no laudanum for Mr. Bently that day. Down went Mr. Bently among the sofa pillows, prostrated by the unexpected onset; and love, and delight, and absolute devotion, in the form of an uproarious Skye terrier, unconscious and uncaring for risks, nestled in the breast of the deserted man, were all over his face and neck, and through his hair, and speaking as plainly as though human speech had been their interpreters.

When the man comprehended, recovering from his first confusion, reason and endurance stood aside and veiled their faces, and a greater than they took their place.

Through a gush of tears which were but the spray of a subsiding wave of bitterness, this soul raised its eyes, and beheld a new light. It lost sight of the Almighty in a vision of the Heavenly Father.

The night that followed was painful, but not unsoothed. The dog, perceiving at once that his friend was ill, became quiet. He lay with head pressed close to the restless arm, and if the

sick man moaned, he answered with a pitying whine. Once he left the room, and wandered through the whole house in search of help, whined and scratched at every closed door, and, finding no one, came back with an air of distress and perplexity. Later, when Mr. Bently seemed very ill, John ran out on to the balcony, and barked loudly, as if calling for relief.

Morning came again, and the sick man's pain gave place to a death-like faintness, resulting from lack of nourishment. For thirty six hours nothing had passed his lips but water, and that no longer ran from the faucet when he tried it. He crept down-stairs, stair by stair, holding by the balusters, like a little child. There was no water to be seen in the dining-room, and he did not know where to find any. He reached the parlour, lay down on the floor, and prayed for death or for life—anything to put an end to that nightmare of misery. It seemed that death was coming. His hands and feet grew cold with an unnatural chill, and, though the morning sunshine poured through the windows, all looked dim to his eyes. His senses seemed to be slowly receding, without pain, without any power or wish on his part to recall them. He lay and waited for death.

And while he waited, as one hears sounds in a dream he heard a door open and shut, then a quick, light step that ran up-stairs. John, standing over his friend, left him, and rushed to the parlour door, barking wildly, but was unable to get out, the door having swung to. In vain he tried it with his paws, and thrust his small nose into the crack. It was too heavy for him to move.

Suddenly, while Mr. Bently gazed with languid, half unconscious eyes at the creature, the door was pushed wide open, and a woman stood on the threshold. She was neither young nor old, but simply at the age of perfection, which is a variable age, according to the person. Her face was a full oval, but white now as hoar-frost. All its life seemed to centre in the large hazel eyes that were piercing with a terrified search. She wore her fair hair like a crown, piled high above her forehead in

glossy coils like sculptured amber. Over one temple a black and gold moth was poised, as though it had just alighted there, its wings widespread. The long black folds of a velvet robe fell about her superb form, sweeping far back from her swift but suddenly arrested step. Scintillating fringes of gold quivered against the large white arms, edged the short Greek jacket, and ran in a single flash down either side of the train. A diamond cross lay like a sunbeam on her bosom, a single diamond twinkled in each small ear.

There was but an instant's pause, then she crossed the room quickly, and knelt by him.

"My God! my God!" she murmured, and lifted his head on her arm. "What fiendish cruelty!"

Her touch and voice recalled him to himself. He tried to put her away. "Leave me, Marian, I beg of you! Do not endanger yourself for me!"

But even while bidding her go, every nerve in him grew alive with the joyous conviction that he would not be obeyed, and that, danger or no danger, she would not desert him. Here was strength, help, and the power to command. She brought the world with her, this queenly woman, who had not even snatched the gloves from her hands since last night's ball, but had hurried to seek news of him after the first confused rumour, to call doctor and nurse, to rush to him herself with all the speed her panting horses could make.

"Leave you? Never!"

He asked no questions, but resigned himself. How delightful the sickness, how sweet the pain, that led to this! How thrice blessed the desertion that gave her to him!

In half an hour, the docter had come and given his decision. Mr. Bently's illness was merely a violent cold with fever, and a few days of careful nursing would make all right. In another half hour, he was established in a pleasant chamber in Mr. Willis' house, with a nurse in close attend-

ance, the whole family anxiously ministrant, John an immovable fixture in the sick-room; and, later, Mrs. Marcia Clay besieging the house for news of poor dear Cousin Bently, and protesting and explaining to the very coldest of listeners, declaring hat nothing but her duty to her family, etc.; and what was the meaning of that broken bottle and glass, and ineradicable laudanum stain on the carpet in her house? Was it possible that Cousin Bently had thought of taking any of that terrible stuff that she meant to have thrown away ages before? And would they bring down John? Arthur had asked for him.

Some one went to Mr. Bently's room for John, but came back without him. The invalid was reported to have flown into something like a passion on learning the messenger's errand, and to have held the dog firmly in his arms.

John was his! No one else should have him. Whatever crime it might be called to refuse to give him up—stealing, embezzling, false imprisonment—he was ready to be accused and convicted of it, and would go to jail for it with the dog in his arms.

Mrs. Clay was enchanted to be able to oblige her cousin in such a trifle, and would he speak freely when he wanted anything? and then went home and told all her family in confidence that Mr. Bently was a raving maniac.

Reader, according to our promises at the beginning of this history, we should stop here. The scene has changed, the time already exceeds twenty-four hours, and only the characters remain the same. But we have not done. There is something more which we are pining to tell. Shall we stop, then, and perish in silence, rather than transgress rules made by a people "dead and done with this many a year," whose whole country, with themselves on it, could have been thrown into one of our inland seas without making it spill over? No! Perish the unities!

Scene II.—Large parlour, rosy-tinted all through with reflections from sunset, from firelight, and from red draperies. After-

dinner silence pervading, open folding-doors giving a view through a suite of rooms, in the furthest of which an old gentleman sleeps in his arm-chair. Or, perhaps, it is a picture of a library, with an old gentleman asleep in it. The stillness is perfect enough for that. Mr. Bently, convalescent, first dinner down-stairs since his illness, stands near a window looking out, but watchful of the inside of the parlour, and of a lady who sits at an embroidery-frame near the same window. The lady is superficially dignified and tranquil, but there is an unusual colour in the cheeks, and a slight unsteadiness in the fingers, which tell her secret conviction that something is going to happen. This is the first time the two have met since Miss Willis found the deserted man lying half senseless on Mrs. Clay's parlour floor.

He is thinking of that time now, and that an acknowledgment is due, and wondering how it is to be made, half a mind to be angry, rather than grateful, for the service. Such is man. All the bitterness of his lonely life rises up before him. Grey hairs are on his head, lines of age mark his face, but his heart protests against being set aside as too old for anything but dry speculation and love of abstract truth.

"I have been seeking for some proper terms in which to express to you my grateful sense of your humanity in coming to me when I was left sick and alone, but I cannot find them," he said at length, facing her.

"There is no need to say anything about it," she replied quietly, setting a careful silken stitch. "I could not have done otherwise."

Having begun, the gentleman could not stop, or would not.

"I am sure you meant well, but did you do well?" he went on. "Could you not have been content to send the doctor, without coming yourself? Did you reflect that you were apparently incurring peril, and that for a man who had a

heart as well as a head, and, worse yet, for a man whose heart had for years striven vainly to forget you? You have deprived me of the shield and support of even attempted indifference. I can no longer try to forget you, or think of you coldly, without the basest ingratitude."

Will the reader pardon Mr. Bently for expressing himself so grammatically? It was through the force of long habit, which even passion could not break. It is true that, according to Gerald Griffin, Juno herself, when angry, spoke bad Latin; but then, Juno was a woman.

Allons donc. We are ourselves interested in this conversation, and are pleased to observe that, though the speaker's moods and tenses are not flagrant, his eyes and cheeks are.

The lady glanced up swiftly with that smile, half shy, half mirthful, with which a woman who knows her power, and means to use it kindly, receives the acknowledgment of it.

"Why should you think coldly of me, or forget me?" she asked.

Mr. Bently met her glance with stern eyes. "Does a man willingly submit to slavery?" he demanded. He had not suspected Marian Willis of coquetry.

She looked down at her work again, the smile fading, but the mouth still sweet, slowly threaded her needle with a rose-pink floss, and said as slowly, "I do not wish you to forget me."

One who has seen the sun strike through a heavy fog, stop a moment, then fling it asunder, all in silence, without breath of breeze, but making a bright day of a dark one, knows how Mr. Bently's clouded face cleared at those words and the look of her who spoke them.

No more was said then. Enough is as good as a feast, and both tasted in that moment the full sweetness of a happiness the more perfect because apparently incomplete.

On one point our mind is made up—this story shall not

end with a marriage. A marriage there was, at seven o'clock one spring morning, in a little suburban church, with only three visible witnesses; and the marriage feast was—be it said with all reverence and adoration — manna from heaven, the bread of Angels!

Mrs. Clay was, of course, shocked at this affair. Where was the *trousseau*, where the fuss, the presents that might have been, the rehearsal at a fashionable church, the organ music, the crowd of dear criticising friends, the reception, cake and wine, journey, what not—all the parade, weariness, and extravagance which have so often changed a sacrament into a ceremony? Where, indeed? They had no existence outside of the lady's disappointed wishes.

She did not even see what she called this "positively shabby Catholic affair," and we will not dwell on it. Turn we to the final scene.

Does the reader object that John bears too small a part in the story named for him? On the contrary, the whole story is because of John. You have, perhaps, seen a picture of the procession at the coronation of George IV., pages and pages of magnificent persons, names, and costumes, the brilliant pageant of the long-extended *queue*, all because of one person in it. The simile is rather large, apparently, for use in this place, but only apparently; for John's record is better than any king's, in that it is unstained.

A year has passed. In the midst of a fair area of gardens and trees stands a pleasant house. Only a window or two are open, for the spring is not yet far advanced. Underneath a large old pine tree not far from the porch, a hole has been dug, and at one side of it stands Mr. Bently, spade in hand, and at the other his wife. This little pit is lined with green boughs, and the lady stoops and carefully and soberly adds one more. On the heap of earth thrown up rests a box.

This much is visible to a young man who comes strolling

up the path from the gate. He pauses, and looks on in astonishment. He recollects having heard somewhere that Cousin Bently's dog John was accidentally shot, and that Mrs. Bently cried about it. Can it be possible that they are making a funeral over John? That would be too funny.

Mr. Bently stooped, took the box in his arms, and placed it carefully down among the green boughs. Standing upright then, he wiped his eyes, and muttered a trembling, "Poor fellow!"

"Good-morning!" said a brisk voice at his elbow. "I'm sorry Johnnie met with a mishap. Are you burying him here?"

The vapid, mean, supercilious face gave them both such a shock that they reddened and frowned. No one could have been less welcome at that moment than Arthur Clay.

Mrs. Bently answered his question with a brief, "Yes."

"Oh! well, there are dogs enough in the world," said the young man, meaning to be consoling.

"There are puppies enough!" muttered Mr. Bently, and began shovelling the earth savagely into the grave.

"Please go into the house, and wait for us, Arthur," the lady said, with polite decision. She had no mind to have this last touching rite spoiled by such an intrusion.

But young Mr. Clay was in an obliging mood. "Thank you; I'd just as soon stay, and rather. I never attended a canine funeral before."

There was a momentary silence, then Mrs. Bently spoke again, with still more decision and far less suavity: "On the whole, you must excuse us from seeing you any longer this morning. If you had gone to the door, the servant would have told you that we do not receive any one to-day."

The young man gave an angry laugh. "Oh! certainly! I wouldn't for the world intrude on your sorrow. Good-morning! It's a pity, though, that dogs are not immortal, isn't it? You might have John canonized."

Mr. Bently flashed his eyes round at the speaker. "What!' he thundered, "*you* immortal, and *my* DOG NOT!"

If they had been two Parratt guns, instead of two eyes and a mouth, Mr. Arthur Clay could not have retreated more precipitately.

The grave was filled in and covered over with boughs, two sighs were breathed over it, then the couple walked, arm in arm, slowly towards the house.

"He was a perfect creature!" Mr. Bently said, after a silence.

"Yes!" assented the wife. "Only he would bounce at one so."

"Marian," said her husband solemnly, "if it hadn't been for John's habit of bouncing at his friends, you would have had no husband."

It was well meant, but unfortunately worded. The lady pouted, being by no means an ideal, perfect, pattern woman, but only a natural and charming one, with varying moods and whims playing, spraylike, over the deeps of principle and religion. "Don't be too sure of that!" she made answer to him.

Mr. Bently never bristled with virtues when his wife made such remarks. He smiled now, full of kindness. "I meant to say that I should have had no wife," he corrected himself.

At that, the pout, which was only a rebellious muscle, not a rebellious heart, disappeared. "It means the same thing, you most patient of men!" exclaimed his wife fervently.

They reached the porch, and stood there a moment looking back to the mound under the pine-tree.

"It is a comfort to think," said the wife, "that for one year of his life we made him such a happy dog."

Then they went in, and the door closed behind them.

M. A. TINCKER.

The City Man's Day-dream.

Abridged from Horace, Epod. 2.

"BLEST he, who far from business haunts can live
As simpler men of old,
His few paternal acres till, nor heed
How funds are bought and sold.

"No clarion harsh upwakes him to the fight,
His bark no tempest rends;
The wrangling forum shunn'd, no suit of his
On patron's voice depends.

"Tranquil, the clustering vines his careful hand
Weaves in the poplar spray,
With richer graft blesses the grateful stock,
And shreds the worse away.

"No far-sought dainties, foreign wing nor fin,
On luxury's table blent,
E'er to his simple vesper board could bring
Such blithe well-earn'd content

"As this year's vintage, native and unbought,
Cheering his temperate brow,
Fresh herbs, light mallows, and the olive ripe
Cull'd from the mellowest bough.

" Sweet, 'mid the frugal meal, his flocks to see
From pasture homeward throng,
See the plough-wearied oxen trailing slow
The upturn'd share along. "

Thus Alphius mus'd, who, tir'd of stocks and 'change,
Would country life essay ;
His funds he drew :—then, ere the month is out,
Books a new quarter-day !

W. H. ANDERDON, S.J.

Delved from Dugdale.

GLASTONBURY ABBEY.

THE island of Avalon—the name takes us back to legendary time with which grave historians decline to deal, but which poets have made immortal by their records of the Round Table. Yet Avalon is no enchanted island, but a district in sunny Somerset, whereon still stand the ruins of the Cradle of Christianity in Britain, far famed Glastonbury, at one time England's *Roma secunda.*

Thus runs the legend: St. Joseph of Arimathea, that noble Senator, was, for the taking down of the Body of our Saviour from the Cross, put in prison by the Jews, but was thence miraculously delivered the night of the Lord's Resurrection ; which so enraged his enemies, that they put him with Lazarus, Mary Magdalen, and Martha into a boat and turned them to sea without sail or rudder, when by God's providence they were driven to Marseilles. Joseph left his companions, and the next thing recorded of him is that he passed over into Britain with eleven others, one of whom was his son, also called Joseph, and another his nephew Helaïus, from whom King Arthur was descended. Joseph and his companions, after their landing, wandered into the interior, and rested half a mile from Glastonbury on a hill which still bears the name of "Weary all." There Joseph stuck his staff into the ground, and like Aaron's it burst forth in leaf and blossom, taking root although it was then the depth of winter, being Christmas eve, nor has this thorn ever since ceased to bud and blow at the same untoward season. A short time after this Joseph was admonished by the Archangel

Gabriel in a dream to build a church in honour of the Blessed Virgin, which he did of elder wands, thatched with hay. The twelve companions preached the gospel to a great number of Pagans; and although Arviragus, the king of the country, was not amongst the converts, yet the legend says he gave Joseph and his disciples twelve hides of land, known to this day as Glastonbury-Twelve-Hides, on the Island Yns-wy-tryn or the "Glassy Island." This was uninhabited and full of briars, yet in a few years it was so well cultivated and filled with fruit trees, as to be called Avalon, or the Isle of Apples, from "Aval," apple.

Joseph, at his death, left disciples behind him, and Christianity was kept alive at Avalon until the advent of SS. Phaganus and Damianus, the legates of Pope Eleutherius, who converted King Lucius; and finding this Christians ettlement in the midst of heathenism, persuaded him to confirm the grant made by Arviragus, and rebuilt the chapel of our Lady; adding another oratory of stone dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul. They erected on a neighbouring hill, called Torr, a chapel in honour of St. Michael the Archangel, "that," in the words of the old annalist, John of Glastonbury, "he might have there honour on earth of men, who, at the command of God, should bring men to eternal honour in heaven." This chapel on the Torr remained until the dissolution a chantry where twelve monks sang the praises of God, in memory of St. Joseph of Arimathea and his disciples, and it had the privilege of a fair. Phaganus and Damianus erected also little cells for twelve holy anchorets, and these cells continued to be inhabited till 433, when St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, coming to Avalon, was elected Abbot by the existing community and gave them a more regular rule to live by. He rebuilt the two chapels of our Lady and St. Michael, and was followed by St. Benignus as Abbot, who was also his successor in the See of Armagh. In 530, St. David, Archbishop of Menevia, came to Avalon with seven suffragan bishops, and added another chapel to the existing ones, bestowing upon its altar a sapphire of

wondrous value which was amongst the spoils at the dissolution. Twelve years afterwards, St. David's nephew, Arthur Pendragon, "Uther's great son," was brought here mortally wounded, that he might prepare himself more perfectly for his departure from life in the society of the holy monks. True or mythical, the death of Arthur, or rather his mysterious disappearance, is enshrined for all time in Tennyson's immortal verse. But our forefathers were not content with the poetical vagueness of their nineteenth century descendants, and Sir Thomas Malory, in his "Morte d'Arthur," does not come to an end after relating the coming of the queens, and Arthur's removal to the barge. "Comfort thyself," said the King to Sir Bedivere, "for I will into the vale of Avilion to heal me of my grievous wound, and if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul." Then after a time comes Sir Bedivere to a place where stands a chapel and a hermitage, wherein lives a hermit who was at one time "Bishop of Canterbury," and who tells him here is King Arthur buried, and shows him his tomb. The cause of all the woe, the frail queen, meanwhile does "penance sore" as a nun at Almesbury, and when Sir Lancelot tries to draw her from thence, she bids him leave her and seek to make amends by a life of penance for their joint sin. The king is dead and she must grieve as long as life shall last.

> "Ah, my God,
> What might I not have made of thy fair world,
> Had I but loved thy highest creature there?
> It was my duty to have loved the highest;
> It surely was my profit had I known,
> It would have been my pleasure had I seen;
> We needs must love the highest when we see it;
> Not Lancelot, nor another."

And Lancelot obeys, and seeking the hermitage, shrives himself to the bishop and takes the habit, remaining by the tomb of his betrayed king in fasting and prayer. Then after some years he

is warned in a vision that Guinevere is dead and that he is to bring her to Avalon to lay her beside her lord, and with seven others, "his fellows," he repairs on foot to Almesbury and finds her dead. So with prayer and "dirige" they carry her the thirty miles and lay her by King Arthur's side, while Lancelot himself says her requiem—which being ended, "he swooned with grief," and being reproached by the bishop makes answer, "This remembered me of their kindness, and my unkindness sank so into my heart that I could not contain myself." So Lancelot ends his days a monk at Glastonbury, though he was not buried there but at "Joyous Gard."

For six centuries Arthur and Guinevere lay undisturbed, when during some excavations their coffins were discovered and reinterred in the Presbytery of the Church with the following inscription by Abbot Swansea :—

"Hic jacet Arthurus, flos Regum, gloria regni Quem mores, probitas, commendant laude perenne;" and over the queen, "Arcture jacet hic conjux tumulata secunda, Quæ meruit cælos virtutem prole fecunda."

In John of Glastonbury we read :

> "At Glastynbury on the Queer,
> They made Arter's tombe ther,
> And wrote with Latin vers thus,
> Hic jacet Arturus, rex quondam, rex qui futurus."

In time men believed, as is usual with popular heroes, that Arthur suffered only a temporary death and would come again to claim his crown. Finally in 1278, on the occasion of the visit of King Edward and Queen Elinor, another opening of the tombs took place and the bones discovered were reinterred in the presence of the king and queen; the leaden cross on the coffin, with the inscription, "Here lies the famous King Arthur, buried in the Isle of Avalon," was replaced, and a sumptuous

monument erected over the remains, which was destroyed at the dissolution.

After Arthur's death the Old English drove the British "into the sea," and destroyed all evidences of the Christian faith. Avalon survived, thanks to the morass by which it was surrounded and the difficulties it presented to the entrance of the enemy; and when Augustine converted the conquerors, he came to Avalon and gave the community he found there, the rule of St. Benedict, the Abbot then being a Briton, called Worgeret. In 630 St. Paulinus, Archbishop of York, driven from his diocese by the heathen invaders, after the death of King Edwin, came to Avalon, which now began to be known by its English name of "Glastn-a-byrig." He is said to have been a great benefactor to the abbey, rebuilding the church with timber and covering it with lead. Two Britons, Lademund and Beorgret, were succeeded by the first English Abbot, Brithwald, who has a place amongst the saints in the calendar, being that St. Brithwald who became first Abbot of Reculver, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

The incursions of the Danes succeeded for a time in destroying the religious life almost entirely—and although not so completely rased as the religious houses in the North, yet Glastonbury suffered with the rest, and it was one of the first to revive under the fostering care of King Edgar, and his great minister St. Dunstan. About 936, Dunstan, who was a native of the district, was appointed Abbot of Glaston, and made it his care to restore it to more than its ancient splendour. He induced the king to confirm to it all the privileges it possessed under a charter of King Ina, with many additions. This charter gave to the abbey "all hidden treasure *above* or *under* or *within* the ground;" also "Flemenfrede," or the right of sheltering a fugitive or outlaw, this right of sanctuary being one of Glastonbury's earliest privileges; it included not only the abbey, but also several, if not all, the churches dependent upon it. The charter

granted also another and singular privilege. Should the abbot or any monk of Glaston chance to meet a thief on the way to execution, he should have the right of snatching the culprit from punishment, in whatever part of the kingdom he might happen to encounter him.

This charter concludes with the fearful denunciation: "Sit passus et cum Dathan et Abiron, et cum Juda traditore Domini, et Juliano Apostata, ecclesiarum Domini oppressore et persecutore et etiam anathemate legatus, cum Diabolo et Angelis ejus infernalibus, ignibut perpetuo cruciandus, nisi resipsicat et emendat. Amen: Fiat." The king deposited the document on the Lady altar with half his ivory hunting horn as "livery of seizin," and this half horn is enumerated among the things found in the treasury by Henry VIII.'s visitors.

But Dunstan did far more than restore the merely temporal splendour of the abbey. He introduced a state of regular discipline, by reviving the rule of St. Benedict in the same manner as he had seen it practised in France, whence he also brought a congregation of monks, "so that," say the old annalists, "by the liberality of Edgar and the diligence of St. Dunstan, such a monastery was built and such regularity of life introduced, as England had never seen the like." He also obtained for his monks the privilege of choosing their own Abbots, so that the Bishop of Wells should have no jurisdiction in the election, which was confirmed by Pope John XIII. When Dunstan was sent into exile by Edwy, secular priests took possession of the Abbey and turned out the monks, but after a lapse of sixteen years Dunstan was reinstated, and with him the original community, and from that time Glaston grew and flourished exceedingly until its final downfall in 1539. In 1030 Canute the Dane went on pilgrimage to Glaston, and gave a rich pall, embroidered with apples of gold and pearls, to be laid on King Edmund Ironside's tomb. So great already was the renown of Glastonbury under the later Old English kings, that when one of its monks visited

the church of St. Denis at Paris, a priest of that church, finding what monastery the stranger was a member of, gently stroked his head and thus addressed him: "Here you behold the church of the most glorious martyr St. Denis, boasting in France the same dignity and the same founder (Christ) as Glaston does in England."

From the time of its re-establishment by St. Dunstan, Glastonbury emerges from the domain of legend into the full light of historic day, and when the Normans arrived we find it thus described in Domesday Book:

"The church of Glastingbury has in this Vill 12 hides which never were gelded (never paid the land tax called *danegeld*). The land consists of 30 carucates. Of this there are in demesne 6 hides, save half a virgate; and there are 5 ploughs and 17 serfs, and 23 bordarers with 5 ploughs; and there are 8 mechanics, and 3 arpents of vineyard, and 60 acres of meadow and 200 acres of pasture, and 20 acres of wood, and 300 acres of coppice. It is worth (annually) £20."

As it seems to have been the last British stronghold, so also its English inhabitants resisted the Conqueror stoutly, for which offence he mulcted them of some of their fairest manors and took their Abbot Egelnoth as a prisoner with him to Normandy, giving them in his stead a Norman superior, Thurstine, a Cluniac monk of Caen. Thurstine, however, behaved so badly and was so tyrannical that the monks rebelled, and the abbot called in the Norman soldiery, who slew several of the religious in the very church itself. For this, Thurstine was deposed and sent back to Normandy, but in the time of William Rufus he returned, having bought the abbacy of the king for five hundred pounds of silver.

Glastonbury became a great favourite of the Norman kings, and many and various are the charters granted to it. The Empress Maud confirms the right of the abbots of Glaston to

have a mint and to coin their own money ; Henry III. exempts the abbot, monks and church, with all their dogs, dependents and tenants, from the penalties of the Forest laws, a boon of great magnitude in those days when to kill a deer involved the loss of a hand or an eye. Three annual fairs are also granted, and were a fruitful source of revenue, bringing numbers of strangers to the town in addition to the crowds of pilgrims, who came to visit the numerous shrines and relics. Every now and again the avarice of the kings brings trouble, as when Henry II. after the death of Abbot Robert, appoints a " custos," or kind of lay abbot, to draw the revenues and pay them over to the king. But even this state of things did no harm to the Abbey, for one of these custodes, Ralph Fitz-Stephen, greatly added to the Abbey buildings, and looked well to the interests of the brotherhood.

In the reign of Richard Cœur-de-Lion began the great dispute between the Abbey and the Bishopric of Wells, which happened in this wise : When Richard was taken prisoner in Germany, one of the conditions of his release was that Savariacus, who was kin to the German Emperor, and at that time Archdeacon of Northampton, should be made Bishop of Bath and Wells, to which should be annexed the Abbacy of Glastonbury. In compliance with this, Henry de Saliaco, or Swansey, Abbot of Glastonbury was promoted to the see of Worcester, and Savariacus succeeding him annexed the Abbey to the see of Wells, calling himself Bishop of Glastonbury. But the monks, relying upon their undoubted right to elect their own Abbot, hotly opposed his appointment, electing in 1199 William Pike, who went to Rome to appeal to the Pope, and there died, not without its being suspected that he was poisoned by Savariacus' agents. The Bishop did not survive him long, and dying in 1205, bequeathed the quarrel to Josceline, his successor at Wells. It was only ended after a period of twelve years by the monks handing over to the Bishopric of Wells four manors and the patronage of five churches.

This agreement was made at Shaftesbury, on the octave day of St. John the Evangelist, 1218.

The Glaston Abbots seem to have been drawn from all classes of the community, some, like Henry de Blois, the brother of King Stephen, from the ranks of royalty itself, while the greater number were monks, esteemed merely for special virtue by their fellows. Among the community were architects and workers in metal (St. Dunstan himself was a goldsmith), artists, as well as mechanics of all kinds. The Abbey was a great workshop. The church was 594 ft. long, longer than any ancient ecclesiastical edifice in England, old St. Paul's excepted, which measured 631 feet. All that art could invent was lavished upon this magnificent successor to the little chapel of twigs, attributed to Joseph of Arimathea, and like it dedicated to the Mother of God. Amongst the numerous images of the Blessed Virgin, to one a peculiar sanctity was attached, from its being the subject of a remarkable miracle. "There is," says John of Glastonbury, "an image of the Holy Mother of God in high estimation and beautifully executed. A fire occurred in that part of the church wherein it was placed, which quickly consumed everything in the neighbourhood. When, however, the flame approached the hallowed spot where the image stood, as if afraid of her (ipsam quasi expavescens), it left the place untouched, so that not even the veil (peplum) which covered her head was polluted with the smoke." In process of time Abbot John Chynnok clothed the image anew, adorning it with gold, silver and precious stones, placing in the shrine beneath a large stock of relics which, together with the image and shrine itself, were carried in procession on the more solemn festivals. Besides this church, there was the beautiful chapel of St. Joseph of Arimathea, some remains of which are still standing, as well as numerous other oratories and shrines, with the Abbot's house, the king's lodgings, the Fratery, the sumptuous library (of which Leland says the contents amazed and almost struck him dumb),

with its marvels of caligraphy and illumination, and other buildings, in all covering sixty acres.

Nor did the community lavish all their money and skill upon their own abode, for it was the source of blessing to all the country around. Dr. Campbell, in his political survey of Great Britain, says: "An Abbot of Glastonbury raised the great sluice, by which a large district is defended from the waters, and another ran a causeway of stone and gravel eight miles long over the morass from Somerton to Bridgewater, which to this day is called from him Greylock's Fosse." Another Abbot gave a plentiful water supply to the town by means of underground pipes, also almshouses for both sexes, besides hospitals for pilgrims, one of which survives to the present day in the George Inn, and numerous other benefactions. A Protestant clergyman, Mr. Warner, bears witness to this universal benevolence when he says, "It is in their charitable establishments that we read the most favourable memorial of the English monasteries, for they are a standing record that the monks were exemplary in fulfilling that royal law, the law of brotherly love."

So through the centuries, Glastonbury flourished and did its appointed work, its Abbot, to whom the mitre was granted in the 13th century by the Pope, sat in the House of Lords as a spiritual Peer, second in dignity only to St. Albans, and when at home, meted out justice as a magistrate, stood up for the liberties of his tenants, as did Abbot John de Taunton against King Edward I., and was, as is said of another, "the father of his monks, whom he cherished as his dear children;" until early on in the reign of Henry VIII., Abbot Richard Beere, an ecclesiastic of high renown, whilom ambassador of the King to Rome, died, and Richard Whiting, Camerarius of the abbey, was elected in his stead in 1524. In naming him as the worthiest of all the monks for this high office, Cardinal Wolsey described him in the commission as "probum et religiosum virum—virum itaque providum et discretum, vita moribus et scientia commendabilem," &c. Tradition fondly

cherishes his memory as that of a man mild, pious, benevolent, and giving offence to none. Called to fill a position inferior only to the princely state, "his apartment in the abbey," says Sandars, "was a kind of well disciplined court, where the sons of noblemen and gentlemen were sent for virtuous education, and returned home excellently accomplished. In his time he bred up three hundred after this manner, besides others of a meaner rank whom he had fitted for the universities. At home, his table, attendance and officers were an honour to the nation. He has entertained four hundred persons of quality at a time, and on Wednesdays and Fridays all the poor of the country were relieved by his particular charity. When he went abroad, which he seldom did, except to national Synods, General Chapters, and to Parliament, he was escorted by near six score persons. Besides a Peer, he was also a member of the Upper House of Convocation." Warner, who certainly cannot be said to be in favour of the old faith, acknowledges that he has been unable to discover anything blameable in the Glaston brotherhood at this period, and continues: "It is but common candour, and mere justice to the great body of the English monks at the time of the dissolution, to allow that many of the representations of their atrocities were abominable calumnies. If Fox, in his hatred of Popery, could enrol in his list of martyred Protestants, people who were actually living when he wrote; if Fuller could record accusations against the monks, which appear upon their very front to be absurd; it is not a matter of surprise that Henry's Visitors of the monasteries, knowing the temper of their employer and anxious to share in the spoils, should paint the intended victims in the most odious colours."

To Glaston came these Visitors, and Strype gives the ingenious words of one of them, Dr. Layton: "At Bruton and Glastonbury there is nothing notable. The brethren be so streit kept they cannot offend, but fain they would if they might as they confess and so the fault is not in them." This last clause as to the

monks' confession of their vicious inclinations requires no comment. But virtuous or vicious, the fate of Glastonbury was sealed. A letter signed by three of the Visitors was sent to Cromwell :—

Please it your Lordship to be advertised, that we came to Glastonbury on Friday last past—and for that the abbot now at Sharpham, a place of his a mile and somewhat more from the abbey, we, without any delay, went unto the same place .... and examined him upon certain articles. And for that his answer was not to our purpose, we advised him to call to his remembrance, that which he had as then forgotten and so declare the truth. And then came with him the same day to the Abbey, and thereof now proceeded that night to search his study for letters and books, and found secretly laid a written book of arguments against the divorce of the King's Majesty to the Lady Dowager, which we take to be a great matter; as also divers pardons, copies of bulls, and the counterfeit life of Thomas Beckett. But we could not find any letter that was material.

As the upshot they find his answers betray "a cankered and traitorous heart against the King's Majesty, and so with as fair words as we could we have conveyed him from hence to the Tower, being a very weak man and sickly." And then comes the real pith of the letter :

We have found £300 in money and a fair chalice of gold, and divers other parcels of plate which the Abbot hid secretly. We assure your Lordship it is the goodliest house of that sort that we have ever seen. We would that your Lordship would judge it a house mete for the King's Majesty—and we trust verily that there shall never come a double hood within this house again. Signed : Richard Pollard, Thomas Moyle, Richard Layton.

To London the Abbot was brought, very weak and sickly as he was, and here some say he signed the acknowledgment of the King's supremacy, but that "his hand trembled as he did it,"

while Fuller distinctly states "that he was hanged for his recusancy to surrender the abbey, and *denying the King's supremacy.*" Sandars and Rayner say:

Abbot Whiting was sent for up to London, and upon declining to sign a surrender, his papers were searched, and a tract against the King's divorce found amongst them. When he returned from London, so far was he free from all apprehension, that he voluntarily went into the Court at Wells, where there was some county business. He took his place upon the bench, where, whilst he was sitting, he was, without the least notice given him, arraigned and condemned for treason; but being suffered to go at large, he, on his way from Wells to Glastonbury, had a confessor put to him in his horse litter, and was told to prepare for death. He begged but a day or twos' reprieve for his further preparation, to recommend himself to the prayers of his Religious and to take his leave of them: which being absolutely denied, he was taken out of his litter, put upon a hurdle, and drawn up to the Torr, where he was hanged and quartered with two of his monks, John Thorne and Robert James, the one being treasurer, the other under treasurer of the monastery.

The following is the official return of the execution:

My Lord, this is to ascertain that on Thursday the 14th day of this present month (November, 1539), the Abbot of Glastonbury was arraigned and the next day put to execution with two other of his monks, for the robbing of Glastonbury Church, on Torr Hill, next unto the town of Glastonbury, the sd. Abbot's body being divided into four parts and head stricken off; whereof one quarter standeth at Wells, another at Bath, and at Ilchester and Bridgewater the rest, and his head upon the Abbey gate at Glastonbury.

The bleaching bones of the last Lord Abbot of Glastonbury were doubtless a more unanswerable proof of the King's supremacy and the justice of his divorce than the most telling arguments of the royal theologians. Amongst the phantom monks who are

said to have haunted the tyrant's death-bed, one wonders was there one venerable form which, when the King last saw it in life was that of a man "very weak and sickly," and yet withal strong enough to witness to the truth, unto death.

The father done to death, the children were turned out of their home, receiving pensions varying from £6 to £4. The abbey was left deserted, and no grant was made of the site until, in the reign of Edward VI., it was bestowed upon Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, who enjoyed it for rather more than one year, when he too laid down his life on the scaffold; and after that time, though many essayed it, none have lived permanently within the enclosure of the abbey itself. In the reign of Mary, who re-called the Benedictines to Westminster under Dr. Feckenham, some surviving monks of Glastonbury petitioned the Queen to let them return to their ruined cloister. They asked only for the land which had been given to no one; but the scheme fell through. At this day the title of "Abbot of Glastonbury" is an honorary distinction conferred upon a member of the Anglo-Benedictine congregation.

The revenues of the abbey at the Dissolution were, according to Dugdale, £3,311 7s. 6d., and its temporalities lay in the counties of Somerset, Gloucester, Devon, Dorset, Berks, Wilts, besides Wales and London. All these immense possessions were as lavishly dissipated as they had been unjustly obtained, and a local rhyme preserves the names of four of the families who were thus enriched:

> "Horner, Popham, Wyndham and Thynne,
> When the Abbot came out, then they came in."

The buildings are thus described as existing at the suppression:

The great chamber, 72 feet long, 24 feet broad. The abbot's chamber. The 2nd chamber. The 3rd chamber. The 4th chamber. The 5th chamber. The high chamber called the king's lodgings. The wardrobe under the king's. The 3rd

chamber. The 4th chamber. Two chambers called the inner chambers.

THE PRIOR'S LODGINGS.

The hall. The kitchen. The chapel. The buttery. The Prior's chamber. The inner chamber. The bakehouse.

THE FARMERER'S OFFICE.

The hall. The buttery. The kitchen. The inner chamber. The cook's chamber. The still-house.

THE ALMONER'S HOUSE.

The inner chamber. The buttery. The new chamber. The chamber over against it.

ANOTHER OFFICE.

A hall. A chamber. A chamber called Paradise. The inner chamber.

THE FRIAR'S CHAMBER.

The doctor's chamber. The bishop's chamber. The chapel. The buttery. The monk's chamber. The parlour.

THE SEXTON'S OFFICE.

The chamber hung with green say. The jubilee's office. The Friary office. The dairy house.

THE SUB-ALMONER'S OFFICE.

The bakehouse belonging to the sub-almoner's office. The bishop's chamber. The inner chamber. The cellarer's chamber. The red chamber. The green chamber. The broad chamber. The chamber next to it. The white chamber. Paulett's chamber. A bed chamber. The middle chamber. The next chamber. The doctor's chamber. Another hall. The mill house. The bakehouse. The brewhouse. The armoury. The convent kitchen, 40 feet square. The Archdeacon's office. The gallery.

The sextery. A kitchen. Another chapel. The little parlour under the gallery. The great hall on the south side of the cloisters, 111 feet long and 51 broad, hung at the upper end with a great piece of arras. The pantry. The buttery. The Abbot's pump house. The Abbot's stables where there were eight horses. In the great tower seven large bells. In the high church a number of costly altars. In the new chapel a fair tomb of King Edgar, copper-gilt. The altar set with images, gilt. The broad court of the Abbey 491 feet long, 220 feet broad. The library and Scriptorium adjoining.

Of all this vast pile nothing remains but some fragments of the church, St. Joseph's chapel and the Abbot's kitchen. The fate of the holy Thorn is rather a curious one. It still stood within the Abbey enclosure, when in the reign of Elizabeth a zealous Puritan determined to get rid of this "fons et origo mali.' The tree had two trunks interlaced, and the good man set vigorously to work with the result that he cut through one of the trunks and also his own leg, while a splinter flew out and blinded one eye. The remaining trunk grew and flourished and blossomed duly on Christmas Eve, till in the reign of Charles I another Puritan cut that down. Offshoots, however, of the Thorn had been preserved, and these still exist in the neighbourhood and still bloom in winter as well as in summer. The Abbey seal, of the date of Richard II., bears on one side the figures of the three canonised Abbots, St. Patrick and St. Benignus on the right and left of St. Dunstan, all croziered, and with their right hands uplifted in benediction. A shamrock is under the feet of St. Patrick, while fishes and goldsmith's tools are under St. Benignus and St. Dunstan. The inscription runs "confirmant has res, conscripti pontifices tres." On the other side the Blessed Virgin stands holding on her left arm the holy Infant, and in her right hand a branch of olive covered with fruit. On each side of her are St. Catherine with the wheel, and St. Margaret standing on a serpent; the inscription is almost illegible.

At the beginning of this century a circular well covered with a fine Gothic arch was discovered, and is supposed to have been one of those healing wells, so numerous all over the country, though the old historians of the Abbey make no special mention of it. Many and various were the objects of devotion which drew pilgrims from all parts to Glaston's fane, but all have perished save the holy Thorn. A curious entry regarding this occurs in the London *Evening Post* of 1753, under the heading "Glastonbury." "A vast concourse of people attended the noted thorn on Christmas day, new style, but to their great disappointment there was no appearance of its blowing, which made them watch it narrowly on the 5th of January—Christmas old style—when it blowed as usual."

Silence and solitude brood over these ruins, which at all events, unlike so many others, have never been put to any less sacred uses. The ground they stand on is composed of the dust of saints, heroes and kings. Will these "dry bones" ever live again?

ELISABETH VERNON BLACKBURN.

Gesta Romanorum; or, The Pulpit of Merry England.

OF THE COMPUNCTIONS OF A FAITHFUL MIND.

A CERTAIN king had a beautiful and wise daughter, whom he was desirous of marrying. But she had sworn never to unite herself with any but upon three conditions. First, he was to state accurately and succinctly how many feet there were in the length, breadth, and depth of the four elements. Secondly, what would change the north wind. And thirdly, by what means fire might be carried in the bosom without injury. When the king, therefore, understood his daughter's resolution, he proclaimed it through the kingdom, and promised to give her in marriage to whomsoever performed the conditions. Many endeavoured but failed; until at length a certain soldier from foreign parts heard of the girl's oath. He hastened to the palace, bringing with him a single attendant, and an extremely fiery horse. On being admitted into the king's presence, he said, "I am desirous of espousing your majesty's daughter, and I am prepared to solve the questions which have been proposed." The king assented, and the soldier calling his servant, commanded him to lie upon the earth. And when he was thus laid, his master measured his length from one extremity to the other. When he had done this, he said to the king, "My lord, your first question is resolved; I find in the four elements scarcely seven feet." "How?" replied the king, "what has this to do with the four elements?" "My lord," answered the soldier, "every man as well as every animal, is composed of the four elements." "Amen," said the

king, "you have proved this very satisfactorily. Now then for the second condition; which is to change the wind." Immediately he caused his horse to be brought into the area of the court, and there administered a potion, by which the animal was made perfectly quiet. This done he turned his horse's head toward the east and said, "Observe, my lord, the wind is changed from North to East." "How?" answered the king, "what is this to the wind?" "Sire," returned the soldier, "is it not obvious to your wisdom that the life of every animal consists in his breath, which is air? As long as he remained toward the North, he raged fiercely, and his snorting was excessive. But when I had given him the potion and turned him towards the East, he became quiet and breathed less, and in a different direction; wherefore, the *wind is changed.*" "This also," said the king, "you have well proved; go on to the third." "My lord," replied the soldier, "this, so please you, I will perform before all your court." Then, taking up a handful of burning coals he deposited them in his bosom, without injury to his flesh. "Truly," exclaimed the king, "you have done very well in these matters: but tell me, how happens it that you are unhurt by the fire?" "It was not," returned the soldier, "by any power of my own, but by virtue of a singular stone, which I always carry about with me. And whosoever possesses this stone is able to resist the hottest fire." The king, satisfied that the conditions had been accurately complied with, gave orders for his marriage with the lady. He loaded him with riches and honours, and they both ended their days in the greatest happiness.

My beloved, the king is our Lord Jesus Christ. The daughter is the human soul. To measure the elements, is to subdue the lusts of the flesh. The fiery horse is any sinner, whom repentance changes. The fire in the bosom is luxury, pride, avarice, and the stone is a true and lively faith in Christ.

OF AN ETERNAL RECOMPENSE.

A king made a great feast, and despatched messengers with invitations, in which the guests were promised not only a magnificent entertainment, but considerable wealth. When the messengers had gone through town and country, executing everywhere the commands of their king, it happened that there dwelt in a certain city two men, of whom one was valiant and robustly made, but blind; while the other was lame and feeble, but his sight was excellent. Said the blind man to the lame, "My friend, ours is a hard case; for it is spread far and near that the king gives a great feast, at which every man will receive not only abundance of food but much wealth; and thou art lame, while I am blind: how then shall we get to the feast?" "Take my counsel," replied the lame man, "and we will obtain a share both of the dinner and wealth." "Verily," answered the other, "I will follow any counsel that may benefit me." "Well then," returned the blind man, "thou art stout of heart, and robust of body, and therefore, thou shalt carry me on thy back who am lame and weak. My eyes shall be as thine; and thus, for the loan of thy legs, I will lend thee my eyes; by means of which we shall reach the festival and secure the reward." "Be it as thou hast said," replied he of the legs; "get upon my back immediately." He did so; the lame man pointed the way, and the other carried him. They arrived at the feast, and received the same recompense as the rest.

My beloved, the king is our Lord Jesus Christ, who prepared the feast of eternal life. The blind man is the powerful of this world, who are blind to their future safety. The lame man is any devout person, who has nothing in common with the man of the world, but sees the kingdom which is to come.

OF MAINTAINING TRUTH TO THE LAST.

In the reign of Gordian, there was a certain noble soldier who had a fair but vicious wife. It happened that her husband having occasion to travel, the lady sent for her friends, and rioted in every excess of wickedness. Now, one of her handmaids, it seems, was skilful in interpreting the song of birds; and in the court of the castle there were three cocks. During the night, while the revellers were with the lady, the first cock began to crow. The lady heard it, and said to her servant, "Dear friend, what says yonder cock?" She replied, "That you are grossly injuring your husband." "Then," said the lady, "kill that cock without delay." They did so; but soon after, the second cock crew, and the lady repeated her question. "Madam," said the handmaid, "he says, 'My companion died for revealing the truth, and for the same cause, I am prepared to die.'" "Kill him," cried the lady,—which they did. After this, the third cock crew; "What says he?" asked she again. "'Hear, see, and say nothing, if you would live in peace.'" "Oh!" said the lady, "*don't* kill him."

My beloved, the emperor is God, the soldier, Christ; and the wife, the soul. The friends are devils. The handmaid is conscience. The first cock is our Saviour, who was put to death; the second is the martyrs; and the third is a preacher who ought to be earnest in declaring the truth, but, being deterred by menaces, is afraid to utter it.

OF THE DESTRUCTION OF UNGRATEFUL MEN.

A certain king had an only son, whom he ardently loved. When the boy arrived at man's estate, day after day he solicited

his father to resign the kingdom, and deliver to himself the sovereign power. "My dear son," said the king, "if I were satisfied that you would treat me honourably and kindly during the remainder of my life, I should have no objection to relinquish the throne to you." The son answered, "My lord, I will bind myself by an oath before all the noblemen of the empire to do in every respect as a son ought to do. Be confident that I will show greater honour to you than to myself." The old king trusted to his assurances, and resigned the supreme command. But no sooner was he crowned, and seated on the throne of his ancestors, than his heart underwent a total change. For a few years he gave due honour to his indulgent parent, but after that entirely neglected him. This unexpected and unmerited treatment naturally exasperated the old king, and he began to complain to the wise men of the empire that his son had broken the contract. They, therefore, having always loved the father, reproved the son for his ingratitude. But the new king spurned them from him with fury; imprisoned his father in a castle, and permitted not the smallest access to him. Here he often endured the extremity of hunger, and every other species of wretchedness.

It happened that the king himself once passed the night in the same castle; and the father sent to him the following message—"Oh my son, pity the old father who gave up everything to thee. I suffer thirst and hunger; and deprived of all comfort—even of wine to cheer me in my infirmity—I draw out my life." "I know not," said the king, "that there is wine in this castle." He was told that there were five casks deposited in that place, but that without his permission the seneschal refused to draw wine from them. "Suffer me, my dear son," said the unhappy father, "suffer me at least to recruit my wasted form with the first of these casks." The son refused, alleging that it was new, and therefore prejudicial to old men. "Then," said the old man, "give me the second cask." "I will not do

that," answered the king, "because it is kept for my own drinking, and for the young noblemen who attend me." "Yet you will surely permit me to take the third," continued his father. "No," replied the other, "it is very strong, and you are so weak and infirm that it would kill you." "The fourth cask then?" said he, "give me that." "It is sour and would do you much injury." "But," urged the father, "there is a fifth, allow me to retain it." "Oh," said the king, "it is nothing but dregs; the noblemen sent it to destroy thee in case thou wert permitted to drink of it." The poor father hearing excuses like these, went away very sorrowful; but secretly wrote letters to the noblemen, declaring how he had been treated, and imploring them to relieve him from the misery he was compelled to endure. His ill usage excited their pity and indignation; they restored the father, and threw the son into prison, where he died.

My beloved, the king is Christ; and the son is any bad Christian.

OF RICHES, WHICH ARE NOT TO BE COVETED.

A certain king had two daughters, one of whom was extremely beautiful and very much beloved. The other, however, was of a dark, unprepossessing complexion, and hated as much as her sister was esteemed. The difference in their appearance caused the king to give them characteristic names. He called the first Rosamunda, that is, the fragrant rose; and the second, Gratia-plena, or the full of grace.

A herald was commanded to proclaim that whosoever would marry either of the two daughters should do so upon the following conditions. First, that they should be the worthiest of the

candidates; secondly, that whoever chose the beautiful girl should have nothing but her beauty, but he who selected the dark girl should succeed him to the throne. Multitudes flocked to the summons; but every one still clung to the fair lady, and not even the temptation of a kingdom could induce any one to espouse the other. Gratiaplena wept bitterly at her unhappy fate. "My daughter," said the king, "why are you so grievously afflicted?" "Oh, my father," returned she, "no one visits or speaks kindly to me; all pay their attentions to my sister, and despise me." "Why, my dear daughter," said the father, "do you not know that whosoever marries you will possess the crown?" This was touching the right string; the lady dried her tears, and was marvellously comforted.

Not long after a king entered the royal palace, and seeing the great beauty of Rosamunda desired her in marriage. The father-king consented, and she was espoused with great joy. But the other daughter remained many years unbetrothed. At last, a certain poor nobleman, very wisely reflecting that though the girl was abominably ugly yet she was rich, determined to marry her. He therefore went to the king, and solicited his consent; who, glad enough at the proposal, cheerfully bestowed her upon him; and after his decease bequeathed him the kingdom.

My beloved, the king is our Lord Jesus Christ; Rosamunda is the world, which every one loves. The other daughter, Gratiaplena, so abhorred by the world, is poverty. But the poor in spirit will receive the kingdom of heaven.

OF PRESUMPTION.

There was a certain king who had a singular partiality for

little dogs that barked loudly; so much so, indeed, that they usually rested in his lap. Being long accustomed to eat and sleep in this situation, they would scarcely do either elsewhere: seeming to take great pleasure in looking at him, and putting their paws upon his neck. Now it happened that an ass, who noticed this familiarity, thought to himself, "If I should sing and dance before the king, and put my feet round his neck, he would feed me also upon the greatest dainties, and suffer me to rest in his lap." Accordingly quitting his stable, he entered the hall, and running up to the king, raised his clumsy feet with difficulty around the royal neck. The servants, not understanding the ass's courteous intention, imagined that he was mad; and pulling him away, belaboured him soundly. He was then led back to the stable.

My beloved, the king is Christ; the barking dogs are zealous preachers. The ass is any one who, without the necessary qualifications, presumes to take upon himself the interpretation of the word of God.

OF CONSTANCY.

There once lived a king who had a beautiful and beloved daughter. After his death, she succeeded to the throne, but being young and unprotected, a certain tyrannical duke came to her, and, by means of large promises, won her to dishonour. When his iniquitious purpose was accomplished, the girl wept bitterly; and soon after the tyrant expelled her from the inheritance. Thus reduced from the splendours of royalty, to the lowest state of wretchedness, she solicited alms of the passengers. It happened that as she sat weeping by the way-side, a certain knight passed by, and observing her great beauty, became enamoured of her. "Fair lady," said he, "what are you?" "I am," replied the weeping girl, "the only daughter of a king, after

whose death a tyrant deceived and abused me, and then deprived me of my inheritance." "Well," returned the knight, "are you willing to marry me?" "Oh! my lord," exclaimed she, "I desire it beyond any thing that could happen." "Then plight me your faith," said the knight; "promise to receive no one for your husband but me, and I will make war upon the tyrant, and reinstate you in your possessions. But if I fall in the conflict, I entreat you to retain my bloody arms under your care, in testimony of affection; that in case any one hereafter shall desire your love, you may remember the proof I have given of my attachment and devotion to your service." "I promise faithfully," returned she, "to comply with your wishes; but oh! may your life be safe as my affection!" The knight therefore armed himself, and proceeded to engage the tyrant, who had heard of his intention, and prepared for the attack. The soldier, however, overcame him, and cut off his head: but, receiving a mortal wound, he died on the third day. The lady bewailed his death and hung up his bloody armour in her hall. She visited it frequently, and washed it with bitter tears. Many noblemen sought to espouse her, and made magnificent promises; but invariably before returning an answer, she entered the hall of the bloody armour, and surveying it steadfastly, exclaimed, amid abundance of tears, "Oh! thou, who devotedst thyself to death for one so unworthy, and restoredst me my kingdom!—far be it from me to abjure my plighted faith." Then returning to those who sought her love, she declared her resolution, never to unite herself with another, but to remain single to the end of her life. And so it was done.

My beloved, the king is our heavenly Father; and the daughter is the soul seduced by the devil. The wayside is the world. The soldier who rode past, is the Son of God; the bloody armour is His death and passion.

OF THE CUNNING OF THE DEVIL, AND OF THE SECRET JUDGMENTS OF GOD.

There formerly lived a hermit who in a remote cave passed night and day in the service of God. At no great distance from his cell, a shepherd tended his flock. It happened that this person one day fell into a deep sleep, and in the meantime a robber, perceiving his carelessness, carried off his sheep. When the keeper awoke and discovered the theft, he began to swear in good set terms that he had lost his sheep; and where they were conveyed was totally beyond his knowledge. Now the lord of the flock, nothing satisfied with his keeper's eloquence, commanded him to be put to death. This gave great umbrage to the hermit before mentioned. "Oh heaven," said he to himself, "seest thou this deed? the innocent suffers for the guilty: why permittest thou such things? If thus injustice triumph, why do I remain here? I will again enter the world, and do as other men do."

With these feelings he quitted his hermitage, and returned into the world; but God willed not that he should be lost: an angel in the form of a man was commissioned to join him. Accordingly, crossing the hermit's path, he thus accosted him—"My friend, where are you going?" "I go," said the other, "to the city before us." "I will accompany you," replied the angel; "I am a messenger from heaven, and come to be the associate of your way." They walked on together towards the city. When they had entered, they entreated for the love of God harbourage during the night, at the house of a certain soldier, who received them with cheerfulness, and entertained them with much magnificence. The soldier had an only son lying in the cradle, whom he exceedingly loved. After supper, their bed-chamber was sumptuously decorated; and the angel retired with the hermit to rest. But about the middle of the night the former got up and strangled the sleeping infant. The hermit, horror-struck at what he

witnessed, said within himself, "Never can this be an angel of God: the good soldier gave us every thing that was necessary; he had but this poor innocent, and he is strangled." Yet he was afraid to reprove him.

In the morning both arose and went forward to another city, in which they were honourably entertained at the house of one of the inhabitants. This person possessed a superb golden cup which he highly valued; and which, during the night, the angel purloined. But still the astonished hermit held his peace, for his apprehension was extreme. On the morrow they continued their journey; and as they walked they came to a certain river, over which a bridge was thrown; they ascended the bridge, and about mid-way a poor pilgrim met them. "My friend," said the angel to him, "shew us the way to yonder city." The pilgrim turned, and pointed with his finger to the road they were to take; but as he turned, the angel seized him by the shoulders, and precipitated him into the stream below. At this the terrors of the hermit were again aroused—"It is the devil," exclaimed he internally—"it is the devil, and no good angel! What evil had the poor man done that he should be drowned?" He would now have gladly departed alone; but was afraid to give utterance to the thoughts of his heart. About the hour of vespers they reached a city, in which they again sought shelter for the night; but the master of the house to whom they applied, sharply refused it. "For the love of heaven," said the angel, "afford us a shelter, lest we fall a prey to the wolves and other wild beasts." The man pointed to a stye—"That," said he, "is inhabited by pigs; if it please you to lie there you may—but to no other place will I admit you." "If we can do no better," returned the angel, "we must accept your ungracious offer." They did so; and in the morning the angel calling their host, said, "My friend, I give you this cup;" and he presented to him the stolen goblet. The hermit, more and more astonished

at what he saw, said to himself, "Now I am certain this is the devil. The good man who received us with all kindness, he despoiled, and gives the plunder to this fellow who refused us a lodging." Turning to the angel, he exclaimed, "I will travel with you no longer. I commend you to God." "Dear friend," answered the angel, "first hear me, and then go thy way. When thou wert in thy hermitage, the owner of the flock unjustly put to death his servant. True it is he died innocently, and therefore was in a fit state to enter another world. God permitted him to be slain, foreseeing that if he lived he would commit a sin, and die before repentance followed. But the guilty man who stole the sheep will suffer all the same, while the owner of the flock will repair, by alms and good works, that which he ignorantly committed. As for the son of the hospitable soldier, whom I strangled in the cradle, know that before the boy was born, he performed numerous works of charity and mercy; but afterwards grew parsimonious and covetous, in order to enrich the child, of which he was inordinately fond. This was the cause of its death; and now its distressed parent is again become a devout Christian. Then, for the cup which I purloined from him who received us so kindly, know that before the cup was made, there was not a more abstemious person in the world; but afterwards he took such pleasure in it, and drank from it so often, that he was intoxicated twice or thrice during the day. I took away the cup, and he has returned to his former sobriety. Again, I cast the pilgrim into the river; and know that he whom I drowned was a good Christian, but had he proceeded much further he would have fallen into a mortal sin. Now he is saved, and reigns in celestial glory. Then, that I bestowed the cup upon the inhospitable citizen, know, nothing is done without reason. Put a guard, therefore, on thy lips, and detract not from the Almighty. For He knoweth all things." The hermit, hearing this, fell at the feet of the angel and entreated pardon. He returned to his hermitage, and became a good and pious Christian.

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